

LEADING
EVENTS^{OF}

WISCONSIN HISTORY

THE STORY...
OF THE STATE

HENRY E. LEGLER



Mr. L. O. R. Siebert

from his friend

Ernst Hegler

Dec 14, 1898

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OF
WISCONSIN HISTORY

THE STORY OF THE STATE.

BY HENRY E. LEGLER.

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PRELIMINARY.

GLANCING back to the beginnings of Wisconsin, there pass in panoramic review the picturesque first comers, the hardy French *coureurs de bois* and black-robed Jesuit priests; the palisaded huts of logs, wherein dwelt the fur traders and the soldiers; the bark chapels wherein priests sought to win heathen savages to Christian faith, even at the expense of their own lives; the great buffalo hunts participated in by the red men and their white companions; the discovery of the upper Mississippi by Father Marquette and Louis Joliet, at *Prairie du Chien*; the coming to Green Bay of the first vessel that sailed these lakes and the tragic fate of its crew; the great wars of extermination against the Fox Indians, and the thrilling story of the *Hill of the Dead*; the uprising of Red Bird, and later the Black Hawk war; the episodes of border life at the forts; the lead mine fever in Southwestern Wisconsin, that, like the gold excitement of California, brought in its train a motley crowd of gamblers, thieves and other adventurers, as well as men who sought fortune by delving for the ore; the establishment of negro slavery in Wisconsin, in strange contrast to the stirring part later taken by its citizens in the eradication of this blot upon civilization; the exciting incidents connected with the locating of the capitol; the shooting of Arndt in the legislature; the experiment of the Wisconsin phalanx, much like the more celebrated Brook Farm experiment; the strange career of King Strang, who led a band of Wisconsin Mormons from Racine county to an island in Lake Michigan, where he founded a kingdom with all the accessories of royalty; the coming of the nations—the Germans, the Irish, the Swiss, the Belgians, the Dutch, the Poles, and the characteristic communities they have planted on the soil of Wisconsin; the call to arms and the response of the loyal citizens; the days of statehood, with their development of commercial, social and political life; the struggles of the self-made men who aided in building up this commonwealth.

The chapters which follow tell the story of the state in its salient features; having been written for newspaper publication, the aim has been to make each installment as nearly complete in itself as the condensed form would permit. While events have been grouped for the sake of comprehensive presentation, chronological order has been observed as nearly as possible.

In the gathering of the data, more than a thousand books and nearly as many pamphlets and newspaper files bearing more or less

directly upon the subject, were consulted. These included narratives of the early French and English travelers, local histories, monographs, magazine articles, newspaper accounts and interviews, and some manuscripts. The treasures of the splendid collection amassed at Madison by the State Historical society were kindly placed at the disposal of the writer. I am also greatly indebted to Benjamin Sulte, Esq., the leading historian of Canada, for friendly and valuable aid, all his manuscript notes and monographs bearing upon the history of the Wisconsin region during the French regime having been generously placed at my disposal, without reserve.

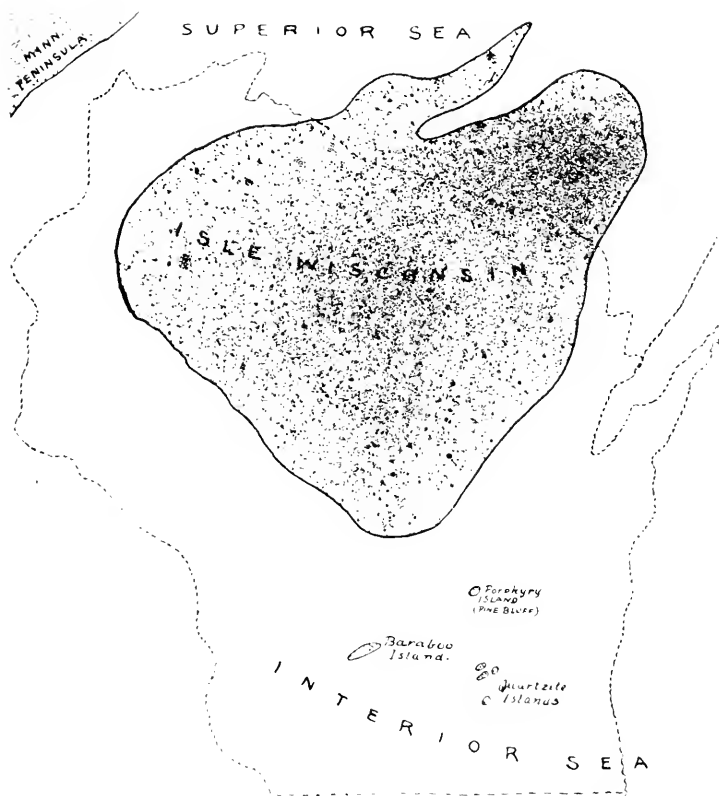
Whatever errors of omission, as well as commission, may be attributed to the history—and there are doubtless both—the writer has conscientiously endeavored to sift the great mass of material so as to bring into relief those events which are conspicuous either by reason of their picturesque character or because they have exercised a potent influence in shaping the destinies of the commonwealth. There has been an earnest effort to state facts accurately, and in the narrative of the later period, no pains have been spared to verify statements by means of correspondence with men who witnessed or participated in the events described, and by examination of all documentary evidence available. The writer disclaims any attempt at a critical history, or a desire to give judgment respecting episodes about which differences of opinion may be honestly entertained. The primary purpose has been to give a fair presentation of the leading events that have made the history of Wisconsin unique as to their romantic or picturesque character and important as to their general bearing. Beginning with the travels and adventures of the early travelers and continuing through the later period, the narrative has been told, as nearly as circumstances and space would permit, in the words of actual participants, in order to better reflect the spirit of the times and the character of the people who have graven the history of Wisconsin.

Two features of Wisconsin's history have not been given the prominence which their importance warrants: The military history of Wisconsin has been so fully told in books specially dealing with the state's part in the Civil war that reference thereto has been confined to the most conspicuous exploits, regimental and individual. The state's political history has been touched upon but briefly; its narration in detail being beyond the scope of this book.

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PART I.

IN THE ERA OF BEGINNINGS.



ISLE WISCONSIN.
Hypothetical Map of Land in the Trenton Period.

LEADING EVENTS OF WISCONSIN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE ISLE OF WISCONSIN.

AS SCIENTISTS are enabled by putting together a few scattered bones upturned by the plowshare to tell the shape and habits of animals long since extinct, so geologists can trace from the rocks they break with their hammers the history of the land. Thus they assert, with positiveness, that ages ago the area that is now the north-central portion of the state and upper peninsula of Michigan was an island of great altitude. They trace the physical history of Wisconsin back even to a state of complete submergence beneath the waters of the ancient ocean.

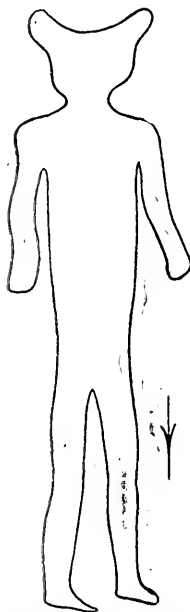
"Let an extensive but shallow sea, covering the whole of the present territory of the state, be pictured to the mind," suggests the eminent Wisconsin geologist, T. C. Chamberlin, "and let it be imagined to be depositing mud and sand, as at the present day. The thickness of the sediment that accumulated in that early period was immense, being measured by thousands of feet. In the progress of time an enormous pressure, attended by heat, was brought to bear upon them laterally, or edgewise, by which they were folded and crumpled and forced out of the water, giving rise to an island—the nucleus of Wisconsin. The force which produced this upheaval is believed to have arisen from the cooling and consequent contraction of the globe. The foldings may be imaged as the wrinkles of a shrinking earth."

When this island rose from the wide waste of waters that covered all the land, the climate was tropical. Rain fell in abundance, and soon the incessant showers that poured down began to disintegrate the soil on top, and the beating waves of the ocean all around crumbled the sides without cessation. This process of erosion, continued through unnumbered ages, began to plane the mountainous island, the rains washing down the sediment till the vast accumulations piled above the waters on every side and added to the area. Thus as the altitude of this island was cut down, its area expanded. Soon little outlying islands or reefs were formed that in time became attached to the parent isle.

During the process of ages there occurred numerous eruptions. The crust of the earth, yielding to the tremendous pressure from

beneath, became fissured, and immense masses of molten rock penetrated, bearing with them the mineral ingredients which later chemical processes have converted into those deposits that have yielded vast riches to their finders. Thus by continued upheavals and erosions the surface and the length and breadth of this ancient island of Wisconsin was subjected to incessant change.

The first mineral formations were doubtless what are known as the iron-bearing series, the most conspicuous development being the Penokee iron range in Ashland county. At the same time there rose



MAN-SHAPED MOUND.
(Near Baraboo.)

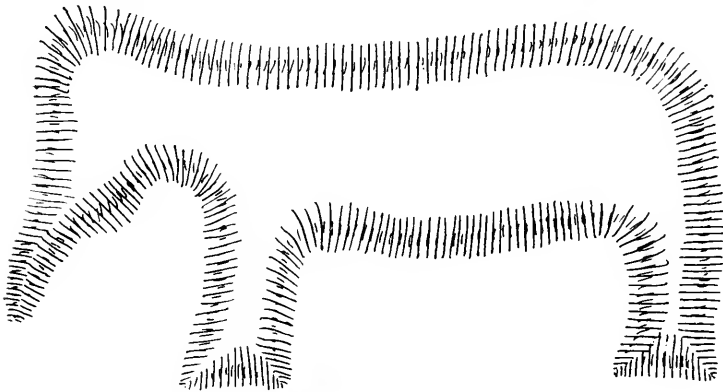
from the waters the Baraboo quartzite ranges, which formed a group of small islands where now Sauk county appears on the map of the United States.

After the great upheavals that resulted in deposits of iron and copper, and accumulations of sandstone miles in thickness, came a great period of erosion. To the disintegrations thus washed into the water were added immense accumulations of myriad millions of the remains of marine life. In the words of Prof. Chamberlin, "abundant life swarmed in the ocean, and the sands became the great cemetery of the dead." The casts of numerous trilobites found in this state are relics of this age.

Immense beds of sandstone, with layers of limestone and shale, were formed. The waters acting on the copper and iron of the Lake Superior region gave the sandstone deposits there its tint of red. On the southern end of the island the sandstones lacked this element and they are to this day light colored.

As the sand accumulations added to the island along its southeastern front, the oceanic conditions massed great quantities of galena ore with the limestone there formed. Here later, in what are now Grant, Lafayette and Iowa counties, and extending into Illinois, were developed the lead mines that became the scene of a great mining excitement early in this century.

When the period of iron deposits and limestone formations was drawing to a close, coral reefs rose above the surface, similar in their characteristics to those that form the atolls of to-day. With these tiny animals were associated the mollusks that have been



ELEPHANT MOUND IN GRANT COUNTY.

called "the oyster of the Silurian seas." Then came the deposits on the southeast, in a limited area, that have produced the valuable cement beds along Milwaukee river.

Next came the great ice age. One monster stream of ice plowed along the eastern edge and hollowed the bed of Lake Michigan; another scooped out Lake Superior and penetrated into Minnesota, while between these prodigious prongs of ice one of lesser size bored its way along Green Bay and down the valley of the Fox.

When warmer days came the monster glaciers melted. The ice became water and filled numerous depressions scooped out in the irresistible progress of the vast masses. Thus were formed the two thousand and more lakes that make of Wisconsin a summer paradise. The warmth that melted the ice to water also brought forth vegetation to cover the nakedness of the land, the forests grew, and "man came upon the scene."

CHAPTER II.

THE BUILDERS OF THE MOUNDS.

Who were the first dwellers on the soil that is now known as Wisconsin?

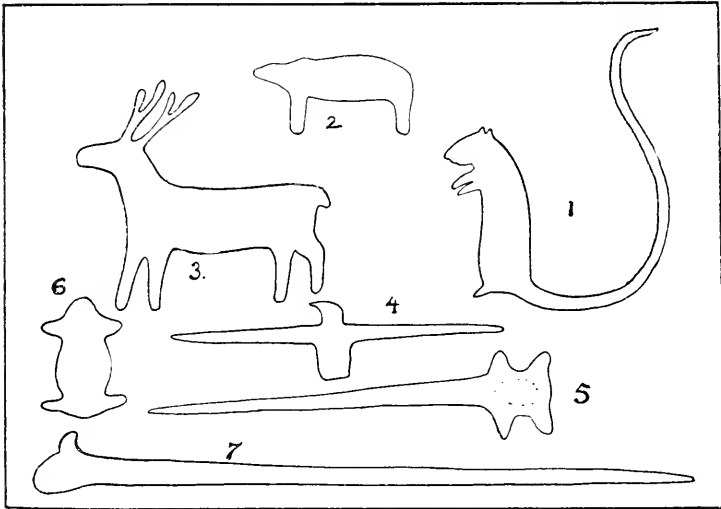
For many years it was believed that an ancient race conversant with the arts of civilization inhabited the land; that finally the barbarous precursors of the Indians came like the locusts of Egypt and drove the ancient people southward, never to return; that this lost tribe of men were the progenitors of the Aztecs, now extinct, and that the evidence of their existence here is to be found in the many defensive and sepulchral mounds that once dotted this state, and in the abandoned workings of the Lake Superior copper region.

For many years scientists tenaciously held this view, but patient investigators have finally traced the construction of the tumuli to Indian origin. Artificial mounds have been found in great numbers in the Mississippi river valley, but Wisconsin has proved especially rich in these antiquities. It has been estimated that not less than 10,000 mounds once existed in this state. Many of these have disappeared under the leveling influences of the plow, and even the remarkable earthworks at Aztalan, in Jefferson county, have been partly obliterated by a tiller of the soil who preferred a crop of corn to a site of historic interest.

Many of the mounds in Wisconsin possess a rare interest in that they are fashioned in the form of animals. Except in a few isolated localities in neighboring states, tumuli of the class known as effigy mounds are found in Wisconsin only. The favorite types seemed to be the lizard, the turtle, the buffalo, the squirrel and a winged form that might be likened to a bird. One of the remarkable animal mounds, found in Grant county, was for a long time supposed to represent a mammoth, and the circumstance strengthened the argument that a prehistoric race from another continent once dwelt here. As the hairy mammoth, the prototype of the elephant, was not known to have existed on this continent, it seemed plausible that the ancient men fashioned a mound recalling one of the animals of the land whence they originally migrated. Since it has been established that Indians built the mounds, the theory has obtained that this elephant form was designed to represent a buffalo, and that a landslide lengthened the snout into resemblance of an elephant's proboscis. The measurements of this large effigy mound were ascertained to be as follows: Total length, 135 feet; across the body, 36 feet; from end of proboscis to forelegs, 39 feet.

This interesting relic of the past has nearly disappeared under the obliterating process of the agriculturist.

Most curious of all the mound structures was the "ancient city of Aztalan," as the supposed fortifications in Jefferson county have been called. This ancient enclosure, the only one of its kind in Wisconsin, was for a long time believed to have been a citadel, but Increase A. Lapham's investigations established the fact that it was intended, not for defense, but for the performance of sacred rites and for burial. The ancient city was discovered just sixty years ago, and has often been referred to as one of the wonders of the Western world. Its discoverer gave it its name, suggesting its occupancy by the old Aztecs. Early writers described the works as a fortress, with bastions or buttresses at nearly regular distances. As the earth



GROUP OF EFFIGY MOUNDS PECULIAR TO WISCONSIN.

1. Squirrel Mound, Mendota. 2. Bear Mound, English Prairie. 3. Deer Mound, near Madison. 4. Bird Mound, Lake Wingra. 5. Turtle Mound, Waukesha. 6. Frog Mound, Wisconsin River. 7. War Club Mound, Mayville.

near the top was burned and the reddish clay bore impressions of straw, it was supposed that the walls were built of brick. An exhaustive examination showed, however, that the banks are of earth, the mixture of wild hay and burned clay extending but a short distance below the surface, and that the so-called bricks bore no regular form. The projecting mounds, which some antiquarians assumed to be bastions of a fort or citadel, were found to be sepulchres. A cavity was found wherein two bodies had been interred in a sitting posture. There were also found numerous fragments of earthenware, portions of broken vessels varying in size from a few inches to three feet across the rim. The relics unearthed by antiquarians

have been carried to all parts of the world, for many men of science have used the spade among these mounds during the last half century.

Many plausible arguments have been advanced in support of the theory that here was a citadel to which the mound builders repaired when threatened—the buttresses or bastions at regular intervals, the watch towers and the outworks, the strategic location along the Rock river, giving the besieged access to water, all conveyed the impression that the enclosure was designed for a military fortification. This theory is exploded by Lapham's observation that "the fort is entirely commanded from the summit of a ridge extending along the west side parallel with and much higher than the west walls themselves, and within fair arrow shot; so that an enemy posted on it would have a decided advantage over those within the defense."

It is the conclusion of Lapham that this was a place of worship; "the pyramidal mounds being the place of sacrifice, like the *teocalli* of Mexico. From its isolated situation—there being no other similar structure for a great distance in any direction—it may be conjectured that this was a kind of Mecca to which a periodical pilgrimage was prescribed by their religion. Here may have been the great annual feasts and sacrifices of a whole nation. Thousands of persons from remote locations may have engaged in midnight ceremonies conducted by the priests. The temple, lighted by fires kindled on the great pyramids and at every projection on the walls, on such occasions would have presented an imposing spectacle, well calculated to impress the minds of the people with awe and solemnity. That these works were designed for some such uses seems quite probable."

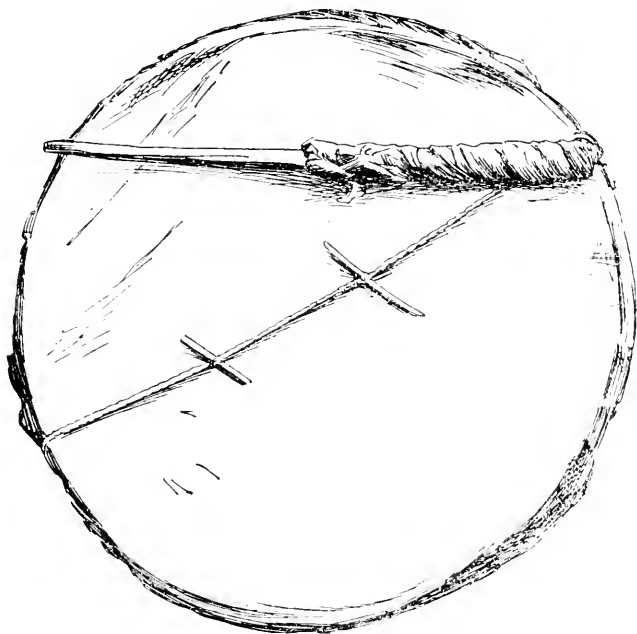
The total length of the wall constituting the enclosure, when the measurement was first taken, was 2,750 feet, the ridge being about twenty-two feet wide. At regular intervals, on the outside, were the mounds which descriptive writers have called bastions of the fort. These were about eighty feet apart, and about forty feet in diameter.

It was a matter of dispute for a long time whether some of the effigy mounds were modeled after the human form. Some antiquarians contended that the mounds were so designed, others that the form of a bird was intended. It must be conceded that many of the mounds which were so described as man-shaped bore little resemblance to the human form divine. It was not till 1859 that convincing proof was obtained that the ancient sculptors of earth sought to model the human form. In that year there was found near Baraboo, in Sauk county, an earthwork that was unmistakably formed like a man. It was a huge figure, measuring fully two hundred and fourteen feet, with a head thirty feet in length, body one hundred and legs eighty-four feet long. The lines were graceful, this verdure-

clad giant being in position of walking towards the West. While the various members were somewhat disproportionate, there was no mistaking the general form.

Other man-shaped mounds have since been found, but none so perfect in its outlines.

It is a curious fact that the flourishing cities of to-day are mostly where once were the chief gathering places of the Indians, and that the old Indian trails were almost identical with the stage routes that succeeded them. It was not all coincidence that led to the



TAMBOURINE DRUM.

choice of identical centers of population and routes of travel, for the natural geographical advantages largely determined this selection for the red men, as well as the white men. Tracing the analogy to prehistoric times, the same facts hold true. Milwaukee, Madison, Beloit, Waukesha, Fort Atkinson, Pewaukee, Sheboygan, Racine, Manitowoc, Prairie du Chien and many other cities in the southern half of the state are located where the presence of numerous emblematic mounds show that prehistoric villages once existed, for these mounds have been located usually on the natural lines of travel, and the places where groups of them have been found, show evidences of earlier occupation by considerable numbers of people.

CHAPTER III.

PRE-COLUMBIAN COPPER MINING IN WISCONSIN.

MOST curious of all the ancient implements unearthed in Wisconsin are specimens of unalloyed copper—the most rare of all archaeological findings. When it became known that Wisconsin's soil contained more of these relics of pre-Columbian copper mining in North America than any other region known, much attention was attracted to the discoveries made here. At the Centennial exposition, twenty years ago, the whole number of copper implements exhibited was 210. Of these 164 came from Wisconsin. The rarity of such specimens previous to the Wisconsin finds may be judged from the fact that the only European museum at that time known to possess copper tools was the Royal Academy at Dublin, and the few specimens there came from India.

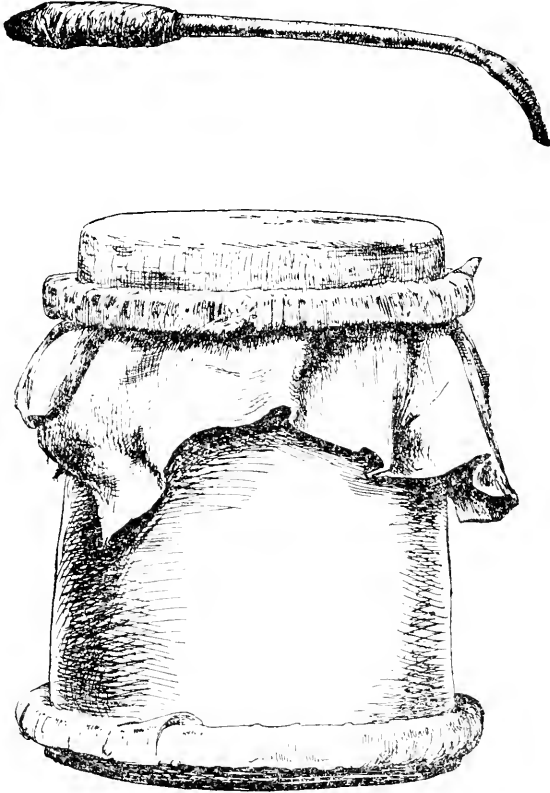
The Wisconsin coppers comprise a variety of implements. Many of them are spear and arrow heads, marked with dents to represent the number of beasts or men killed by the weapon; some are knives, chisels, adzes and other tools; a number are axes, weighing as much as four and a half pounds. The heaviest copper specimen ever unearthed is a Wisconsin ax, whose weight is nearly five pounds.

Like the ancient mounds, the origin of Wisconsin's copper implements has become a fruitful source of learned controversy. Those who have maintained that copper implements were the handiwork of a pre-Indian race, have argued that Indian ingenuity never reached such development as is exhibited in their manufacture; moreover, that when white men first came among Wisconsin Indians, their tools and arrow heads were made of flint and not of metal—showing that copper mining was an art unknown to Indians.

In the written accounts of some of the early French voyageurs in this region, which have been preserved in the archives at Paris, there is no reference to the use of copper tools, though the knowledge of the metal, which the Indians of that period regarded as a sacred gift, not as an article of utility, is mentioned. In 1660 Claude Allouez, founder of the first Catholic mission in Wisconsin, wrote: "I have seen in the hands of the savages pieces of copper weighing from ten to twenty pounds. They esteem them as divinities or as presents made them by the gods."

Writing of the Wisconsin Indians after his journey from Green Bay past the site of the future city of Milwaukee, two hundred and fifteen years ago, Robert de La Salle noted that "the extremity of their arrows is armed with a sharp stone or the tooth of some animal, instead of iron. Their buffalo arrow is nothing else but a stone or bone, or sometimes a piece of very hard wood."

Father Louis Hennepin, who was faithful in his description of Indian customs, though inclined to exaggerate when narrating his own wonderful deeds, tells in his history that the Indians instead of hatches and knives utilized sharp stones, and instead of awls used sharp bones.



MEDICINE DRUM AND STICK.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY REPORT.

(Used by Menomonee Indians. The drum contains water, and the hollow reverberation of the drum-beat can be heard a mile distant.)

A later writer was the French historian Charlevoix. He visited these parts about 1720, and described the Indian hatchets of flint, which were the only implements used in felling trees.

"To fix them in the handle," he said, "they cut off the head of a young tree and make a notch in it, in which they thrust the head of the hatchet. After some time the tree, by growing together, keeps

the hatchet so fixed that it cannot come out. They then cut the tree to such a length as they would have the handle. Both the arrows and javelins are armed with a point of bone wrought in different shapes."

The venerable Dr. J. D. Butler of Madison learnedly contended for many years that the copper implements found in Wisconsin show evidences of having been cast in moulds, some of them showing the mould marks where the halves of the form-flask united.

The scoffers at the theory of a pre-historic metallurgy have argued as strongly on the other side. Dr. P. R. Hoy of Racine, ex-president of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, declared that the copper miners of the Lake Superior region did not employ a smelting process in fashioning their implements.

"Copper is a refractory metal," he said. "It melts at from 2,200 to 2,600 degrees, a temperature that can be reached only in a furnace assisted by some form of coal and an artificial blast. We must have good evidence before we assert that these dwellers by the lake possessed these indispensable auxiliaries to successful working in metals. Besides, in casting copper, it is positively necessary to put the materials in a crucible. The manufacture of good crucibles, such as will withstand the heat necessary to melt the more refractory metals, involves such a degree of knowledge that for many generations the entire civilized world was dependent on a small section of Germany."

Dr. Hoy called attention to the fact that a majority of the copper implements found in Wisconsin have specks or points of pure silver scattered over them. The best authorities say that a single speck of pure silver, visible even with the microscope, is positive evidence that the specimen was never melted.

It was the theory of Dr. Hoy that the specimens were hammered into shape, and not smelted. This is his explanation:

"These ancient Indians, for, I believe, they were Indians, used fire in their mining operations. The vein rock was made hot by building a fire on or against it; then, by dashing on water, the rock would not only be fractured, but the exposed pieces of copper be softened, so that it could be beaten into shape. Then the metal became hard, in consequence of its being pounded; it was again heated and plunged into cold water—for copper is in this respect the opposite of steel; the one is softened, while the other is rendered hard. In this way copper was fashioned simply by pounding."

The Lake Superior copper region affords the most remarkable occurrence of native copper in the world. The old miners, whether they were Indians or Aztecs, worked mines superficially only. Isle Royale is honey-combed with the ancient diggings. In this island an interesting relic was found by an archaeologist, Henry Gilman. In cleaning out the debris from a pit he came upon a crescent-shaped mass of metal, weighing 5,720 pounds.

"Such a huge mass," says he in a description of his find, "was evidently beyond the ability of those ancient men to remove. They could only deal with it as best they knew how. Large quantities of ashes and charcoal lying round it show that the action of fire had been brought to bear on it. A great number of stone hammers or mauls were also found near by, many of them fractured from use. Innumerable fragments of copper chips lay strewn on all sides, and even the scales of fish, evidently the remnants of the meals of the miners."

The trend of modern investigation dispels the theory of pre-historic mining operations. It establishes the fact that the Indians were the so-called miners, and that when the white men came among them the laborious process of securing the metal was abandoned because they could more easily obtain hatchets and knives by bartering their furs.



INDIAN JUGGLER'S RATTLE.

(Employed by Menomonee Medicine Men to Exorcise Evil Spirits.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE RED MEN OF WISCONSIN.

EARLY comers to Wisconsin found the islands of Green Bay inhabited by the Pottawattomie Indians. Crossing the eighteen miles of water, there was reached the chief village of the Menomonees, or, as the French called them, the Wild Rice Eaters. Their wigwams clustered at the mouth of the river bearing their name. At the head of the bay were the Winnebago Indians, the "Men of the Sea," whom Nicolet sought in 1634 under the erroneous impression that they were Chinamen; following the Fox river, next were encountered the Mascoutens, known as the Fire Nation; adjacent were the warlike Sacs and Foxes. Along the shore of Lake Superior dwelt the Ojibwas, now better known as the Chippewas; to the southwest of them, on the St. Croix, were straggling bands of the Sioux, whose main body was on the opposite side of the Mississippi river. In the southwestern part of what is now the state of Wisconsin were the Kickapoos.

These are the chief tribes of red men that figure in the early history of Wisconsin. They represented two great linguistic stocks of Indians—the Algonkin and the Dakotan. Here on Wisconsin soil the two powerful confederacies first came in contact. Indian boundaries were never well defined, and thus the hunting grounds claimed by these various tribes were subject to incessant shiftings. There seems to have been little conflict between the Winnebagoes, who are of Dakotan extraction, and their Algonkin neighbors; but between the Chippewas and the Sioux hostilities were incessant, and bloody wars frequent over boundary disputes.

The Indians of Wisconsin have played an important part in the history of the nation. The Fox Indians, at first staunch allies of the French, later became their inveterate foes, and contributed to that series of events which ended in the fall of New France. On the plains of Abraham, Charles de Langlade, Wisconsin's first permanent white settler, led another band of Wisconsin Indians against the forces of Wolfe. Again, on that fatal day when Gen. Braddock's English forces were nearly annihilated and George Washington established his reputation as a soldier, Wisconsin Indians under the same leader aided in the dreadful slaughter; in their lodges in Wisconsin for many a day hung the scalps of these soldiers of England.

In the Revolutionary war and in the war at the beginning of this century (1812) the Indians of Wisconsin sided with the red coats against the American colonists. In the bloody battles in Ohio, Wisconsin Indians shed many a frontiersman's blood. When George Rogers Clark conquered the Northwest with his handful of "Long

Knives," Wisconsin Indians were among the allies of the British with whom he had to contend.

The Black Hawk war was carried on by the Fox and Sac Indians after their migration into Illinois, but the decisive battles were fought on Wisconsin soil. Wisconsin Winnebagoes were the captors of the Sac chieftain after the slaughter of his tribe at Bad Axe.

How numerous the Indians were before white men came among them it is only possible to approximate. When it is considered that the entire Indian population of the United States did not at any time exceed half a million, or about one-fourth the total number of inhabitants that Wisconsin alone has to-day, it can be readily surmised that the forests and prairies of Wisconsin were but sparsely populated. It has been approximated that the number was never in excess of 15,000 to 20,000. Indian nomadic life could not prove con-



INDIAN CHANT.

ducive to large families. Wisconsin Indians moved with the seasons, following game or seeking the ground best adapted for growing corn. In the places where water and fish were accessible and where grain and root crops flourished most, they pitched their wigwams; in these places the toiling priests came to them, and in these places have been built the principal cities of the state.

In most respects the life of Wisconsin Indians did not differ materially from that of other Indians of allied tribes. Game was abundant and included many animals which are now extinct or to be found only in the far West. On the prairies in the western part of the state roamed great herds of buffalo. Bear, elk, moose, antelope and even the woodland caribou were the prey of the hunter, and the waters fairly teemed with fish.

In the days of the aborigines there was ordinarily no struggle for the necessities of life, for wants were few and easily supplied.

The arrow that brought food to the lodge also furnished furs for clothing and for covering the tepee. Wild berries grew in abundance, and the sap of the sugar maple furnished a palatable luxury. The men employed their time in hunting and fishing, and in making war; the patient squaws gathered the corn and without a murmur served as beasts of burden for the lodge and camp. In their underground caches were stored grains and other food for winter use.

Despite the prodigality of nature, it sometimes happened that during the long winter months food became exhausted and that the severity of the season prevented the hunters from chasing their game to quarry. Then famine stalked through the camp and thinned their ranks. Often, too, the dreaded smallpox swept through the tents, and the incantation of the medicine man was powerless to stop the pestilence. Two venturesome Frenchmen, Radisson and Groseilliers, who wintered with the Ojibwas in 1661-62, at Chequamegon Bay, experienced a bitter famine with these Indians. They lived on the bark of trees, old beaver skins and other indigestible provender till the spring came and game could be secured.

"We became the very image of death," wrote Radisson in his journal.

Five hundred of the Indians died of starvation that winter.

Most of the Indian tribes are known by the name which Europeans have given them. The principal tribes of Wisconsin redmen have been known by many different names, those given below being chiefly used:

- Menomonees—Folles Avoines, Wild Rice Eaters, Malhomines.
- Chippewas—Sateurs, Ojibwas, Ontehibouse.
- Foxes—Reynards, Outagamies, Musquakis.
- Sacs—Osaukies, Sauks, Sakis.
- Winnebagoes—Puans, Puants, Nadouessi, Stinkards, Ochunkoraws, Hotanke, Bay Indians, Hojiras.
- Sioux—Nadowesloux, Dacotahs.
- Pottawattamies—Poueatamis, Powtewatamis, Pautawattamies.
- Mascoutens—Assistaeronous, Gens de Feu, Fire Nation.
- Kickapoos—Kikapus, Kikapoux, Quicapous.

In addition to these tribes, wandering bands of Miamis, Illinois, Iowas and other tribes and sub-tribes of the neighboring states have at various times located in Wisconsin. When in 1648 the fierce Iroquois ravaged the country of the Hurons with pestilential fury, fugitives of this tribe and of the harried Ottawas found shelter in the forest fastness of Wisconsin. Even to these remote regions did the fury of the Eastern savages sometimes pursue them.

The Menomonees are the only original inhabitants of Wisconsin who still make their home here. They are a well-favored race, and attracted the attention of the first Frenchmen because their complexions were several shades lighter than that of their neighbors. This peculiarity was attributed to the use of wild rice, or oats, as a staple article of food. Vast stretches of river bottoms, acres upon acres in extent, were covered with this wild rice and furnished them

with an abundance of food. The gathering of the harvest in September, by the squaws, has been thus described:

"The harvesters went in their canoes across watery fields, shaking the ears right and left as they advanced, the grain falling easily, if ripe, into the bark receptacle beneath. To clear it from chaff and strip it of a pellicle inclosing it, they put it to dry on a wooden lattice above a small fire, which was kept burning for several days. When the rice was well dried, it was placed in a skin of the form of a bag, which was then forced into a hole, made on purpose, in the ground. Then they tread it out so long and so well that the grain, being freed from the chaff, was easily winnowed. After this it was pounded to meal, or left unpounded and boiled in water seasoned with grease. It thus became a very palatable diet."

Tradition taught the Menomonees to believe that once they were animals or birds, and that their transformation into human beings occurred at the mouth of the Menomonee river, at Marinette. When one of them dies a picture is painted on a board representing the animal from which the deceased is supposed to have derived his descent, and this is placed at the head of his grave. One of their superstitions is that a fabulous fowl which they term "the thunder-bird" hovers over the clouds, causing lightning by winking its eyes and thunder by flapping its wings. This superstition is shared by other Algonkin tribes.

Since the coming of white men, the Mascoutens, the Fire Nation, have disappeared from the face of the earth. They originally came to Wisconsin from the East as the result of a war with the Eries. Father Marquette found them on the Wisconsin river in a palisaded village, in 1673. Father Allouez records a visit some years before that date. It is believed that after they became reduced in numbers the remnant was absorbed by the neighboring Kickapoos. At any rate, no trace of them has been found since the Revolutionary war.

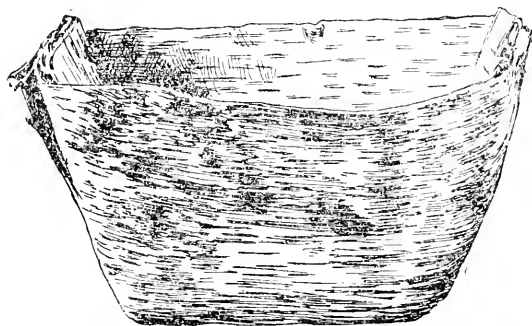
The Kickapoos were claimed by the Shawnees as a part of their tribe. They occupied a number of villages on the Wisconsin river. In 1754, with the Sioux and Pottawatomies, they waged war against the Peorias of Illinois. Many years ago their migratory spirit led them southward, where they joined the Creeks.

Mystery for a long time clouded the origin of the Winnebagoes. They had a tradition that their ancestors had migrated from a great distance, a region near the salt sea. It is now established that they are an off-shoot of the Siouan nation. These Indians have occupied a large place in the history of Wisconsin, from the time that Nicolet came to them as an ambassador from New France. Their name signifies "fetid," a term applied by Indians to salt water. The French translated this term in another sense, and called them Puants, or Stinkards. This name led certain writers to assume that it had been given them on account of filthy habits. The modern Winne-

bago is not inaptly so named, for he is "the poorest, meanest and most ill-visaged of Wisconsin Indians"; two centuries ago the Winnebagoes were warlike and possessed remarkable physical power.

When the celebrated traveler, Capt. Jonathan Carver, visited these parts in 1766, he found a queen reigning over the Winnebagoes. The name of this remarkable Winnebago queen was Glory of the Morning. She was the widow of a Frenchman who was mortally wounded at Quebec. Her home was on Doty's island, in a palisaded town of fifty houses. Plums, grapes and other fruit grew there spontaneously and the Indians raised great quantities of Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, watermelons and tobacco. The Indian queen entertained Carver right royally for four days.

Greatest of Wisconsin hunters were the lithe-limbed Chippewas. They called themselves Ojibwas, or Leapers, meaning people at the



BIRCHBARK VESSEL FOR MAPLE SAP.
(Used by Wisconsin Indians.)

leaping water, or falls. They were found by the Jesuits in 1641 at the outlet of Lake Superior. Pursued by the Iroquois westward, they took refuge on the southern shore of Lake Superior and crowded out the Sioux. From that time on there were unrelenting conflicts between these Algonkin and Dakotan enemies. The Sioux struggled to retain their ancient hunting grounds, but were finally crowded back to the St. Croix. For a century and more these nations were almost uninterruptedly at war, and their traditions tell of many bloody battles fought beneath the somber pines of the north. In the Chippewa tongue the word Sioux means "the enemy."

For many years the string of islands in Green Bay were known as the Pottawattomie group, from the Indians who made their home upon them. These wandering Indians did not abide long in any one place. In 1641 they were at Sault Ste. Marie fleeing before the face of the Sioux. In 1721 they were widely scattered, some in Wisconsin, some near Detroit, some in Indiana. For a while they were at

the site where Milwaukee has since been built, and the English commander at Green Bay in great disgust wrote of them as "those runagates of Milwackie, a horrid set of refractory Indians." These Indians joined the standard of Tecumseh and fought at Tippecanoe; they were the ones who massacred the garrison of Fort Dearborn (Chicago).

The Pottawattomies are the Indians whose traditions gave to the poet Longfellow much of the material for his great poem, "Hiawatha."

Most warlike in their intercourse with the French were the Foxes and their confederates, the Sacs. The great war of extermination which the French waged against them for many years is one of the most barbarous epochs of Western history. This restless and fierce tribe was the only one of Algonkin origin against whom the French waged war. In 1712 the Foxes, with the Mascoutens and Kickapoos, attacked Detroit, but the French defeated them with the aid of Pottawattomie allies.

In all parts of the state survive relics of Indian occupation, not only in the implements of flint and stone found underground, but in the names of lakes, rivers and towns. Some of these are herewith given with their meaning:

Sheboygan—A hollow bone; another version is that the original Indian word, *Shawh-wa-way-kun*, expresses a tradition "that a great noise, coming under ground was heard at this river."

Waukesha—Pronounced by the Indians *waw-goosh-sha*, the little fox.

Pewaukee—Pronounced *Pee-wau-naw-kee*, the flinty place.

Oshkosh—Named after a well-known Menomonee chief, signifies brave; another meaning is a hoof.

Manitowoc—Pronounced *Manitou-wauk*, the home of the spirits.

Milwaukee—Pronounced by the Indians *Me-ne-aw-kee*, a rich or beautiful land.

Kenosha—A long fish, a pike; from *Kenose*, long.

Mazomanie—Walker on iron, the name of a Sioux chief.

Mequon—Feather or quill.

Nashotah—Twin.

Ozaukee—Yellow earth.

Wausau—Far off.

Waupun—Early, frontier.

Weyauwega—A corruption of the word "*Wey-au-we-ya*," signifying whirling wind.

Wisconsin—Father Marquette's narration spells the name *Meskousing*, afterwards rendered as *Ouisconsin* by the euphony-loving French. Its meaning is "strong current," according to the general acceptance of Indian philologists, but it has also been rendered as "great stone."

Kewaunee—Doubtless a Chippewa word, meaning prairie hen.

Muskego—Cranberry in the Pottawattomie tongue.

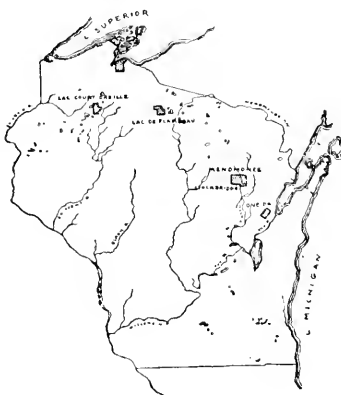
Koshkonong—Signifies "the lake we live on." Here the warriors of Black Hawk were in hiding for a time during the Indian war of 1832.

According to the federal census of 1890 there are now in Wisconsin nearly 10,000 Indians. Instead of roaming around the state as of yore, two-thirds of these Indians live on the reservations pro-

vided by the state. There are seven reservations in Wisconsin, under two agencies, one at Green Bay and one at La Pointe.

The Indian population of Wisconsin embraces to-day remnants of tribes belonging to the three greatest linguistic stocks on the North American continent—Dakotan (Siouan), Algonkin (Algie) and Iroquoian.

The Oneidas came from New York sixty years ago, and originally belonged to the great Five Nations. The Stockbridges removed here from Massachusetts. Part of the Munsee tribe of Western New York were absorbed by the Stockbridges by adoption. These Stockbridges were originally Pequods or Mohegans, thus constituting a connecting link with some of the best known tribes of New England. Wisconsin may therefore claim to possess "the last of the Mohicans."



INDIAN RESERVATIONS
IN WISCONSIN, 1897.



HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE WISCONSIN
INDIANS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The Brotherton Indians, in colonial days, made Long Island their home. A century ago they adopted the English language and obtained the name of Brotherton Indians from the fact that they organized themselves into brotherhoods and lived in a town. This was before their removal to Wisconsin.

The only Indians who were ever elected to seats in the Wisconsin legislature were Brothertons. They were named Alonzo and William Dick, and they represented the same district in the '50's.

The wandering Indians of Wisconsin are a shiftless set, who pick up a meager living as berry pickers in the cranberry marshes and blueberry fields of Central and Northwestern Wisconsin. Some of them are employed in the logging camps of the woods during the winter months.

CHAPTER V.

LEGENDARY LORE OF WISCONSIN INDIANS.

IN COMMON with other tribes east of the Mississippi, the Indians of Wisconsin possessed many ancient traditions concerning the story of the creation, relative to the significance of the elements, or pertaining to their religious ceremonies. But not all their legendary lore bore such a wide significance; much of it was of local application. As Longfellow has poetically phrased it, in his introduction to "The Song of Hiawatha":

Should you ask me whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibwas,
From the land of the Dakotahs,
From the mountains, moors and fenlands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes;
In the birds'-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!"

Indian legends abound concerning the curious rock formation along Lake Superior, at the dalles of the St. Croix and Wisconsin and at Devil's Lake.

Most beautifully told of all Indian legends is "The Song of Hiawatha." The scene of this Indian Edda, as it has been termed, is among the Ojibwas on the southern shore of Lake Superior. The author has availed himself of a poet's license, and in the musical narrative has interwoven many curious legends which were not current among the Indians of Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan. In the song, the adoption of the calumet—the universally recognized symbol of peace among the Indians—is given as having occurred somewhere in the vicinity of the northwestern part of the state. The story as told by Longfellow is that Gitche Manito, the mighty, called all the nations together in council

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipestone Quarry.

The tribes came from the remote corners of the land, their faces set in stern defiance, "in their hearts the feud of ages, the hereditary hatred, the ancestral thirst for vengeance." The great Gitche Manito looked upon his quarreling children with compassion.

From the old stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark-green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled.

He stretched his right hand over them to subdue their stubborn natures; he allayed their thirst and fever, he spoke to them words of wisdom and of warning. He told them to bathe in the stream before them, to wash the warpaint from their faces and the blood-stains from their fingers; then to bury their war-clubs and weapons, and from the red stone of the quarry to fashion pipes of peace.

They heeded the counsel thus given:

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into peace-pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward.

In his "Letters and Notes" Catlin has given an interesting account of the Red Pipestone quarry, with its legend of the origin of the peace-pipe. Longfellow's version is substantially the same. Catlin concludes the legend thus:

"At the last whiff of his pipe, his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women entered them in a blaze of fire. They are heard there yet answering to the invocations of high priests or medicine men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

In Emerson's "Indian Myths" is given the Winnebago tradition of the origin of man: "Having created the earth and the grass and the trees, the Great Spirit took a piece out of his heart, near which had been taken the earth, and formed the fragment into a man. The woman then was made, but a bit of flesh sufficed for her; therefore it is that man became great in wisdom, but the woman very much wanting in sense. To the man was given the tobacco seed, that, thrown upon the fire, it might propitiate the messenger—manittos to convey prayers or supplications; to the woman a seed of every kind of grain was given, and to her were indicated the roots and herbs for medicine. Now the Great Spirit commanded the two to look down;

and they looked down, when lo! there stood a child between them. Enjoining the pair to take care of all the children they might obtain in the future, he created the male and female the first parents of all tribes upon the earth. He then informed them, in the Winnebago language, that they should live in the center of the earth. The spirit then created the beasts and birds, for the use of all mankind; but the tobacco and fire were given to the Winnebagoes."

The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea



INDIAN WOMEN GATHERING WILD RICE.
(After Schoolcraft.)

is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Ojibwa-Algonkins, who call it *Mon-da-min*, that is, the spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man. It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in

defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality."

Schoolcraft also relates a custom respecting corn-planting showing a singular belief in the mysterious influence exercised by women over the vegetable and insect creation.

"It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit, sans habillement, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assault of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line."

For many years there lived on the eastern bank of Green Bay an old Indian woman who was believed to have long passed the century mile-stone of her life. This old woman was fond of telling a legend associated with a place on the shore of the bay, known as Red Banks, an interesting earth-work resembling a fortification. Its location at the top of a precipice a hundred feet high, accessible from the water by means of a protected passage of steps cut into the clay, led to many surmises. Hon. Charles D. Robinson, a pioneer editor of Green Bay, translated the story associated with Red Banks, as told to him by the withered old woman. This is the legend, in a condensed form:

"It was long ago, I was so high"—placing her hand about three feet from the ground—"when my grandfather told me the story. The Sauks and Outagamies lived in the old fort at the Red Banks. The forests eastward were full of deer, the waters of the bay were full of fish, and they possessed the whole. We (the Menomonees) lived over the bay. We sent down the lakes, inviting the other tribes to come up and help us drive out the Sauks and Outagamies. They came in canoes, the Chippewas, Pottawattomies and Ottawas and many more. You see how wide the bay is; their canoes stretched half way across. The bay was half full of canoes and each canoe was full of fighting men. They landed here at the Red river, and for two miles along the beach their canoes were so thick that no more could be crowded in."

The old woman described how the doomed fort was surrounded and how just before daylight the great battle began. The besieged fought bravely, but they had no water, for the supply was cut off by the warriors along the beach. They tried in every way to obtain it. Vessels attached to cords were let down to the water at night, but the cords were cut before the vessels could be drawn up.

"Come down and drink!" cried the Menomonees. "Here is plenty of water, if you dare to come down and get it."

These taunts and the great necessity of the besieged made that narrow way an avenue of death, but all to no purpose. The heat of a burning sun and the dreadful suffering for want of water became unendurable. A few drops of rain fell once, but only enough to tantalize those who were perishing in sight of the water that sparkled almost within reach. At length, one of the young chiefs had a dream, after fasting strictly for ten days. He told it thus:

"Listen! last night there stood by me the form of a young man clothed in white, who said: 'Fear not; I will deliver you. At midnight I will cast a deep sleep upon your enemies. Then go forth boldly and silently, and you shall escape.'"

That night an unusual silence prevailed in the camp of the enemy. Stealthily the wearied besiegers passed out and fled. Only a few, who disbelieved the vision, remained. They were massacred with fierce barbarity, when next morning the besieging tribes awoke from their strange slumbers to find that their prey was gone.

The legend of the red swan has been told by several chroniclers of Indian lore. Its most interesting form is that imparted to it by Mrs. H. S. Baird, in her "Early Recollections." She was a native of Prairie du Chien and was the descendant of Returning Cloud, a distinguished Ottawa chief. For many years Mrs. Baird made Green Bay her home. This is the legend of the red swan, in abbreviated form, beginning, like the juvenile fairy tale:

Once upon a time a young man was out hunting. He came to the shore of a beautiful lake, and there he saw floating a red swan. As he shot, the swan flew toward the west, leaving in its trail an exquisitely-hued radiance. This the young man followed, and at night-fall came to a wigwam where dwelt an old man and his daughter. The old man was making bows and arrows, and the daughter was making moccasins. He was hospitably entertained. The next morning the young hunter could still see the red streak marking the pathway of the swan. He turned to the old man and begged to be given the daughter as wife.

"Prove yourself worthy of her by overtaking the swan," was the reply. "If you do this, she is yours."

Making an early start, the hunter followed the track of the swan all day. At night he came to another wigwam occupied by an old man and his daughter. He received the same greeting and treatment as before, and the wooing of the daughter met with similar response.

Nine successive days passed by, each offering the same circumstances and conditions, save only that each daughter was more beautiful than the last met, and that the swan had passed at a later hour each day.

On the tenth day the sky was crimson in its splendor. Again at twilight he came to a wigwam. An old man sat alone, muttering strange words and boiling roots and herbs in a cauldron.

"Who gave you permission to enter here and interrupt me?" he asked in a tone of annoyance.

The young hunter hastened to explain. He told his adventures of the past ten days, and asked whether the red swan had passed.

The old man grew uneasy, and the young man now perceived that the wigwam was all aglow and luminous with a warm, bright light.

In the morning he prepared to pursue the swan, but the old man said to him:

"You have proved yourself brave; now you shall be rewarded."

Opening the mat door he brought out the red swan, his daughter, the most beautiful maiden the youth had ever beheld.

"Take her," said the old man, "to your own land and hunting grounds, and be happy. Gitchie Manitou will watch over you."

The legend of the "Spirit of the Corn" is current among the Indians of the Lake Superior country. It was told to the German traveler, Kohl, and a translation of his narrative reads thus:

Once a tribe of Indians had an extraordinary corn year. On their small fields they had grown an uncommon quantity of maize. But this rendered them very arrogant and extravagant. They devoured more than they wanted; they let the corn lie about and rot. The children fought with the stalks like sticks and threw them in the mud.

At length they grew so surfeited of the excellent corn that they went off hunting, after cacheing the remainder of their grain stores. But they secured no game. Soon hunger and need broke out and they remembered their corn. They found that the whole store had been devoured by mice. They saw that a powerful destiny had declared against them.

One of the old men who had taken no part in the waste of the golden corn, while walking solitary in the forest, came to a birch bark lodge. Within it was a miserable looking manikin, stretched out on dirty, much worn hides.

"See," said the Spirit of the Corn, in a mournful voice, "what a wretched condition these men have placed me in. They insulted me in the most ungrateful manner. This is the cause of their own misfortune and present want. I have no water in my jug and no clothes; not even a leaf to protect me from the cold. Weeds and wild plants grow in my garden, and the savage beasts of the forest prowl around me. Go back and tell this to thy people."

When the good Indian told his people the wretched condition in which he had found the good Spirit of the Corn, they realized that their own culpable extravagance was the cause of their misfortune.

They hurried home to their uncultivated and weed-choked gardens. They sacrificed a dog to the Spirit of the Corn. A little corn which the mice had not eaten served for a fresh sowing. They managed to get on somehow till the next summer, and then had a good harvest; they used it more carefully, and then their hunting luck returned.

Among the Ojibwas on Lake Superior, the months have the following names and meanings:

January—The moon of the spirits.

February—The moon of the suckers, because those fish begin going up the river then.

March—The moon of the snow-crust, because then the sun covers the top of the snow with a firm crust, and it is a good time to travel.

April—The moon for breaking the snow-shoes, because then the snow disappears and the snow-shoes are often broken.

May—The moon of the flowers.

June—Strawberry moon.

July—Raspberry moon.

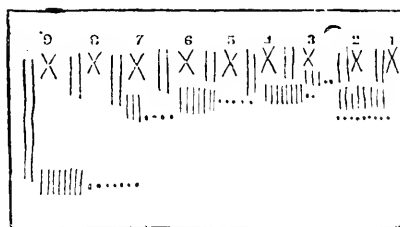
August—Whortleberry moon.

September—The moon of the wild-rice.

October—The moon of the falling leaf.

November—The freezing moon.

December—The moon of little spirits.



AN OJIBWA FAMILY RECORD.

(Loon-Foot had his family genealogical record for nine generations. The above strokes, crosses and points were made on a piece of birch-bark, each division representing one generation and his memory supplying the names.)

All the Indians cannot divide the moon with equal precision, and disputes are prolific between the old men, as they argue with comical seriousness as to what moon they are in.

The superstitions of the Sioux, who dwelt along the St. Croix river were similar to those of the Ojibwas (Chippewas) as regards the various moons. It was their belief that the material of which the moon is made is edible; when the moon is full, a legion of mice commence nibbling at it, and finally it is consumed. Then a new moon begins to grow, to be in turn devoured by the mice. The Sioux calendar is thus given:

January—Witeri, the hard moon.

February—Wicatawi, the raccoon moon.

March—Istawicayazanwi, the sore-eyed moon.

April—Magaokadiwi, the moon in which the geese lay eggs.

May—Mojupiwi, the planting moon.

June—Wajustecasawi, the moon when the strawberries are red.

July—Wasunpawi, the moon when the geese shed their feathers.

August—Wasutonwi, the harvest moon.

September—Psinhnaktuwi, the moon when rice is laid up to dry.

October—Wazupiwi, the drying rice moon.

November—Takiyurawi, the deer-rutting moon.

December—Tahecapsunwi, the moon when the deer shed their horns.

It is curious how the efforts of the missionaries among the Indians have served to weave familiar bible stories into their original legends. Thus the story of the creation, which now obtains among certain of the reservation bands in the northern part of the state, is a faithful adaptation of the biblical story, and the forbidden fruit episode in Paradise has likewise been given a red man's version. The Wisconsin Indians locate this happening on Lac du Flambeau, in Vilas county. The first man and his squaw, Mani, answering to the Adam and Eve of the bible story, lived on a beautiful island in this lake. In the garden grew the most delicious fruits and there were large, fine fields, wherein grew Indian corn and beans. The Great Spirit pointed out one tree whose fruit they must not eat. One day Mani heard a seductive voice say:

“Mani, Mani, why dost thou not eat of this beautiful fruit; it will make thy heart glad.”

The fruit smelled pleasantly and Mani licked it a little. Then she swallowed it, and felt as if intoxicated. When her husband came she persuaded him to eat also of the fruit. Immediately the beautiful silver scales with which they had been covered fell off—only twenty of these scales remained, but they lost their brilliancy, ten on the fingers and ten on the toes.

They were banished from the beautiful isle, which immediately grew wild. The Gitche Manito bore them in his canoe to the shore of Lac du Flambeau. But he had compassion on them. He gave the man bow and arrow, and told him he would find animals, which were called deer. These he was to shoot, and Mani would get ready the meat for him and convert the hide into moccasins and clothing.

There is a legend that tells how Ashland bay derived its name from an Indian word that in its original form meant “far-stretching breakers.”

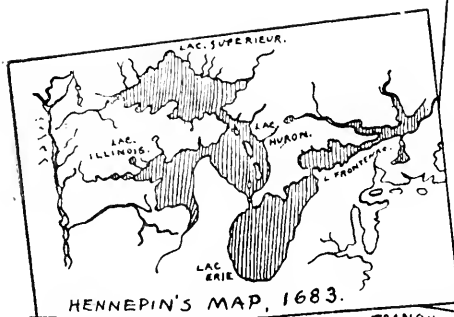
Menabosho, pursuing the Great Beaver from the St. Mary's river (where he broke his dams and thus formed the upper and lower rapids) through his pond (Lake Superior) drove him into Ashland bay. To secure his prey, Menabosho built a long dam from the south shore to Madaline island. While engaged in this work he threw handfuls of earth behind him into the outer lake, where they remain as the smaller Apostle islands.

The dam being finished, Menabosho, sure of having cornered his game, entered through the north channel, between Madeline island and Bayfield peninsula, but behold! the Great Beaver, digging out the south channel, between Madeline island and Shagawamikon point, broke through Menabosho's dam, and escaped.

Capt. Dwight H. Kelton, U. S. A., who tells this story, adds this explanation: "The width of the south channel is now two and a half miles; but the older inhabitants say that formerly a point of land, extending from the western extremity of the island toward Shagawamikon, made it much narrower. At one time, according to tradition, the distance was so short that an arrow could be shot across. The neck of the long point has been washed through within the last thirty years."

PART II.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE EXPLORERS.



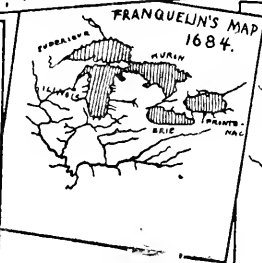
HENNEPIN'S MAP, 1683.



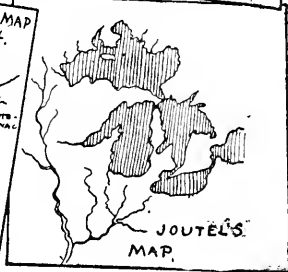
MAP MADE ABOUT 1683.
IN THE ARCHIVES OF MARINE, PARIS.



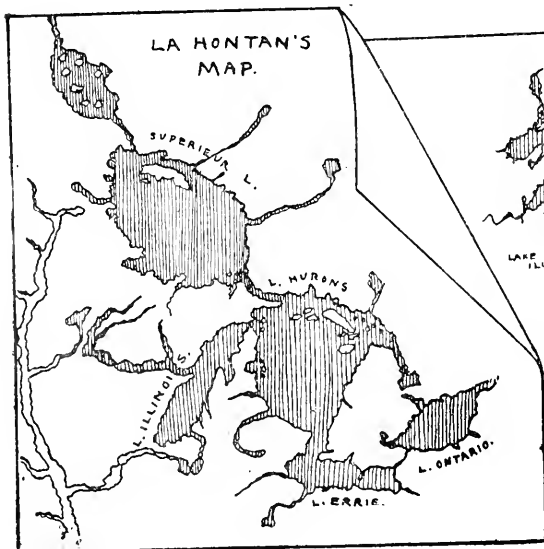
SELLER'S MAP OF N. AMERICA
1690.



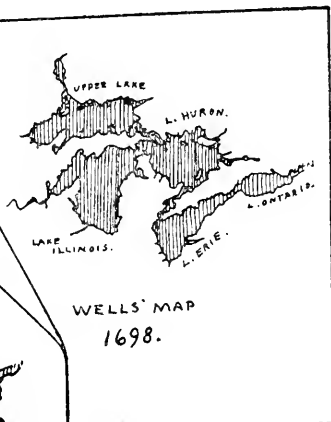
FRANQUELIN'S MAP
1684.



JOUTEL'S
MAP.



LA HONTAN'S
MAP.



WELLS' MAP
1698.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN WISCONSIN WAS DISCOVERED.

AS THE quest of Columbus for a short route to the Indies led to the discovery of a continent, so the search for a short highway to the fabled riches of China and Japan—the Cathay and Zipango of Marco Polo—brought an intrepid discoverer to the heart of that continent, Wisconsin. Here mingle the waters that through devious channels later flow in opposite directions—some swelling that vast volume that pours from the mighty Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico at the rate of twenty million of millions cubic feet of water annually; others passing through the chain of lakes into the St. Lawrence, thence into the frozen regions of the North Atlantic.

It was a period when the great highways of commerce were those provided by nature—the rivers and the lakes. The upper Mississippi had not been discovered and nothing was known of the vast continent that stretched westward. Men believed that a few days' journey would take them to its limits—perhaps to China. When the pioneer white man steered his frail birch-bark canoe along the western shore of Green Bay, he thought he had reached China. His coming occurred in the year 1634. This was two years before Roger Williams founded his Rhode Island colony; but a year after the beginnings of Connecticut were made; only twenty-seven years after the founding of the first permanent English settlement, that at Jamestown, and but fourteen years later than the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

A Parisian mail carrier's son was the first white man to step upon Wisconsin soil. The year was 1634, and King Louis XIII. reigned as monarch of France. Thus, by the law of nations relating to new discoveries, the son of Mary de Medici became the first sovereign of Wisconsin.

Jean Nicolet entered what now has become known as the Old Northwest through its natural gateway, the great arm of Lake Michigan that bears the name Green Bay. A hundred years before, the French had sailed up the St. Lawrence and started their first settlement in Canada. Rigorous winters and savage enmity combined with other untoward circumstances to render their foothold at Montreal insecure, and exploration westward was a slow process. At the end of a century they had progressed no further than Lake Huron. No Frenchman had ventured into the forest fastnesses of

Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Indiana or Ohio. Nothing was known as to the extent of the mysterious region that stretched westward, though few men believed that there was more than a narrow strip between the great lakes and the China sea. The delusion was common that a river would be found leading to the Celestial empire. Thus the dream of Columbus survived in modified form a hundred and fifty years after the caravel of the explorer had grated its keel on the shore of Watling's island.

From time to time wandering Indians brought to the eager listeners at Quebec tales of the unknown western region. These but made more keen the desire to reach the riches of Cathay thitherward; but the vague accounts of the Indians were distorted and misappre-



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

The Governor of New France, Who Sent Nicolet to the Winnebagoes of Wisconsin as His Ambassador.

hended. How little was actually known of this region is shown by a map carefully drawn by Champlain, governor of New France, two years before Nicolet started on his quest. On it Green Bay is placed north of Lake Superior, and Lakes Huron and Ontario are connected directly. Lake Michigan is not on his map unless his Lac des Puants—the usual designation for Green Bay—is intended to represent it. An island designated as the region of copper mines he places in Green Bay. Niagara Falls he had never seen and his supposition was that it was a rapid in the river.

Though he had mistakenly located copper mines on a Green Bay island, he knew positively of the existence of the metal, for an Indian had brought him a lump of the virgin ore. Other Indians, who were wont to come down the Ottawa river in their flotillas of canoes

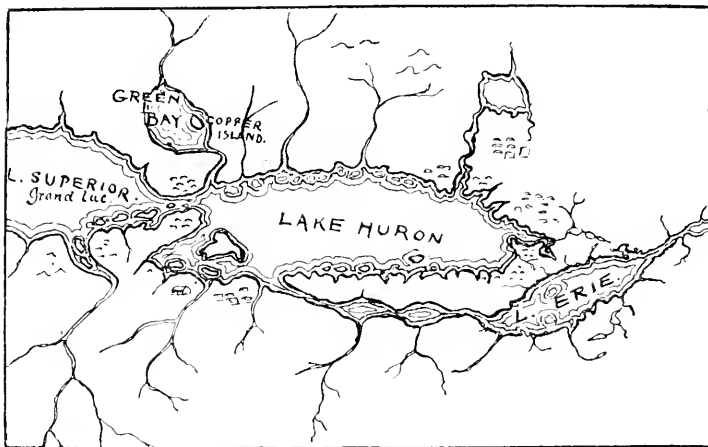
to trade with the Frenchmen, had told him of a nation dwelling some distance westward who were known as the "People of the Sea." These were the Wisconsin Winnebagoes, who years before had migrated to the region of the lake that now bears their tribal name, but Champlain believed they were Chinamen.

The fanciful description of this people given by his Indian visitors and the fact that they made their habitation on the shores of a "great water" confirmed Champlain in his belief that he had at last found the long-sought clue to the route to China. He chose Jean Nicolet as his ambassador. Nicolet had lived for a number of years in the lodges of the Algonkin tribes, and knew their languages. He was accustomed to the fatigues and privations of wilderness life, and the lore of the woods was a lesson he had conned fully as well as any of his dusky companions. In July of the year 1634 he started on his journey, accompanied by some Jesuit priests who were about to establish a mission in the Huron country and were glad to avail themselves of Nicolet's guidance. At the Isle de Allumettes they parted, and Nicolet pursued his way with Indian companions only. A glance at the map is necessary to convey an idea of the journey thus made in a canoe. Starting from Quebec and leaving the St. Lawrence at its junction with the Ottawa, Nicolet ascended this stream to the tributary whose Indian name, Mattawin, signifies "Home of the Beaver"; thence Lake Nipissing was reached by means of a narrow passage or "carry." Next his canoe floated down the French river into Georgian bay and Lake Huron. He passed the Manitoulin islands, skirted the shore of the great lake and came to the place where dwelt the "People of the Falls," the Sault Ste. Marie familiar on modern maps. Here he and his seven Hurons rested. But a few miles westward was the eastern extremity of the largest fresh water body in the world, Lake Superior. There is no evidence to show that Nicolet went nearer this lake than the sault, or falls. Instead he seems to have rested at the falls with his seven Huron companions, and then retraced his way down the strait and entered Lake Michigan through the Mackinac passage. For the first time a white man saw the broad surface of this inland sea. Along its northern shore his canoe was paddled by his dusky oarsmen. At the bay de Noquet he briefly tarried, and finally he came to the Menomonee where that river pours into Green Bay.

At last Nicolet was on Wisconsin soil. He believed himself to be on the threshold of China. The Menomonees, who made their habitation here, were of a lighter complexion than the Indians Nicolet knew. Some writers have ascribed this circumstance to the use of wild rice by these Indians as a staple article of diet. Champlain's messenger learned that but a short journey would now bring him to the land of the Winnebagoes. He sent one of his Hurons to apprise the supposed celestials of his coming and prepared to meet them in

becoming style. For this purpose he had brought a robe of gorgeous hue, like unto Joseph's in its resplendent coloring. The early French narrative, known as the Vimont Relation, describes how Nicolet's mandarin dress was besprinkled with birds of bright plumage and flowers of many hues, in woven work.

If Nicolet erred in his conception of the Winnebagoes, this tribe of red men likewise formed erroneous notions concerning their visitor. They believed him a Manitou or spirit, an impression that was accentuated when he advanced into their midst with a pistol



CHAMPLAIN'S MAP OF THE WISCONSIN REGION, 1632.

The "Father of New France" based the old map of which the above is a section in outline—the first which aims to define the region of the great lakes—on the accounts of the Indians who came in flotillas to Canada to trade with him. On this map Lake Superior is designated as "Grand Lac," Lake Huron as "Mer Douce." Green Bay he designates as the region where then lived the "Nation des Puans" (Winnebagoes), and locates this sheet of water north of Lake Superior. A large island in this bay, or lake, as he calls it, is given as the location of great copper mines. Lake Michigan does not exist on his map, though some authorities hold that he meant Green Bay to represent Lake Michigan. The map is a curious specimen of early geographical misconceptions. In the above reproduction the English synonyms are given for the French names put down by Champlain.

in each hand, the contents of which he discharged in the air with great dramatic effect. He was very much disappointed to learn, however, that the "People of the Sea," in quest of whom he had undertaken his long and arduous canoe voyage, wore moccasins and other savage apparel in place of the product of the loom. With true French adaptability he made the best of the situation and proceeded to win to the French interest these nations of the West. He urged them to come to Montreal for barter, and not to engage in war with the nations friendly to the French.

The coming of the wonderful man caused a great gathering of Indians. One account estimates the number of people who came to greet him at 5,000, but later accounts considerably reduced this undoubted exaggeration. The Relation heretofore quoted mentions that a great feast was held. Judging from the quantity of provisions consumed, the number of warriors must have been large and their appetites considerably sharpened. There were consumed, if the account of the feast is true, more than one hundred beavers, besides many deer and other forest viands secured by the chase.

When he left the Winnebagoes, Nicolet proceeded up the Fox river, journeying through the great regions of wild rice marshes, till he came to the Mascoutens. He was now but a short distance from the Wisconsin river. A journey of but three days would have taken him to it, and thence he could have drifted down to the "great water." Instead, he proceeded southward towards the Illinois country, and thus missed discovering the upper Mississippi. It was not till thirty-nine years later that Joliet and his party reached the Mississippi.

After a sojourn among the Illinois and kindred tribes, Nicolet returned to the Green Bay country, doubtless along the western coast of Lake Michigan—Lac Illinois and Lac Dauphin as it appears on the early maps. He visited the Pottawatomies who dwelt on the islands in the bay, and when spring thawed the ice and made canoe voyaging possible, returned to Montreal by way of the French and Ottawa rivers.

Six months later the great Champlain died. Indian troubles at home kept his successors from following up the investigations in the West, even had they possessed the inquiring and adventurous spirit of the "father of New France." Nearly a quarter of a century was to elapse before another French voyageur dared to follow in the wake of the first comer.

But Nicolet had blazed the path.

The fate of Nicolet possesses a pathetic interest. A man of warm sympathies as well as brave spirit, he was beloved by Frenchmen and Indians, and spent much of his time in ministering to the sick and in performing official duties at Three Rivers and Quebec, where he served as commissary and interpreter. One evening word was brought him that the Algonkins were torturing an Indian prisoner. To prevent this he entered a launch to go to the place, with several companions. A squall overturned the boat, and the occupants clung to the craft for some time. The waves tore one after another from their frail support. As Nicolet was about to be swept away, he called to his companions:

"I am going to God. I commend to you my wife and daughter."

It was through the gateway of Wisconsin that civilization entered the Mississippi valley. The coming of Nicolet was but the presage of greater events. While Anglo-Saxon colonists were strug-

gling to keep a foothold on the strip of coast along the Atlantic, the volatile Frenchmen were penetrating the very heart of the continent. The former advanced by slow stages, but kept a firm grip on everything they seized; the latter obtained their territory with ease, and as readily lost it. The Anglo-Saxon built his colony on an enduring foundation; the careless, mercurial Frenchman thought but of to-day and had no concern for the morrow. As with the individual, so with the government. Had the French induced their colonists to undertake agricultural pursuits instead of encouraging them to roam the woods for beaver peltries, perhaps the history of Wisconsin would to-day be materially different.

The fall of New France occurred thirteen years before the minute men at Concord and Lexington fired the signal shots of the American revolution; long after that period, through that crucial test that cemented the colonies into a nation, through the stormy periods of the first administrations, till after the close of the war of 1812, the Wisconsin region remained essentially French. For almost two hundred years there passed in procession through Wisconsin the French *coureurs de bois*, wild, lawless as the Indians with whom they fraternized; the titled and impoverished noblemen who sought glory as *voyageurs*; the priestly wanderers in somber garb who came with crucifix, as their companions came with sword.

"The French dominion is a memory of the past," says Parkman, "and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly campfires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassel and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Pushing into the wilderness, their indomitable soldiers and devoted priests unveiled the secrets of the barbarous continent; pierced the forests, traced and mapped out the streams, planted their emblems, built their forts and claimed all as their own."

And to-day Frenchmen have in all of North America not one rood of soil they can call their own.



FRENCH CARRY-ALL.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF RADISSON.

THOSE who were babes when Jean Nicolet returned to Montreal to tell what he had seen beyond the lakes, had grown to man's estate ere once more the sound of a white man's gun awoke reverberating echoes in the forests of Wisconsin. Twenty years or more had passed away, and the story of the lonely canoe voyage of Champlain's ambassador had been all but forgotten. The Jesuit Relation of 1660 notes in that year the return to Montreal of two venturesome explorers, who had penetrated to the Lake Superior region. They had also "visited the headwaters of the Black river, in Northwestern Wisconsin, and been guests of honor in the skin lodges and mud cabins of the Sioux in Northern Minnesota." The Jesuit Relations seldom mention names of others than members of the order, and thus the identity of these two unnamed voyageurs remained unknown for more than two centuries. Patient research has finally established the fact that they were two adventurous Frenchmen named Pierre-Esprit Radisson and Medart Chouart des Groseilliers. Groseilliers was the husband of Radisson's sister. They spent several years in their dangerous wanderings and had many startling adventures and escapes from death.

For some supposed or actual slights suffered from their countrymen, upon their return to Montreal, they attached themselves to the cause of the rival Englishmen, though later they renewed their allegiance to France. In fact they appear to have been men of elastic conscience when self-interest dictated a change of flag. Physically they were stout-hearted, and in many respects displayed much capacity. Radisson became the husband of a daughter of John Kirke, who was knighted during the reign of Charles II.

The story of the adventures of Radisson and his brother-in-law has been gathered chiefly from a manuscript narrative written by the former when he was in England. This manuscript has a curious history. It was not written for publication, but to interest King Charles in the schemes of the renegade Frenchmen to have the English wrest the Hudson Bay country from French control. They did interest Prince Rupert, and the founding of the famous Hudson Bay company resulted from their efforts. This journal of Radisson's came into the possession of Samuel Pepys, author of the well-known Pepys Diary, who was secretary of the admiralty. After his death, many of the Pepys collections of manuscripts were kicked about in garrets. Some of them went into waste-paper baskets. Others drifted into possession of London shopkeepers, and among them Radisson's journal. After many years the journal was picked up,

in 1750, by a man who recognized its value and turned it over to a British library. There it slumbered until 1885, when the Prince society of Boston published it in a limited edition. But two copies are owned in Wisconsin.

Being the product of a Frenchman with a limited knowledge of English and an utter contempt for the rules of spelling, the journal of Radisson is a unique specimen of orthographic eccentricity. In other respects it is a most readable account of his strange adventures. Radisson's first experience was as a captive of the Mohawks. He was then a mere lad, and the Indians adopted him. Managing to escape, he joined the Dutch and sailed from Manhattan to Holland. He returned to New France, and after more adventures among the Indians, undertook his famous two trips to the West. The date



FRENCH VOYAGEUR.
(From an Oil Portrait at Montreal, 1835.)

of his first voyage is usually given as 1658, but there is some evidence to show that he made a voyage westward two years earlier to the Green Bay region.

In these voyages Radisson and his brother-in-law visited the Ottawas, "ye nation of ye stairing haïres," as the French called them; the famous Fire Nation of Wisconsin, whose chiefs nearly a quarter of a century before had hospitably entertained Nicolet, passed a winter with the Pottawattomies, and heard of the Sioux nation and of a wandering tribe called the Christinos, dwelling on the shores of Hudson's Bay in summer and on the Wisconsin side of Lake Superior in winter. It is claimed that while with the Mascoutens, or Fire Nation, the two Frenchmen made a canoe voyage to the Mississippi river, but evidence is lacking to prove the surmise that this is what Radisson meant in his journal in referring to "ye greate river."

"We weare 4 moneths in our voyage without doeing anything but goe from river to river," Radisson wrote. "We went into ye greate river that divides itself in 2."

It was during their second voyage that Radisson and Groseilliers had their liveliest experience. En route they enjoyed themselves hugely shooting game—"it was to us like a terrestrial paradise." On the shore of Chequamegon bay they constructed the first habitation ever built by white men in Wisconsin, a little fort of stakes surrounded by a long cord on which little bells were tied. They reasoned that if hostile "wildmen," as they termed the Indians, came unexpectedly upon them, the ringing of these bells by sudden contact would apprise the occupants of the fort in season to guard against surprise. This is Radisson's curious description of the little fort they built:

"We went about to make a fort of stakes, wch was in this manner. Suppose that the watter side had ben in one end; att the same end there should be murtherers, and att need we made a bastion in a triangle to defend us from an assault. The doore was neare the watter side, our fire was in the midle, and our bed on the right hand covered. There were boughs of trees all about our fort layed acrosse, one uppon an other. Besides these boughs, we had a long cord tyed with some small bells, wch weare senteryes. Finally, we made an end of that fort in 2 dayes' time."

The "wildmen" came, but proved to be friendly. In fact they seemed to fear the strangers, rather than wish to do them harm. But the Frenchmen were on their guard and took good care to prevent treachery and to astonish the natives with a show of power. In his quaint style, Radisson remarks in his journal:

"We suffered none to goe in but one person (at a time), and (they) liked it so much the better & often durst not goe in, so much they stood in feare of our arms, that were in good order, wch weare 5 guns, two musquetons, 3 fowling peecees, 3 paire of great pistoletts and 2 paire of pockett ons, and every one his sword and dagger." And he proudly exclaims: "We weare Cesars, being nobody to contradict us."

Then he adds, in narrating a visit from fifty young warriors, and their wonder at sight of the fort:

"They were astonished, calling us every foot devills to have made such a machine."

When the Hurons went on their great winter hunt, Radisson and Groseilliers went with them. They killed much large game, for in those days Wisconsin's forests were the haunt of the moose, the elk, the antelope, the woodland caribou and other animals long extinct here, while on the prairies roamed great herds of buffalo. Among other quadrupeds killed were beavers, bears and wolverines. The moose seems to have been the chief trophy of the chase—Radisson calls this animal the oriniack:

"We beated downe the woods dayly for to discover novelties. We killed severall other beasts, as Oriniacks, staggs, wild cows, Carriboucks, fallow does and bucks, Catts of mountains, child of the Devill; in a word, we lead a good life. The snow increases daily. There we make racketts, not to play at ball, but to exercise ourselves in a game harder and more necessary. They are broad, made like racketts, that they may goe in the snow and not sinke when they runne after the eland or other beast."

Following this prodigality of hunting prowess, there came a great famine, for the snow, which fell in immense quantities, was so



LARGE WISCONSIN GAME KILLED BY RADISSON.
(Radisson's Journal Speaks of the Moose as the "Oriniack".)

light that it would not bear the burden of the snowshoes, and hunting for food was out of the question. With painful minuteness the journal of Radisson depicts their misery, which "grows wors and wors dayly."

Though Radisson's journal was written some years after this event, its memories must have remained fresh, judging from the graphic fidelity of his narrative. "O, cursed covetousnesse," he wrote, "what art thou going to doe? Every one cryes out for hunger; Ffrench, you called yourselves Gods of the earth, that you should be feared, for your interest; notwithstanding you shall tast of the bitternesse. Where is the plentynesse that yee had in all places

and in countreys. Here comes a new family of these poore people dayly to us, halfe dead, for they have but the skins and boans. The first 2 weeke we did eate our doggs. As we went backe upon our stepps for to gett anything to fill our bellyes, we were glad to gett the boans and carcasses of the beasts that we killed. And happy was he that could gett what the other did throw away after it had been boiled 3 or foure times to get the substance out of it."

Finally they were reduced to eating boiled skins, ground bones and the bark of trees. As Radisson expressed it, "finally we became the very Image of Death. Here are above 500 dead. It's time to come out of such miseryes."

At last the snow hardened and the wornout hunters were enabled with great effort to secure a few animals with which to cheer their famished stomachs.

Much of the success that attended the barter of the two Frenchmen with the Indians was due to the possession of merchandise that pleased the fancy of the latter. Such articles as kettles, hatchets, knives, garters, awls, needles, tin looking-glasses, little bells, combs, vermilion, necklaces and bracelets were profitably exchanged, although the barter was made ostensibly in the nature of an exchange of gifts. Says Radisson: "We gave them several gifts and received many. They bestowed upon us above 300 robs of castors" (beavers).

How far south of the Wisconsin river Radisson and his brother-in-law went in their journeys is a matter of conjecture. Benjamin Sulte, a leading Canadian historian, who has made a close study of Radisson's journal, believes that they wintered in the neighborhood of Milwaukee, if not Chicago, in 1658-59.

The two Frenchmen had many more adventures after this. They wandered to the country of the Sioux, and claim to have gone as far as Hudson's bay. After many adventures they returned to Montreal.

Their subsequent experiences are full of incident, but do not pertain to Wisconsin history. Alternating in allegiance between the French and English, as their interests dictated, finally they made England their home. Both are believed to have died in that country.



FRENCH PONY CART.

CHAPTER III.

RULE OF THE FOREST RANGER.

WHEN, on the 19th day of August in the year 1660, the intrepid Radisson and his brother-in-law, Groseilliers, returned from Wisconsin to Montreal, they were accompanied by 300 Indians and sixty canoes loaded with

Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine.

The Indian flotilla created the greatest excitement in Montreal. Every young Frenchman there dreamed of riches to be found in the forests of the Wisconsin region, for to New France the fur trade was what the mines of the Southwest were to the Spaniards. The population of New France had at this time a large admixture of ruined sprigs of nobility and disbanded soldiers. Without kith or kin to tie them to domestic hearthstones, these soldiers of fortune turned the prows of their birch-bark canoes westward in search of adventures among the children of the forest. They became known as *coureurs de bois* (rangers of the woods), and with utter disregard of the hazards that threatened and hardships that must be endured, the adventurers penetrated to the most remote regions of the lake country.

The *coureur de bois* was the most picturesque character in the history of this region. For a century and a half he and the more modern fur trader, of whom he was the prototype, were the most potent factors in the discoveries that preceded settlement. The traffic in peltries was lucrative, the roving life, free from restraint, had charms that appealed with peculiar fascination to the ardent French temperament, and the numbers of the *coureurs de bois* constantly increased. Unlike the sturdy Saxon, whose meeting with the aborigines meant the survival of the fittest, the easy-going Frenchman did not seek to crowd the Indian from his place. Instead he adapted himself to the customs and habits of the red man, and became half Indian himself. "Divested of all the proprieties of his former civilized life, painted and tattooed, with feathered hat and beaded garments, he gaily danced with the braves or gravely smoked the calumet at the council of the tribe."

In the lodges of the chiefs he wooed and won the dusky maidens of the woods; if, perhaps, in his wandering journeys from tribe to tribe, the fancy seized him, he did not scruple to take to wife as many of them as there were villages in which he tarried—there were no inconvenient laws of civilization to deter him from following the example of the jolly tar who had a wife in every port.

Sometimes there came upon the *coureur de bois* a longing to return to the settlements of the St. Lawrence. With his accumulated

store of beaver furs he made his way along the water courses until he came to such a place. Then, disposing of his merchandise, he



COUREURS DE BOIS CAROUSING.

AFTER A SKETCH BY PYLE, IN HARPER'S.

(The scene represents the jollification of the wood rangers upon their return from the forests of Wisconsin, where they have secured valuable furs.)

sought the company of boon companions for a season of wild gayety that lasted till his empty purse made necessary a return to the home

of the beaver and the lodge of the Indian. While his money lasted he abandoned himself to the wild carousal of the frontier tavern.

After a time the French authorities tried to suppress the lawless rangers of the woods, deeming their barter for furs an infringement on the rights of the government. Severe repressive measures did not deter the unlicensed traffic, and then the French authorities tried to regulate it by stipulating how many canoes would be permitted to engage in it. There were three men with each canoe. Despite their disregard of law, the rangers proved of great service to their government, for everywhere they went they made friends of the Indians. This friendship for the French remained steadfast in the case of every Algonkin tribe but one—the Fox Indians of Wisconsin. The lawless *coureur de bois* thus became the advance guard who spread for France the great arteries of trade in the Western country.

A century later the *coureur de bois* was no longer the independent ranger who yielded obedience to neither king nor potentate; he had become the modern *voyageur* of forest commerce. Instead of following the dictates of his fickle fancy, he went here or there at the behest of his employer. His work was to ply the paddle while on the stream and to carry the burden when making a portage.

The French *coureur de bois*, using the language of cultivated France, had been succeeded by the half-breed oarsman, speaking the *patois* which French and Indian ancestors had contributed as his only legacy.

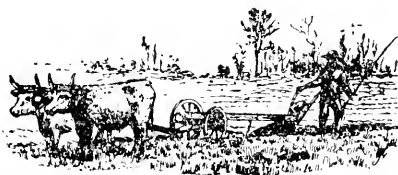
These *voyageurs*, some of whom were to be encountered in Wisconsin as late as fifty years ago, were in their way as picturesque characters as the earlier specimens of *coureurs de bois*. Clad in shirts of red flannel or leather, with tasseled caps of vivid coloring hanging over on one side, they manned canoe and barge as though a part of the craft. Like a thing instinct with life, the canoe sped through the water with tireless velocity. The muscles of the *voyageurs* were bands of steel; from the hour when a gray line in the east proclaimed the coming dawn till the sun sank in the west in roseate splendor, they sped the craft forward.

As the *voyageurs* plied the paddle, they chanted songs in rhythmic unison with the motion. These songs, once begun, seemed to have no end, and one verse seemed like the others of the interminable number. Love was usually the theme, though sometimes the stillness of the forest brought a softening mood upon the men, and the ditty gave way to the ballad and elegy. Mellowed by distance, these boat songs, with their accompanying sound of the oar, fell upon the ear with cadence of indescribable sweetness. The plaintive melody of the *voyageur's* *chanson* cannot be reproduced by giving the words, but the quaint rhyming has an interest, too. Mrs. Mary A. Krum of Madison has happily rendered in English the words of one of these popular ditties of the *voyageur*:

Each returning springtime
Brings so much that's new,
All the fickle lovers
Changing sweethearts too.
The good wine soothes and gives me rest,
While love inspires and fills my breast.
All the fickle lovers
Changing sweethearts still,
I'll keep mine forever,
Those may change who will.
The good wine soothes and gives me rest,
While love inspires and fills my breast.
Etc., etc.

It was well for the more modern voyageur that he could find sweet solace in song, for in many respects his life was one of few compensations for toil and hardship. Paddling from dawn to dusk, seldom stopping for a midday meal, his daily rations were a quart of hulled corn and a piece of sea biscuit, with a half pint of bear's grease. The corn served, with a piece of pork, for boiling a kind of soup, and this he ate with zest, as he munched his hard biscuit. Sometimes he varied the bill of fare by using pease or beans in place of hulled corn when boiling his bouillon or soup. The well-known traveler, Alexander Henry, whom Mrs. Mary Hartwell Cath-erwood has made her hero in her charmingly told story of "The White Islander," was an interesting observer of Wisconsin life in 1776. He wrote in his journal concerning the voyageur of his day: "A bushel of hulled corn with two pounds of fat is reckoned to be a month's subsistence. No other allowance is made of any kind, not even salt, and bread is never thought of."

What a contrast from the life led by his progenitor—the wild, lawless, untrammled forest ranger of the seventeenth century.



PLOW USED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER IV.

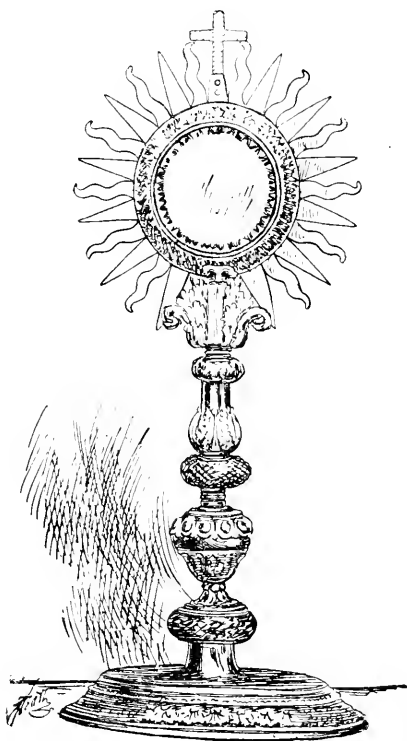
A PRINCE OF COUREURS DE BOIS.

OF THE company of coureurs de bois whose favorite abiding place was Wisconsin, none became as famous as Nicholas Perrot. Daniel Greysolon du L'hut and his cousin, Henry de Tonty, "the man with the iron hand," played a more conspicuous part in the exploration of the Western country, but neither was so closely associated with events on Wisconsin soil. The oldest memorial in Wisconsin, to-day, of white man's occupation here, is a soleil wrought in silver and presented by Perrot to the Jesuit mission at Green Bay in 1686. This ancient relic was unearthed by workmen ninety-five years ago, while digging a foundation, and is now in the possession of the Wisconsin Historical society at Madison.

Long before he thought of giving to the mission on the Fox this Catholic emblem, Perrot had become familiar with the region around Green Bay. Of his earlier years little is known, except that he attached himself to the wandering missionaries as a hunter to provide for their wants while they were threading the woods in search of converts. He was about 21 years old when, in 1665, he came West and made the acquaintance of the Wisconsin Indians. He obtained an extraordinary influence over them. It was of the greatest importance to French interests that the Western Indians should remain at peace with each other, and the authorities at Montreal entrusted to Perrot the delicate rôle of peacemaker. The Indians living in what is now Northwestern Wisconsin have been well described as "a race unsteady as aspens, and fierce as wild cats; full of mutual jealousies, without rulers and without laws." Perrot succeeded remarkably well in pacifying the unruly nomads of forest and prairie. He built a number of rude stockades, or forts, in Wisconsin. One was Fort St. Antoine, on the Wisconsin shore of Lake Pepin, traces of which fort were visible four decades ago; another was near the present site of Trempealeau, where but a few years since was discovered the hearth and fireplace that he had built two hundred years before. Fort St. Francis was built by Perrot near the future site of Prairie du Chien; he also built a fort near the lead mines, which he discovered while traveling among the tribes to prevent an alliance with the Iroquois Indians, who were friendly to the English. The Miamis presented him with a packet of beaver skins and a piece of lead ore, and thus called his attention to the presence of the metal in Southwestern Wisconsin.

Perrot played an important part in an imposing ceremony that occurred in 1671 at Sault Ste. Marie, when the French commander, St. Lussou, formally took possession of the entire Western country.

Representatives of fourteen tribes of Indians were present, Nicholas Perrot having gathered them from the Wisconsin and Hudson Bay regions for this purpose. The ceremony was an elaborate affair, well calculated to impress the savages with the importance of the French. A hole had been dug, and into this was placed one end of a huge wooden cross. This was surrounded by the splendidly-



PERROT'S SOLEIL.

(Found at Green Bay by Workmen Engaged in Digging a Foundation. Now in Possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society.)

dressed officers and their soldiers, and led by the black-gowned Jesuit priests of the company, the uncovered Frenchmen began to chant the seventh century hymn beginning thus:

"Vexilla Regis proderunt
Fulget crucis mysterium," etc.

As the sound of their hoarse voices died away, St. Lusson advanced to a post erected near the cross, and as the royal arms of

France engraved on a tablet of lead were nailed thereon, he lifted a sod, bared his sword and dramatically took possession of the soil in the name of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., styled "the Magnificent." A priest offered a prayer for his most Christian majesty, another hymn was sung, and Father Claude Allouez treated the somewhat astonished tribesmen to a long address. St. Lusson, in taking possession, claimed for the king of France "Lakes Huron and Superior, the island of Manitoulin and all countries, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous and adjacent thereunto; both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the north and of the west, and on the other by the South sea."

"Long live the king," came from the brazen throats of the soldiers as the ceremony was concluded, and the painted savages howled in sympathy.

Hardly had St. Lusson's gorgeous pageant come to a conclusion, when the Indians celebrated on their own account by stealing the royal arms.

Rene Menard J. Tefl

FACSIMILE AUTOGRAPH OF FATHER MENARD.

(Rene Menard has been called Wisconsin's martyr missionary because in seeking his lost sheep, the migratory Huron Indians, about the headwaters of the Black River, he lost his life either through exposure and starvation, or by the tomahawk. He was the pioneer soldier of the cross in Wisconsin.)

Fourteen years later Perrot was appointed "commandant of the West," and in 1689 repeated on Wisconsin soil the ceremony of taking possession in the name of the French king.

Despite his great influence over the Indians, Perrot had much to contend with in his relations with them during the thirty-four years that embraced his labors in the West. While at his fort on the shore of Lake Pepin, a party of Kickapoos and Mascoutens learned that there were but six Frenchmen in charge and planned to pillage the post. Learning their plans, Perrot prepared for them. Spies came to the fort and asked: "How many French are there?"

"Forty," was the reply. "More are expected from a buffalo hunt. Our guns are well loaded and our knives are sharpened."

Six chiefs came in apparent friendship and were admitted to the fort. Being divested of their arms, they were taken into Perrot's hut of logs, where meat was given to eat and tobacco to smoke. Loaded guns were placed conveniently within reach of the Frenchmen. These the conspirators eyed suspiciously.

"Is Metaminens afraid of his children?" they asked Perrot in simulated reproach.

"No."

"Then he is displeased."

"I have good reason to be," said Perrot sternly. "The spirit has warned me of your designs; you will rob me of my goods and put me in the kettle. The spirit told me to be on my guard and he would help me."

Surprised that their plans were known, the chiefs confessed the plot, and when their warriors came next morning, one of them shouted to them from the gate of the fort: "Do not advance, or you are dead. The spirit has warned Metaminens."

Perrot gave the chiefs two kettles and a few other presents, and they departed.

On another occasion thievish Indians had stolen a box of goods. Perrot ordered the goods returned at once, or he would dry up their rice marshes and visit dire punishment upon them. To show them that he possessed supernatural powers, he ordered a cup of water to be brought to him. Pouring some brandy into it, he set fire to the liquor. Terrified by the sight of the burning liquid and believing Metaminens capable of any miracle, they restored the stolen goods.

His boldness saved some Indian prisoners of the Ottawas from the torture of the stake. The unhappy captives had already run the gauntlet, and those who had fallen beneath the blows of the sticks wielded by the double row of women and young men had been condemned to be burned. As they sang the death dirge, Perrot appeared among them and commanded them to cease the song. Impatient at the interruption, the braves commanded their victims to continue. Perrot boldly declared:

"I came to cut the strings of the dogs. I will not suffer them to be eaten. You Ottawas are like tame bears, who will not recognize them who have brought them up. You have forgotten the protection of Onontio (the governor of New France). When he asks your obedience you want to rule over him, and eat the flesh of those children he does not wish to give you. Take care, Onontio will tear them with violence from between your teeth."

Perrot's attitude had the desired effect and the bands of the prisoners were cut.

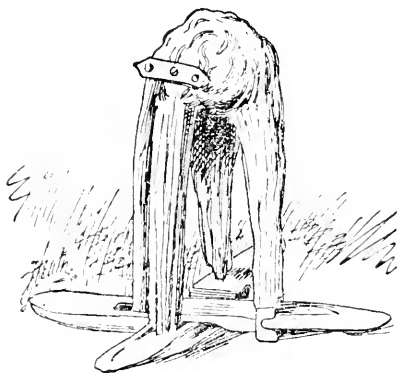
At one time Perrot had a narrow escape from being tortured at the stake. He was rescued before the torch had been applied to the fagots.

Perrot wrote an account of his experiences, but it was not printed until 1864. An English translation has never been published. Perrot's Memoire gives an interesting account of his experiences and of the customs of the savages. He gives a vivid picture of an Indian feast and war dance, as practiced in Wisconsin two centuries and a half ago. A translation of a part of this description is here given:

After describing the contents of the war bag, or "pindikossan," consisting of the skins of owls, snakes, white birds, parrots, magpies and other animals, he goes on to say: "Before the feast they always fast, without either eating or drinking until they have had a dream.

During this fast they blacken their face, shoulders and breast with coal; they smoke, however. Some are said to have fasted twelve consecutive days—which seems incredible—and others less."

After elaborate ceremonials and the eating of dog's flesh, an Indian delicacy, the master of ceremonies, who is armed with bow and quiver of arrows, as well as a javelin, "assumes a most furious look, entones his war song, and at each syllable that he pronounces makes most horrible contortions of head and body—the most terrible that can be seen. After him all the guests, one after another, endeavor to outdo one another in assuming most furious appearances. While singing, some fill their plates with hot ashes and burning coals, which they throw upon the spectators, who vociferate in chorus with



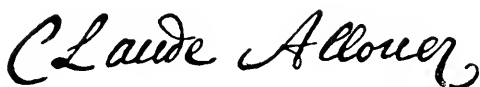
WOODEN ANCHOR OF THE VOYAGEURS.

(Picture of a Wooden Anchor Found at Green Bay and now in the Possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society.)

a very strong but slow voice, 'Ouiy!' Others seize fire-brands and throw them up into the air; others, again, act as if they were going to tomahawk the spectators. These last are obliged to repair the affront offered to him whom they feigned to strike, by making him a present of vermillion, knife or some other object of like value. Only such warriors as have slain or captured an enemy are allowed to act in this manner. These feints signify that it was thus the enemy was slain."

After some more shouting and grimacing, the best of the feast is given to the guests. "Above all," adds Perrot, "everyone must come provided with his own plate; otherwise he would not get his share. Hence they never fail in this, the Indian being naturally too gluttonous to forget on an occasion like this to fill well his belly."

The declining years of Perrot's life were spent on the banks of the St. Lawrence. In his old age he was neglected by the government for which he had toiled and borne hardships so many years. He was about 75 years of age when his career came to a close.



FACSIMILE AUTOGRAPH OF CLAUDE ALLOUEZ.

(It is not known where or when Allouez was born. He reached Canada seven years before he came to Wisconsin. He not only founded every Jesuit Mission in this State, but wandered into the Illinois country, and started several missions there. The great explorer, La Salle, became a bitter enemy of Allouez, claiming that the Jesuit attempted to excite against his enterprises the enmity of the Wisconsin Indians. It is certainly true that on several occasions Indians from Wisconsin frustrated the plans of La Salle, but it has not been established beyond doubt that the influence of Allouez was responsible. La Salle and the Jesuits were bitterly hostile in their relations and Allouez on two occasions precipitately left the French fort on the Illinois because La Salle was expected there.)

CHAPTER V.

THE BLACK GOWNS AND THEIR WANDERINGS.

THE story of the Jesuit missionaries, contemporary wanderers of the *coureurs de bois* in Wisconsin as in other parts of the New World, can be read "on ancient worm-eaten pages, between the covers of begrimed parchment." Bancroft's oft-quoted sentence that in the new world "not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way," is based on error. The soldier of fortune came with the sword before the soldier of the cross came with the crucifix, but the man of peace was close on the heels of the man of war, and frequently they were together.

The Jesuit priest was the historian of this early period. These wandering black-gowns, as the Indians termed them, were required to report periodically to their superior, and their reports were collated and printed in Paris. Annually, from 1632 till 1672, these annals of the New World came from the press. The lawless rangers of the woods, with a few notable exceptions like Radisson and Perrot, did not commit to paper their experiences and impressions, and thus the relations of the Jesuits have come to be almost sole authority for an authentic narrative of this interesting period of North-western history. These printed Relations in the course of time became scattered and lost; but one complete set is known to exist in America, and that is in the fire-proof vaults of Lenox library.

Nearly all of the little volumes known as the Jesuit Relations came from the press of the French king's printer. They were issued during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, styled "the Magnificent," and the dissolute members of his frivolous court eagerly read the narrative of hideous torture at the stake, and other cruelties practiced upon the devoted wanderers of the wilderness who were seeking converts among the heathen red men. In "bewigged, be-ruffled, bepowdered France" there were not wanting pious zealots who eagerly furnished the means whereby these men of religion, as well as explorers with more material aims, might be enabled to prosecute their journeyings; thus New France was soon dotted with the isolated bark chapels built by the black-gowned missionaries. Amid the somber pines of the New World there was heard, to the refrain of rustling branches and rippling streams, the chanting of the same old seventeenth century hymns that in the Old World filled the vast spaces of classic cathedrals; in the rude bark chapel, half-starved priests suffering from the rigor of the climate and the cruelties of the natives, intoned the simple service; in the great cathedrals of France, titled prelates in gleaming vestments performed the service, while the jubilant voices of the surpliced choir carried the hymns to the congregation.

Devoted to their calling as they undoubtedly were, oblivious to physical discomfort, willing to endure privations and to face death, in order to win to their faith a few miserable savages, the missionaries had, too, all the prejudices of their age. For forty years they



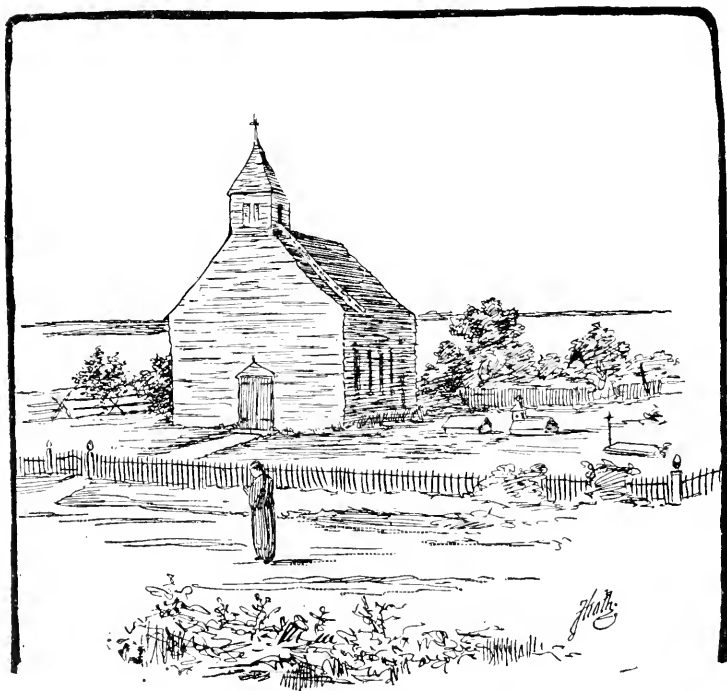
PERE MARQUETTE.

AFTER THE TRENTANOVE STATUE IN THE OLD HALL OF CONGRESS.

(No portrait of Marquette is known to exist. The face of the priest is purely the poetic creation of the sculptor. The garb, it is claimed, is historically correct, Signor Trentanove having received the assistance of the Jesuits of Paris in obtaining the necessary information.)

wrote their Relations, and in all that time they carefully excluded from their pages all reference to achievements in which they had no part. In all the history of Western exploration no figure looms so conspicuously as that of Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle. Not a line of the Relations bears his name, though his great discoveries

were contemporaneous with Jesuit effort for twenty years. There are long and tedious descriptions of baptisms, intelligent observations on soil and climate and topography, graphic pictures of savage customs and vivid narratives of personal experience; but nowhere is there even an allusion to La Salle or any other man hostile to the order.



OLD CHURCH ON MADALINE ISLAND.

(Tourists who visit the Apostle group of islands are told that the old church on Madaline Island is the one built in 1665 by Claude Allouez. This is fiction. The chapel constructed by Allouez was on the mainland, and some miles in the interior; the church on the island was built by Bishop Baraga early in the present century. All traces of Allouez's chapel have long since disappeared.)

CHAPTER VI.

UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF FATHER MENARD'S DEATH.

INSEPARABLY associated with the history of Wisconsin are the names of three Jesuits—Claude Allouez, Rene Menard and James Marquette. Menard was the pioneer, and he met death in the region drained by Black river. When he came to Wisconsin, in 1660, he was an old man. He seemed to have a premonition of his sad fate.

"I write to you probably the last word, and I desire it to be the seal of our friendship until eternity," he wrote a friend on the eve of his departure. "In three or four months you may put me in the memento of the dead, considering the manner of living of these people and my age and weak constitution."

From the wilds of Wisconsin the aged missionary wrote to his superior at Quebec an account of his hardships. His Indian companions treated him badly. "They required me to carry on my shoulders very heavy packs, and although my paddle, wielded by hands as feeble as mine, did but little service towards hastening the journey, they would not allow it to be idle."

Provisions became scarce and the aged missionary was abandoned with three Indians. "We have everyone of us kept fast, and that a rigorous one," he wrote. "Happy those who find a certain kind of moss which grows on rocks and of which they make a black broth. As for moose skins, those who had some left ate them stealthily. Everything seems palatable when a person is hungry."

But the worst was to come. For six days they were reduced to subsisting on soup from ground bone and earth saturated with the blood of animals that had been killed there. Finally a band of Indians, more compassionate than the others, took the old man with them to their wintering station on Keweenaw bay on the south shore of Lake Superior. Here he started a mission.

It was while on his way towards distant pagan tribes of whom he had heard that Father Menard lost his life. Undeterred by the description given him of the country to be traversed—"an almost continual series of swamps, in which soundings had to be taken lest one might get himself inextricably engulfed," and where the traveler, "winding his way through dense swarms of mosquitoes, would not find anywhere in those dismal regions means of living"—Father Menard undertook the journey to the headwaters of the Black river of Wisconsin.

"It is my hope," he wrote, "to die on the way." It was his last letter, and it was prophetic.

The Relation of 1663 tells how Father Menard died while seeking his lost sheep, the migratory Hurons. He set out in July, 1661,

with a French companion and a party of Indians. Before long the latter brutally abandoned the two Frenchmen, who pushed on as best they could. While following his companion, Father Menard became lost. The Frenchman, when he missed him, called him, fired his gun as a signal, and made a search—all in vain. Reaching a Huron village, he sought their aid in the search. At this juncture a young warrior rushed into camp, crying: "To arms, to arms! I have just encountered the enemy!" The Hurons at this abandoned all thought of the lost missionary.

"Behold him thus abandoned, but still in the hands of divine Providence," The Relation goes on to say, "which doubtless has given him strength in this extremity to endure with constancy the bereavement of all human assistance, while constantly assailed by the piercing bills of mosquitoes, the numbers of which in these quarters are frightful. Thus the poor father, stretched upon the earth, or perhaps on some rock, lay exposed to the sharp bills of these little tyrants, and as long as he survived continued to suffer this torment, to which hunger and other miseries finally put an end."

It is not unlikely that the tomahawk of a predatory Sioux ended the life of the Jesuit missionary, for his cassock and kettle were found later in the lodge of an Indian. The cause of his death will ever remain a mystery.



FACSIMILE AUTOGRAPH OF LOUIS JOLIET.

(Posterity has insisted on eliminating one of the l's from Joliet's name. The Illinois city named after the great explorer was in a quandary as to the proper orthography until its city fathers solemnly decided the question by resolution.)

CHAPTER VII.

PLANTING THE JESUIT MISSIONS.

THE first mission on Wisconsin soil was established by Father Allouez at Chequamegon, in 1665. Lake Superior was then called Lake Tracy, and the region was known as the land of the Outaouacs (Ottawas). In that year four hundred Indians of various tribes had gone to Three Rivers on the St. Lawrence, to the great fur mart. As they were about to return to their forest homes, Allouez determined to accompany them, and embarked with three other Frenchmen.

"The devil formed all opposition imaginable to our voyage," he afterwards noted in his journal. "One of their leading men declared to me his will and that of his people, in arrogant terms and with threats of abandoning me on some desolate island, if I dared follow them any further."

The treatment Father Allouez received from the Indians was similar to that which poor Father Menard had experienced; they compelled him to carry heavy packs and to paddle till his strength gave out. "I imagined myself a malefactor condemned to the galleys," he wrote.

The Indians took a fancy to his raiment, and his journal contains this melancholy chronicle: "The little account they made of me was the cause of their stealing my clothes from me, and I had great trouble to keep my hat, the rim of which appeared to them very good to protect themselves from the excessive heat of the sun. At night my pilot took a blanket that I had and used it for a pillow, obliging me to pass the night without any other covering than the foliage of some tree. When in addition to these hardships hunger comes, it is a very severe suffering, which soon taught me to take a liking to most bitter roots and decayed meat. It pleased God to make me endure the greatest hunger on Fridays, for which I most gladly thank Him."

Sometimes the missionary went supperless to sleep on his couch of leaves or bed of rock. When he was given something with which to dull his sharpened appetite, he fared but ill, judging from his description: "I had to inure myself to eat a certain moss which grows on rocks. It is a kind of leaf in the shape of a shell, which is always covered with caterpillars and spiders. When boiled, it makes an insipid black and sticky broth, which serves rather to keep death away than to impart life."

At Chequamegon bay (probably between the modern cities of Ashland and Washburn), a dozen or more miles inland, Allouez selected the site of his mission, and built a wigwam of bark. This humble shelter was the first place of worship in Wisconsin, as Rad-

isson's frail fort constructed hard by a few years before was the first human habitation in Wisconsin built by white men.

The field was not particularly fitted for the purpose of a mission. At the head of the bay was an Indian village of several hundred lodges, and in the neighboring fields ears of Indian maize gleamed yellow in the October sun. Here were gathered the men of seven tribes. Allouez found them in commotion, as the wilder spirits were putting on war paint for an expedition against the warlike Sioux. The old men did not want them to dig up the tomahawk and convened a great council, at which the priest made a fervent address and produced a good impression. He dissuaded them by liberal presents from undertaking their scalping party.

La Pointe du Saint Esprit (Mission of the Holy Ghost) was the name given by Allouez to his chapel of bark. As long as the Indians considered the presence of a white man a novelty, they flocked to his humble place of worship; when that wore off, the Jesuit father found his lot all but pleasant. For the medicine men, with whom he appears to have had many controversial conflicts, he had a genuine feeling of abomination. In his journal he calls them "jugglers," and gives an interesting account of some of their superstitious ceremonies. "There is here," says he, "a false and abominable religion, similar in many things to that of some ancient pagans. I have seen an idol set up in the middle of a village, to which, among other presents, they offered ten dogs in sacrifice, that this false god might vouchsafe to banish elsewhere a malady which was depopulating the village.

"For the rest, as these people are dull, they do not acknowledge any deity purely spiritual. They believe that the sun is a man and the moon is his wife; that snow and ice are also human beings, who go away in the spring and come back again in winter; that the devil dwells in snakes, dragons and other monsters; that crows, hawks and some other birds are manitous and talk as well as we do, pretending there are some Indians who understand their language just as some of them understand a little French."

Four years among the Indians at Chequamegon discouraged Father Allouez. Conversions were few and the life was hard. He called the place a very Babylon, and the sorceries of the medicine men he termed "diabolical juggleries." He threatened the sorcerers with the fires of hell, and one of them responded with incantations which were intended to effect the death of the Black Gown. The medicine man kept up his ceremonies for three hours, but the health of the missionary continued good. As the incantations failed, the medicine men became personally aggressive. The bark walls of the church were torn away, the missionary's goods were stolen and his life was made uncomfortable in many ways. Allouez bore the treatment patiently awhile longer and then abandoned the post. He was succeeded by Father James Marquette.

Next Allouez founded a mission at Green Bay (1669) and called it St. Francis Xavier. Two years later it was removed to the site of the present city of De Pere, and in 1676 Father Albanel built a fine church there. Nicholas Perrot presented to this church the silver soliel or ostensorium which workmen unearthed at the beginning of this century.

Allouez journeyed thence to the villages of the Fire Nation on the Fox. When he reached the site of Appleton he saw an eclipse of the sun. Where Oshkosh has been built he said mass, then proceeded up the Wolf river. Among the Reynards he established the Mission of St. Mark. These Indians were too much concerned with recent troubles to pay much attention to their visitor, for but two days before a scalping party of Iroquois had surprised one of their villages, slain a hundred of their people and carried away as captives thirty of their women.

On the upper Fox, Allouez preached the gospel and founded the Mission of St. James. Among the Menomonees, near the mouth of the river bearing their name, the Mission of St. Michael was begun by him, and another mission he located on the eastern shore of Green Bay.

For a quarter of a century the "father of Wisconsin missions" devoted himself to his numerous charges, with some success. It is recorded that 2,000 Indians embraced the Christian faith as the result of his labors and that of his co-workers. The missions in the vicinity of Green Bay he left in charge of Father Louis Andre, who appears to have had a genius for dealing with the untutored savages. The Relations of 1671 and 1672 tell how with a flute he taught the Indian children to sing the canticles of the Catholic church, and then marched them through the villages preaching to their elders through the medium of their youthful voices.

"Certain spiritual songs which he sung to the children with French airs," the Relation goes on to say, "pleased these savages extremely; in such a manner, that in the streets and in the cabins our mysteries were made public and were received there with applause, and insensibly stamped themselves on the mind by means of these canticles. This success gave courage to the father, and caused him to resolve on attacking the men through the children, and to combat with idolatry by these innocent souls. In effect he composed canticles against the superstitions of which we have spoken, and against the voices most opposed to Christianity, and having taught them to the children by the sound of a soft flute, he went everywhere with his little savage musicians, declaring war against the jugglers, the dreamers, and those who had many wives; and because the savages passionately loved their children and suffered everything from them, they allowed the reproaches, although biting, which were made to them by these songs, inasmuch as they proceeded from the mouths of their children. It happened sometimes,

that as the father was obliged in the heat of dispute to refute the errors of these superstitious people, and to convince the old men of the falsity and silliness of their idolatry, it happened, I say, that this troop of children tired of hearing such disputes, threw themselves among them and sounding their canticles, obliged their parents to be silent. This gave the father much joy, who saw that God made use of these innocent mouths to confound the impiety of their own parents."

Father Marquette found the Indians at Chequamegon as obdurate as had Allouez. It was not an inviting field to which the young French priest had come. The Indians were not of one tribe, and some of them were inclined to provoke their Sioux neighbors on the West to war, as they had threatened to do when Allouez first came among them. Finally hostilities began, in 1671, and the invincible Sioux scattered the warriors at the Bay like leaves before a blast of autumn. Among the fugitives were the Tobacco Indians (a branch of the Huron tribe) and these sought refuge on the island of Michilimackinac. There they had made their home when some years before they abandoned their Eastern habitation to escape the furious onslaught of the Five Nations. To this asylum, Marquette accompanied them on the migration, and on the mainland opposite he founded the mission of St. Ignace. He did not again become identified with Wisconsin events until, two years later, he accompanied Joliet on his famous expedition to the Mississippi.

For one hundred and seventy years the Mission of the Holy Ghost remained abandoned, until Bishop Baraga, in 1832, re-established it on Madaline island.

Jacque marquette

FACSIMILE AUTOGRAPH OF JAMES MARQUETTE.

(Although Father Marquette was connected with Wisconsin Missions but a few years, and his heart beat warmer for the impressionable Illinois Indians than the less ductile savages of Wisconsin, he is popularly identified with this State in history. Wisconsin has placed his statue in the National Hall of Statuary, and his name has been given to a county in this State. Some of the exhumed bones of Father Marquette are in the possession of Marquette College, Milwaukee, and are guarded as precious relics.)

CHAPTER VIII.

SOLVING THE GREAT WESTERN MYSTERY.

WHERE a bend of the upper Fox river approaches nearest a curve of the picturesque Wisconsin river, one treads upon historic ground. A rain drop falling here may be carried down the latter stream into the Mississippi river, and thence into the Gulf of Mexico; or, perchance, it may flow with the rapid flood of the Fox into the volume of the great lakes, over the ledge of Niagara, down the St. Lawrence, into the ocean of the north. Between the two streams there is a marshy stretch, less than a mile and a half in width, and over this portage the Indian was wont to carry his birch bark canoe.

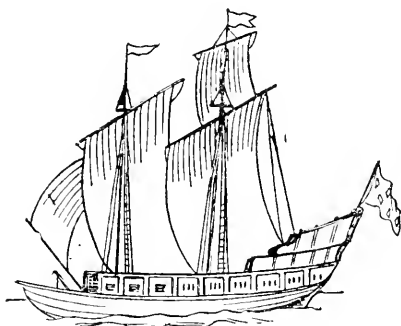
This portage was the doorway to the upper Mississippi river. Jean Nicolet, in 1634, had come to its portal, without entering. Claude Allouez a quarter of a century later had stepped upon its threshold, but had not ventured further; it was reserved for the *Sieur Louis Joliet* and his priestly companion, *James Marquette*, to discover the upper Mississippi and open an empire of marvelous richness to the venturesome Frenchmen who followed. The Mississippi river was to be explored and settled, not from the sea as were the streams of the Atlantic plain, but as its current flows.

Long before Joliet's canoe glided from the Wisconsin upon the Mississippi river, in 1673, Frenchmen had heard from Indians of the existence of the great water. It was a mysterious highway of which no white man knew the beginning or the end. It was surmised that its waters mingled with those of the Vermilion sea (Gulf of California), and some thought that doubtless here was the route leading to the "wealth of Ormuz and of Ind." One hundred and thirty-one years before, the mailed soldiers of De Soto had consigned to the river's bed the body of their dead chieftain; the memory of their terrible march remained as a shadowy tradition only. Doubtless in the intervening years others had come to the bank of the continent's greatest artery, but if so, no record remains to tell of it.

To Jean Baptiste Talon, intendant of New France, belongs the credit for the conception of the enterprise that led to the discovery of the upper Mississippi; to Louis Joliet for the execution of it; to James Marquette for the preservation of its incidents in historical narrative; to Robert Cavelier, the *Sieur de La Salle*, the glory belongs of achieving that which made possible the exploration and subsequent settlement of the Mississippi valley.

As the result of an accident whereby Joliet's canoe was overturned and all his notes were lost, Marquette's name has overshadowed his as the discoverer of the upper Mississippi. Joliet was the

head of the enterprise, and as such is entitled to the distinction. Marquette deserves to rank as the historian of the party, for he wrote a most readable account of the expedition, and writers of history have been compelled, in consequence of the loss of Joliet's notes, to rely upon Marquette's narrative. The energetic Talon had chosen Joliet to head the important enterprise as a man well fitted for the task. He was 30 years old, a Canadian by birth and accustomed from boyhood to a roving, adventurous life. The newly-appointed governor of New France, the bluff old Count Frontenac, confirmed this choice, and Joliet started on his quest. Frontenac wrote to France that "he promised to find the Mississippi by way of Green Bay, and that he would probably make it clear that its outlet was in the Gulf of California."



THE GRIFFON.

(The first vessel that sailed the great lakes was a barque of sixty tons that moored at Washington Island, in Green Bay, September, 1679. Shortly after leaving Green Bay a terrific storm arose. It is supposed that the Griffon went to the bottom with all hands, for she was never seen again.)

Joliet reached the mission at Michilimackinac (Mackinac) a few weeks before Christmas, and decided to winter here. At this time Marquette was in charge of the mission of St. Ignace, and as the youthful zealot had long wanted to go among the hospitable Illinois Indians, he gladly embraced the opportunity of accompanying the Canadian envoy. In the long winter nights, as the logs blazed and spluttered on the hearthstone, they drew maps and plans as a guide for the journey.

In May, 1673, Joliet and Marquette, accompanied by five Frenchmen, left the frontier mission. They occupied two birch bark canoes, and their store of provisions consisted of a quantity of Indian corn and smoked beef. When they reached Wisconsin, they first came among the People of Wild Oats, to whom some years before Marquette had preached. Here the travelers heard tales that would have dissuaded less determined men from going on.

"They told me," observes Marquette's narrative, " that the Great river was exceedingly dangerous and full of frightful monsters who devoured men and canoes together; and that the heat was so great that it would surely cause our death; that there is even a demon there, who can be heard from afar, who stops the passage and engulfs all who dare approach."

At Green Bay—then known as the Bay des Puans—the travelers noted a phenomenon that later puzzled scientists—tides that ebbed and flowed as do those of the ocean. As they journeyed up the Fox river, myriads of waterfowl, bustards, duck and teal, rose on wing above the great fields of wild oats whereon they were feeding. The voyageurs plucked the herb which an Indian told them was an infallible antidote against the poison that lies in the fang of a snake. The French called the plant, which produces several stalks about a foot long, and has pretty long leaves and a white blossom resembling the gilly-flower, "*serpant-a-sonnettes*." The Indians chewed the root of it to prevent the poison of snakes from taking effect. Snakes are said to have such an antipathy to this herb that they flee from one rubbed with it, and two or three drops of its essence, if placed in a snake's mouth, proves fatal to the reptile.

In the town of the Fire Nation the travelers found cordial welcome. These people lived in cabins of rushes, and in hunting time they could roll them up and carry them away easily. The great cross erected by Allouez in this village a few years before still stood in the midst of the town. A famine had threatened the Indians, and in gratitude to the Great Manitou for averting the misfortune, the Indians had adorned the wooden cross with white skins, red belts and bows and arrows.

The companions were now near the portage, and two guides showed the way through the labyrinth of marshes and lakelets choked with waving greenery, for the river here was found so covered with wild oats as to make it almost impossible to follow the channel. They helped also to transport their canoes.

At last they were on the threshold of the great discovery.

As the canoes floated down the beautiful Meskousing, as Marquette's narrative terms the Wisconsin, they passed vine-clad islets, bunches of wild grapes peeping from beneath the foliage of the trees, in tempting profusion. Along the banks hill, wood and prairie succeeded each other in variety pleasing to the eye. Startled deer scampered away from their drinking places, and the large-antlered moose in large numbers attracted the attention of the Frenchmen.

On the 17th of June, 1673, the two canoes entered the Mississippi river. With beating hearts, the travelers paddled with the current, to explore the mysterious region towards the South.

Would they reach the Yellow sea? Where would the current land them?

Prepared, by the tales that had been told them, for surprising experiences, they were not a little startled when they met, as the chronicle of the priest narrates, "a monstrous fish, which struck so violently against our canoe that I took it for a large tree about to knock us to pieces."

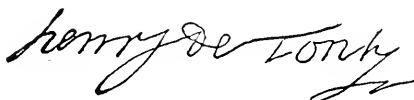
This was doubtless the catfish of the Mississippi, which is known to grow to an enormous size, and which strikes with great force any object in its way. On another occasion they saw what was probably an American tiger-cat. To the alarmed canoeists it appeared to be "a monster with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wild-cat's, a beard and ears erect, a grayish head and neck all black."

Coming to the prairie country, they saw on the banks great herds of buffalo, or pisikious as the narrative terms them: "Our men having killed one, three of us had considerable trouble in moving it. The head is very large, the forehead flat, and a foot and a half broad between the horns, which are exactly like those of our cattle, except that they are black and much larger. Under the neck there is a kind of large crop hanging down, and on the back a pretty high hump. The whole head, the neck, and part of the shoulders are covered with a great mane like a horse's; it is a crest a foot long, which renders them hideous, and falling over their eyes, prevents their seeing before them. The rest of the body is covered with a coarse curly hair like the wool of our sheep, but much stronger and thicker. It falls in summer, and the skin is then as soft as velvet. At this time the Indians employ the skins to make beautiful robes, which they paint of various colors; the flesh and fat of the pisikious are excellent, and constitute the best dish in banquets. They are very fierce, and not a year passes without their killing some Indian. When attacked, they take a man with their horns, if they can, lift him up and then dash him on the ground, trample on him and kill him. When you fire at them from a distance with a gun or bow, you must throw yourself on the ground as soon as you fire, and hide in the grass; for, if they perceive the one who fired, they rush on him and attack him. As their feet are large and rather short, they do not generally go very fast, except when they are irritated. They are scattered over the prairies like herds of cattle. I have seen a band of 400."

The Menomonee or Wild-Race Indians of Wisconsin had told the priest about a terrible monster that would be encountered. Marquette tells how they found this fabled demon of the river; in fact, several of them: "As we coasted along the rocks frightful for their height and length, we saw two monsters painted on one of these rocks, which startled us at first, and on which the boldest Indian dare not gaze long. They are as large as a calf, with horns on the head like a deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man's, the body covered with scales, and the

tail so long that it twice makes the turn of the body, passing over the head and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish's tail. Green, red and a kind of black are the colors employed. On the whole, these two monsters are so well painted, that we could not believe any Indian to have been the designer, as good painters in France would find it hard to do as well; besides this, they are so high upon the rock that it is hard to get conveniently at them to paint them."

Numerous adventures befell the Frenchmen in their voyage down the river; some tribes proved friendly and others were inclined to threaten them. When they reached the Arkansas river, they deemed it prudent not to venture among the cannibal Indians of the lower Mississippi. They had gone far enough to learn that the great river disembogued into the Gulf of Mexico, and not Gulf of California. Laboriously they pulled their craft against the current, homeward bound. They ascended the Illinois river and returned to Lake Michigan by way of the Des Plaines river. They had made the journey of nearly 2,800 miles, from the mission of St. Ignace to the mouth of the Arkansas and back, in a trifle over four months.

A facsimile of a handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Henry de Tonty". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

FACSIMILE AUTOGRAPH OF HENRY DE TONTY.

(Of all the voyageurs during the early French period of exploration, the most picturesque figure was that of the one-handed Tonty, the loyal companion of Robert Cavalier de La Salle. Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has woven a romance, "The Story of Tonty," from the main incidents of his adventurous life.)

Marquette's health failed on the return journey, and he sought rest at his mission while Joliet pushed on to Quebec to report to his superiors. While approaching Montreal, his canoe was upset and he narrowly escaped death. A young Pawnee slave who had been presented to him by one of the chiefs with whom he had smoked the calumet, was in the canoe when the accident occurred, and was drowned. Joliet's journal and notes were swept away and never recovered. He afterwards drew some maps from memory, but it remained for Marquette to bequeath to future generations the narrative of the expedition.

A sad interest attaches to the fate of the gentle Marquette. After recuperating from the fatigues of his journey, he went among the Illinois Indians in the vicinity of Chicago. But his frame had become so enfeebled that he felt the end was near. He prepared to travel to his mission at St. Ignace, accompanied by two Frenchmen. Says the old account: "The eve of his death, which was a Friday, he told them, all radiant with joy, that it would take place on the

morrow. During the whole day he conversed with them about the manner of his burial, the way in which he should be laid out, the place to be selected for his interment; he told them how to arrange his hands, feet and face, and directed them to raise a cross over his grave. He even went so far as to enjoin them, only three hours before he expired, to take his chapel-bell, as soon as he was dead, and ring it while they carried him to the grave. Of all this he spoke so calmly and collectedly, that you would have thought that he spoke of the death and burial of another, and not of his own."

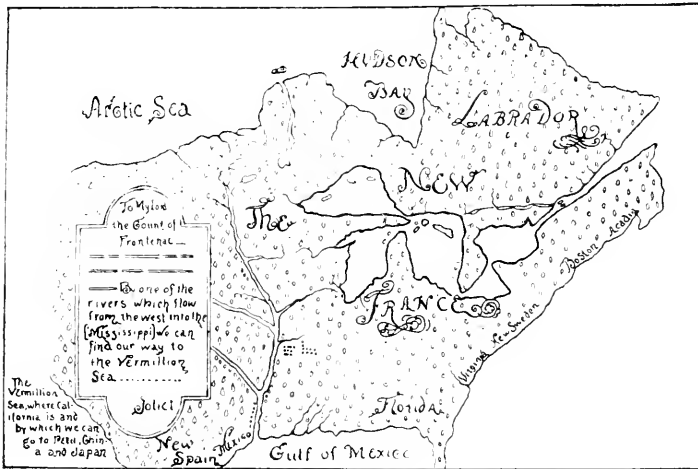
On the east bank of Lake Michigan, at the mouth of a river, they laid down their paddles and carried Father Marquette ashore. Kindling a fire, they erected for him a rude cabin of bark, and here he sank gently into his last slumber. He was but 38 years of age when he died.

The remains of the missionary were not permitted to remain in this wild spot. A band of Kiskakon Indians who had become converted by him when he was at the mission of the Holy Ghost at Chequamegon Bay, sought his grave, exhumed the remains and placed them in a box of birch bark, which they conveyed to the mission of St. Ignace. Nearly thirty canoes comprised the convoy, the solemn procession being met at the shore by the priests of the mission. With fitting obsequies, the remains of the missionary priest were deposited in a little vault in the middle of the church. A fire destroyed the church in 1705.

Nearly two hundred years after the burial of Father Marquette, in 1877, when the chapel had long since been destroyed and even the knowledge of its location remained but as a tradition, a half-breed engaged in clearing land at St. Ignace, came upon the rude foundation of a building. A priest, who surmised that the old church of Marquette had probably stood there, made an investigation that established the fact. Excavations were begun, and the fragments of the birch bark casket wherein Father Marquette's remains had rested, were found. The fragments of bones were gathered reverently. Some of them were re-interred under a monument, others were distributed among admirers of Father Marquette residing in various parts of the country. A neat casket was provided as a receptacle for most of the pieces of charred bone, and this casket was sent, with its contents, to Marquette college, Milwaukee. There they are now.

Of the fate of Joliet, the official head of the enterprise that led to the discovery of the Mississippi river, little note has been taken by writers of history. He was rewarded by the French government as all the brave Frenchmen were who brought glory to the flag of the fleur de lis—by neglect. The historian John Gilmary Shea records that "the discoverer of the Mississippi was rewarded, as if in mockery, with an island in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. This was Anticosti, and here Joliet built a fort and a dwelling for

his family, and houses for trade. Two years after his island was taken by the English fleet and he himself, with his wife and mother-in-law, probably while attempting to reach Quebec, fell into the hands of Phipps, the English commander. His vessel and property were a total loss, but his liberty he recovered when the English retired from the walls of Quebec. Of his subsequent history there are but occasional traces, and we know only that he died some years prior to 1737."



JOLIET'S MAP.

(Considering the period when it was drawn, the Joliet map reproduced here-with is evidence of French skill in cartography. Many later maps of English and Dutch design lack its clearness and comparative accuracy. Joliet's map and Marquette's are the earliest of the Mississippi based on actual knowledge. The tablet in the sketch served the explorer for a long inscription addressed to the Governor of New France.)

Father Marquette's narrative does not constitute one of the famous Relations. His manuscript was sent to Paris, and nine years after the discovery of the great river, a Paris publisher brought it out, together with his map, in a small duodecimo volume comprising forty-three pages. The map is undoubtedly the first ever published of the Mississippi river. Five great rivers are delineated with surprising accuracy—the Arkansas, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois and Wisconsin. The latter is spelled Mescousing in the narrative—probably a typographical error for Mesconsin.

The narrative of Marquette is written in a straightforward, simple style, wholly free from exaggeration or any apparent purpose to give anything but facts.

CHAPTER IX.

LA SALLE AND HIS COMPANIONS.

FOLLOWING the discovery of the great river, there came to the Wisconsin region a notable group of voyageurs. In all the annals of the seventeenth century, no figure looms up as conspicuously as that of Robert Cavelier de La Salle. With his companions, the boastful friar Louis Hennepin, and the brave and faithful Chevalier Henry de Tonty, he daringly penetrated to unknown regions, and amid hardships almost incredible and in the face of difficulties seemingly impossible to counteract, secured for his country what seemed an empire of untold richness—the great Mississippi valley. The soldier of fortune, Greysolon de L'hut, also played a part in the remarkable career of La Salle. The story of these men is as marvelous as woven romance.

Early in life La Salle had consecrated himself to the priesthood. His nature but ill fitted him for seclusion from the world, and he left the Jesuit order and went to Canada in quest of fame and fortune. On the St. Lawrence he built a cabin, bartered for furs and studied the language of the Indians. His dream was to find a way to China, and in derision his frontier trading-post was named *La Chine*. The rapids, a stone's throw away, retain the name to this day. During one of his journeys he explored the Ohio as far as the falls, where the city of Louisville is now situated. He is believed to have penetrated to the Illinois country, and the claim has been made for him that he reached the Mississippi before Joliet and Marquette. This claim is based on mere surmise, and it is very improbable that La Salle was on the Mississippi before 1682, or nine years later, when he made his famous voyage down the river to the Gulf of Mexico. The incidents connected with that expedition are closely allied to the history of Wisconsin.

Chevalier Henry de Tonty, the lieutenant of La Salle, was an Italian in the French service. His father was the inventor of the tontine system of life insurance. Having incurred the French king's displeasure, the elder Tonty, was locked up in the Bastille, and his son Henry entered the army. The latter was then 18 years old. He fought bravely in seven campaigns on board ships of war and in the galleys. His right hand having been shot away by a grenade, he had a hand made of iron to replace the lost member. Among the Indians this metal hand proved a great aid, for he used it vigorously when they became disorderly. As he wore the hand gloved, the red men could not understand how he could deal blows so efficacious as to knock out their teeth or crack their skulls, and they regarded him as a wonderful man. Tonty lived in the wilderness of

the West a quarter of a century, his expeditions being chiefly in what are now the states of Illinois and Wisconsin.

Another of the companions of La Salle was Hennepin, a member of the order of St. Francis. He had an adventurous spirit and much shrewdness, but he was given to greatly exaggerating his own achievements and belittling those of others. Clad in his coarse gown, with girdle at the waist, sandals on his feet and a portable altar strapped on his back, Hennepin was a unique figure in the wilderness. He was captured by the Sioux Indians, but was rescued by du L'hut. He wrote an interesting account of his experiences, but his inordinate vanity caused him to narrate achievements purely fictitious. His books had an extraordinary sale in Europe and were translated into almost every language spoken on that continent.

Daniel Greysolon du L'hut was a cousin of Tonty of the iron hand. He had, like his cousin, been a brave soldier in Europe, and had served as a member of the royal guard. At the bloody battle of Seneriffe two horses were killed under him. For some unknown reason he renounced the splendid opportunities which he had for winning military glory and chose instead to become a wanderer among the barbarians of the New World. For thirty years this courageous man wandered over the Western country, in constant activity. He was the first white man who journeyed in a canoe from Lake Superior to the Mississippi river, his route being by way of the St. Croix river. When he died, the governor of New France wrote to his government: "He was a very honest man."

In the following chapter, narrating the exploits of La Salle and his companions, the incidents given are chiefly those associated with their explorations in the Wisconsin region; the adventures that befell them elsewhere are of as absorbing interest, but are not properly a part of this history.

CHAPTER X.

TRAVELERS IN THE WILDERNESS.

GAZING out upon the waters of Green Bay, the Pottawatomies, who, in 1679, had their wigwams pitched on the islands clustered at its mouth, saw a strange looking object approaching, one day in September of that year. It was a canoe of gigantic size, such as they had never seen before. Like the astonished Indians of Hudson's bay, under similar circumstances, they marveled greatly to see this "house that walked on the water."

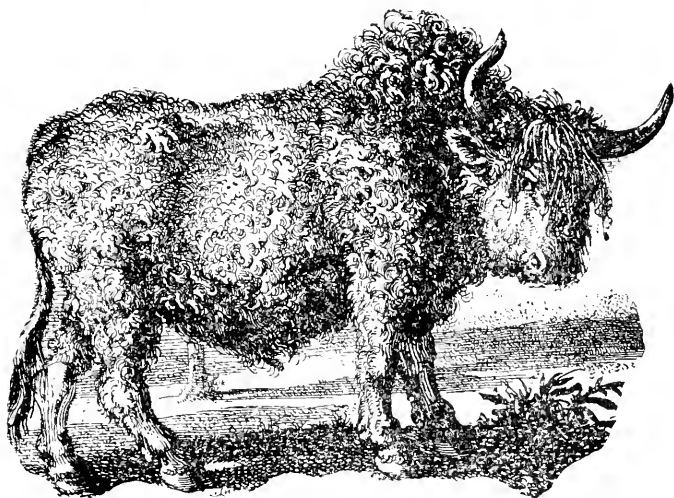
The craft that was making for harbor, with bellowed sails and with the brazen throats of cannon glaring from her portholes, was the first sailing vessel that had furrowed the bosom of the great lakes. Though its size was not to exceed sixty tons burden, to the curious Indians gathered on the shore of Washington island it seemed like a huge monster of the deep come to the surface for a breathing spell. Aboard the Griffon—that was the name of the vessel—were Robert Cavellier, Sienr de La Salle, Friar Hennepin and two other Franciscans, and a motley crew of adventurers whom La Salle had hired to accompany him on a great expedition down the mysterious Mississippi. The vessel had been built amid incredible difficulties the preceding winter, under the direction of the lion-hearted Chevalier Henry de Tonty. La Salle headed the expedition, the king of France having generously given him permission to undertake it—at his own expense. In order to procure his outfit, La Salle had involved himself heavily in debt, hoping to pay his creditors by securing valuable furs in the Western country. He dreamed of a great empire to be won in the distant lands for his beloved France, and he sought to plant the fleur-de-lis in the remotest parts of the unexplored West.

The shipyard of the Griffon was at the mouth of Cayuga creek, near Buffalo. Carved rudely in wood at the prow of the vessel was a representation of the fabulous monster—half eagle and half lion—whose name had been given this argonaut of fortune. The Griffon being conspicuous in the armorial bearings of Count Frontenac, the christening of the vessel was complimentary to this illustrious governor of New France. Like Frontenac, La Salle was bitterly hostile to the Jesuits, though his youth had been spent in preparation for donning their garb.

"I will yet make the griffin fly above the crows," he declared as he named his vessel. Count Frontenac was the griffin, and the crows were the black-gowned Jesuits whom he hated.

The Griffon spread her sails in midsummer (1679) and moored at Washington island in September. On Lake Huron a terrific gale

was encountered that threatened to engulf vessel and crew. Delivered from this danger, they anchored between two steep bluffs at Michilimackinac, famous in Indian tradition as the He Rabbit and the She Rabbit. They all felt so thankful not to be at the bottom of the lake that while the Griffon rode at anchor in the bay they went ashore for religious services. La Salle, arrayed in his scarlet cloak, with trimmings of gold lace, led the procession and ordered arms to be stacked along the chapel. The only sinner on the boat during the storm who was too hardened to feel repentance or fear,



HENNEPIN'S DRAWING OF A WISCONSIN BUFFALO.

(The adventures of Hennepin and his exaggerated narrative of them constitute one of the readable pages of Wisconsin and Minnesota history. Hennepin was a unique character. With a portable altar strapped on his back, he trudged through the woods in search of adventures. It was while a prisoner of the Sioux Indians that he witnessed several great buffalo hunts on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi River. The buffalo ranges of Wisconsin were famous hunting grounds two hundred years ago. The last buffalo in this State is believed to have crossed the great river about fifty years ago, although long before that time this species of game was nearing extinction, as far as the region this side of the Mississippi River was concerned.)

was the pilot. While the others were kneeling in prayer, he spent his time in blasphemy and in swearing like a pirate.

On Wisconsin soil La Salle found a cordial welcome. He bartered with such success that his little vessel was soon heavily freighted with beaver furs. Fortune seemed to smile upon him. These valuable peltries would appease his hungry creditors and would purchase more supplies for the long trip he had planned. He sent the richly-laden barque back to Montreal, directing the crew to rejoin him as soon as possible at the upper end of Lake Dauphin (Michigan).

The Griffon was never seen again. Whether she foundered in a storm, or whether the cut-throat crew—ripe for mutiny before their departure—scuttled the vessel after rifling her cargo, and then escaped to the Indians of the North, forever remained a mystery.

"They set sail on the 18th of September with a very favorable light wind," afterward wrote the Franciscan friar, "making their adieu by firing a single cannon; and we were never afterward able to learn what course they had taken, and though there is no doubt but that she perished, we were never able to learn any other circumstances of their shipwreck than the following: The barque having anchored north of Lake Dauphin (Michigan), the pilot against the advice of some Indians, who assured him that there was a great storm in the middle of the lake, resolved to continue his voyage, without considering that the sheltered position where he lay prevented him knowing the force of the wind. He had scarcely sailed a quarter of a league from the coast, when these Indians saw the barque tossing in an extraordinary manner, unable to resist the tempest; so that in a short time they lost sight of her, and they believe she was either driven on some sandbank, or that she foundered. We did not learn all this till the next year. This barque cost more than 40,000 livres in goods, tools and peltries as well as men and rigging imported into Canada from France, and transported from Montreal to Ft. Frontenac in canoes."

Unconscious of the fate that had befallen his vessel, La Salle and his men journeyed in canoes down the west shore of Lake Michigan. The same storm that doubtless sent the Griffon to the bottom was experienced by them. The loquacious Hennepin jotted down the notes for the following description of the treacherous storms that on Lake Michigan seem born from sunshine, so quickly do they gather:

"Amid the most beautiful calm in the world, a storm arose which endangered our lives, and which made us fear for the barque, and more for ourselves. We completed this great passage amid the darkness of night, calling to one another so as not to part company. The water often entered our canoes, and the impetuous wind lasted four days with a fury like the greatest tempests of ocean. * * * We were forced to land on a bare rock, on which we endured the rain and snow for two days."

Bad weather pursued the canoeists, and early in October they came to a place which from contemporary descriptions is assumed to have been the bay of Milwaukee. A village of the Pottawattamies was located here, and as the store of Indian corn and squashes was well-nigh exhausted, it was deemed prudent to replenish the supplies and to seek shelter from the storm. The waves rolled high and as the canoes were tossed about like shells, the Indians, gathered on the shore to haul them in. La Salle feared to land, believ-

ing his goods would be seized, and went some distance further despite their peril; then, jumping waist-high into the water, the men dragged the canoes ashore. To prevent a surprise, the party posted themselves on an eminence, presumably where Juneau park is, and several men cautiously wended their way to the Indian village to barter for provisions. They found it abandoned; the Indians, non-plussed by the behavior of the Frenchmen in not landing where they were, had taken the alarm. The men thereupon helped themselves to the corn in the cabins, and by way of compensation left a quantity of such articles as were customarily employed in Indian barter.

Returning to the camp on the bluff the messengers found their companions there suspiciously watching the movements of a score of Indians, who were armed with bows, arrows and clubs. On producing a calumet, the Indians began to dance in sign of friendship. They manifested no anger because corn had been taken from their village, and sent to the village for more. La Salle was distrustful, despite these friendly manifestations. Trees were felled to serve as a shelter in case of attack, and the men passed the night under arms.

The next day the old men of the village came and feasted the French; La Salle made a number of presents and the journey was resumed. Passing the mouth of the Chicago river the head of the lake was rounded, and where the St. Joseph river empties a rude stockade was built. Instructing the men he left here to forward to him the supplies from the Griffon, La Salle, Tonty and Hennepin pursued their journey towards the Mississippi river, going by way of the Kankakee and Illinois rivers.

On the shore of Lake Peoria, among the Illinois Indians, a fort was built. La Salle called it Fort Crevecoeur—the Fort of the Broken Heart. There was ample ground for discouragement. No word came to the anxious voyageurs concerning the Griffon. Letters had been suspended conspicuously from the branches of trees along the route to guide expected messengers upon the return of the vessel.

But no messengers came.

Instead, the demeanor of the Indians gave ground for the belief that the emissaries of La Salle's enemies had followed him to these remote regions.

So it proved.

Under cover of night a Wisconsin Indian entered the village and in a secret council of the chiefs poisoned their good will by declaring that the strangers enjoying their hospitality were agents come to betray them to their dreaded foes—the Iroquois. He then returned to his Wisconsin wilderness as silently as he had come.

When La Salle and Tonty sought to enlist the Illinois chiefs in their Mississippi exploration, the Indians responded by describing with the picturesque exaggeration appertaining to their phraseology,

the terrible dangers that would have to be encountered. Alarmed by their tales the insubordination of the miserable crew accompanying La Salle and Tonty came to the surface. An attempt was made to poison La Salle. Some of the men deserted and their departure redoubled the suspicions of the Illinois that treachery was meditated.

Finally La Salle's impatience concerning the Griffon and its expected supplies became so great that he determined on a journey afoot to Montreal to learn what had become of his vessel. He left Chevalier Tonty in command, and sent Hennepin and two companions down the river with instructions to go to the Mississippi and explore its northern waters. Most of the Frenchmen deserted Tonty not long after, and he spent the fall in making friends with the Illinois Indians. In the fall a war party of the dreaded Iroquois Indians appeared. Tonty tried to protect the Illinois and almost lost his life in consequence. Thereupon he and his five remaining companions sought safety by departing in a leaky canoe. Green Bay was the objective point.

While pursuing their toilsome way one of the two Recollect priests of the party lost his life. They had landed to repair the leaky canoe, and Father Gabriel retired to a leafy arbor for meditation and prayer. He never returned, and his companions in vain sought for him. Years afterwards the breviary of Father Gabriel was found among the Kickapoo Indians of Wisconsin, and the mystery of his fate became known. While absorbed in prayer, he had been discovered by a wandering band of these Indians, and they cruelly crushed in his skull with a club, scalped him and threw his body into a deep hole.

It was unfortunate for Tonty that he sought succor at Green Bay, instead of going by the longer route along the opposite shore of Lake Michigan, to Michilimackinac. He thus missed La Salle, who was hurrying along that route with reinforcements.

In Wisconsin Tonty and his men fared but ill. For days they skirted along the lake shore, living on nuts, roots and wild garlic which they dug from under the frozen snow. It grew bitterly cold, their footgear gave out and they improvised moccasins by cutting the beaver mantle of poor Father Gabriel into strips, which they tied on with thongs made of the same material. For fifteen days they subsisted on the scanty fare they dug out of the frozen ground, when the providential killing of a stag gave them renewed courage and sustenance.

The Sieur de Boisrondet became lost in the forest and for ten days was looked upon as forever lost by his dispirited companions. When he rejoined them he told how he had lived alone in the woods, armed with a musket, but unprovided with flint and bullets. In his extremity he had melted a pewter dish into pellets and with the touch of a live coal successfully discharged his musket at a flock of

wild turkeys. Thus he had kept alive his emaciated frame till he found his companions.

When at last the eyes of the weary travelers were gladdened by the sight of an Indian village, new disappointments awaited them; the village was deserted. The famished men eagerly gathered a few handfuls of scattered corn and a few frozen gourds. While searching for more, a belated member of the party came up and began devouring the provisions, which he supposed had been left there for him. When the gleaners returned, they found he had not spared the corn and the gourds.

"We had much pleasure in seeing him again, but little to see our provisions partly consumed," Tonty remarks in his memoir of the journey.

Following another Indian trail, the weary travelers reached a second village. The Indians had departed, leaving the slumbering embers of a fire. This was about the place where the Sturgeon Bay canal opens into Lake Michigan. In the hope of coming upon the Indians, the weary men made a portage to Sturgeon creek. Failing to come upon the savages, they determined to go back to the Indian village to secure at least the comfort of dying by a fire.

They were now in their last extremity. Tonty was attacked by a fever and his legs were swollen terribly. In his hunger one of the men had made a meal of part of Father Gabriel's mantle of hide, and suffered so excruciatingly from indigestion as to be unable to proceed. The creek had frozen so as to render navigation by canoe impossible. The last hope seemed to be gone, when two Indians chanced that way and brought the long sought relief to the famishing men. Among the well-disposed Pottawattamies, in what is now the peninsula of Door County, Wis., Tonty spent the winter and recuperated from the hardships of his terrible journey. In the spring he crossed to Michilimackinac. To their mutual joy, Tonty and La Salle there met and told each other what adventures had befallen each, since their parting at Fort Crevecoeur, twelve months before.

Subsequent events in the lives of La Salle and Tonty were less intimately associated with the Wisconsin region. In 1682, they undertook their second expedition down the Mississippi, reaching its mouth after many exciting adventures, and taking possession in the name of Louis XIV. of all the country drained by its streams—an empire reaching from the Alleghenies to the Rocky mountains. A couple of years later the enterprising La Salle endeavored to reach the mouth of the Mississippi by vessel from France and was cast away on the inhospitable shore of Texas. Some of his men shot him from ambush, and his unburied bones were left to bleach under a Southern sun. His faithful friend Tonty had before this been made commander of the fort on the Illinois river known later as "Starved Rock." There he ruled his savage vassals for many years.

CHAPTER XI.

FRIAR HENNEPIN'S ADVENTURES.

IT TOOK Friar Hennepin and his two Frenchmen many days to reach Wisconsin soil after leaving the Fort of the Broken Heart, for when they drifted to the junction of the Illinois with the Mississippi, great masses of ice were floating down the latter. They passed the Wisconsin and Black rivers, and when they reached the great expansion of the Mississippi river called Lake Pepin, Indians made them prisoners. Hennepin called it the Lake of Tears, because the Indians who had taken him wept the whole night to induce the other warriors to consent to the death of the captives. Their lives were spared, and they were taken to Minnesota villages of the Sioux, where the three Frenchmen had many curious experiences. On the way there, they witnessed a great buffalo hunt on the Wisconsin side of the river. In Hennepin's narrative he describes how "these Indians at times sent their best runners by land to chase the herds of wild cattle on the water side; as these animals crossed the river, they sometimes killed forty or fifty, merely to take the tongue and most delicate morsels, leaving the rest, with which they would not burden themselves, so as to travel more rapidly. We sometimes indeed ate good pieces, but without bread, wine or salt, and without spice or other seasoning."

Sometimes the party feasted right royally, and again went twenty-four hours at a stretch without eating. Hennepin had a robust appetite and this fasting did not suit him.

"If a religious in Europe underwent as many hardships and labors, and practiced abstinences like those we were often obliged to suffer in America, no other proof would be needed for his canonization," ruefully observed the Franciscan.

An Indian chief named Aquipaguetin adopted Hennepin as his son, and from that time on the friar's life was made most miserable. While on a great buffalo hunt in Wisconsin, with their Indian captors, Hennepin and one of the Frenchmen tried to escape to the Wisconsin river. They hoped to find some of La Salle's men. They suffered much for want of provisions. They captured a turtle, and while Hennepin endeavored to cut off its head, the turtle almost snapped off one of his fingers. They chanced upon a herd of sixty buffaloes crossing the river, chased the animals to an island, and there killed one. Hennepin cooked little pieces of the fat meat in an earthen pot, and as they had fasted for twenty-four hours, both ate so voraciously as to become ill. Their distress lasted two days and then they found the rest of the buffalo meat so tainted that they could not eat it. Pursuing their way and wondering where their

next meal would come from, an eagle providentially dropped a large carp which it was carrying in its claws to feed the eaglets in its eyrie nest. Again they discerned an otter feeding on a huge spade fish, and robbed it of its prey. When his companion saw the large fish "with a kind of paddle or beak five fingers broad and a foot and a half long running from the head," his superstitious fears were aroused. He thought it was "a devil in the paws of that otter."

"But his fright did not prevent our eating this monstrous fish, which we found very good," adds the reverend chronicler, whose appetite never failed him.

To the consternation of Hennepin, as they neared the Wisconsin river, there suddenly appeared on the scene his savage foster father and ten warriors. Hennepin's companion was away on a hunt for food, and the friar was reposing on the bank of the river under a canopy improvised with an old blanket. When he saw Aquipaguétin, he thought his last hour had come. As Hennepin afterwards told the story, the Indian "seeing me alone came up, tomahawk in hand. I laid hold of two pocket pistols which the Picard had got back from the Indians, and a knife, not intending to kill this would-be-Indian father of mine, but only to frighten him."

Hennepin doubtless exaggerated this incident, for there was no bloodshed. Once more a prisoner, he accompanied the Indians on a great buffalo hunt in Wisconsin, where they killed, at different times, "as many as a hundred and twenty buffaloes."

En route to the Indian villages with the booty of the chase, the *Sieur du L'hut* made his appearance with a party of Frenchmen and demanded the release of the Franciscan and his companions. This brave soldier of fortune had great influence over the Indians, and Hennepin was released from the bondage of his tyrannical foster father.

For a year and a half, the friar had been virtually a slave. He now accompanied *du L'hut* on a westward expedition, and when that explorer decided to return to Green Bay, went with him. An old chief traced for them a route identical with that pursued by Joliet when he went to the Mississippi. Hennepin's account gives these incidents of the trip in Wisconsin:

"We stopped near Ousconsin river to smoke some meat; three Indians coming from the nations we had left, told us that their great chief named the Pierced Pine, having heard that one of the chiefs of his nation wished to pursue and kill us, had entered his cabin and tomahawked him, to prevent his pernicious design. We regaled these three Indians with meat."

Journeying on for two days the Frenchmen "perceived an army of one hundred and forty canoes, filled with about two hundred and fifty warriors; we thought that those who brought the preceding news were spies, for instead of descending the river upon leaving us,

they ascended to tell their people. The chiefs of this little army visited us, and treated us very kindly."

At the portage they stopped to mark crosses on the trunks of the trees, and reached Green Bay without further mishap. Hennepin returned to Europe, where he published his book of adventures—some of them true, and some the creation of his imagination. Du L'hut remained in the West and ended his days in the wilderness, after experiencing many thrilling adventures.

Other travelers came to Wisconsin in search of adventure and fortune. One Baron La Hontan went as far as the Mississippi in 1689, and wrote a book containing more fiction than Hennepin's. Another traveler was a Frenchman named Pierre Le Sueur, who went down the Fox-Wisconsin route and reached the Sioux country, in 1683. Ten years later he built a fort at Chequamegon Bay, and another on an island in the Mississippi, near the mouth of the St. Croix river. He also worked the lead diggings in the southwestern corner of the state.

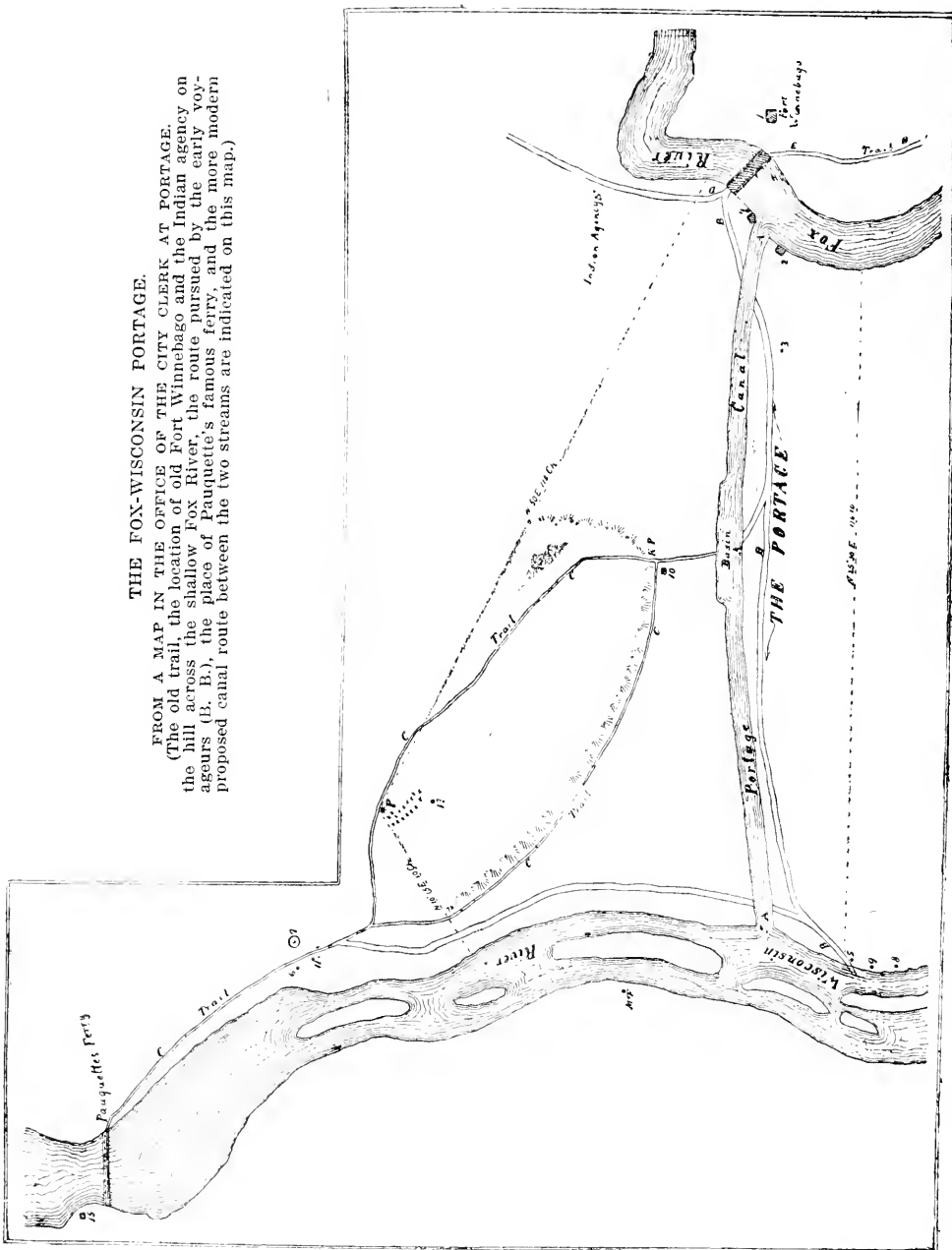
Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the Fox-Wisconsin route became closed to travelers on account of the hostility of the Fox Indians. Father St. Cosme, who had planned to go to the Mississippi from Green Bay by that route, was compelled to go along the western shore of Lake Michigan. The closing of this important waterway was one of the chief causes of the great Fox Indian war.

PART III.

UNDER FRENCH AND ENGLISH DOMINION.

THE FOX-WISCONSIN PORTAGE.

FROM A MAP IN THE OFFICE OF THE CITY CLERK AT PORTAGE.
(The old trail, the location of old Fort Winnebago and the Indian agency on the hill across the shallow Fox River, the route pursued by the early voyageurs (B. B.), the place of Paquette's famous ferry, and the more modern proposed canal route between the two streams are indicated on this map.)



CHAPTER I.

FIRE BRANDS OF THE WEST.

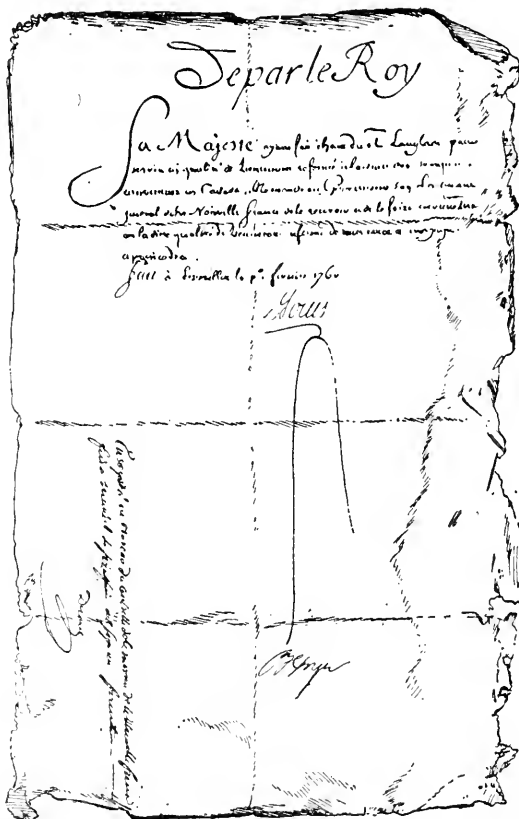
NO EVENT in the annals of Western Indian warfare bears a parallel to the savage ferocity of the long war of extermination carried on by the Frenchmen against the Outagamies of Wisconsin—the Musquakies as they called themselves; les Renards, as the French called them; the Foxes, as they were termed by the English. Neither the Pequot war of New England nor the tireless pursuit of the Southern Seminoles witnessed such scenes of barbaric cruelty as occurred during the great conflict with the Foxes. For a period of thirty years, Frenchmen hunted the harried fugitives from one place to another. Firebrand and famine alike proved unavailing to sweep off the face of the earth these war-like Indians, "passionate and untamable, springing into new life from every defeat, and, though reduced in the number of their warriors, yet present everywhere by their ferocious enterprise and savage character." Indian and white man vied with each other in acts of demon-like cruelty; even women and children suffered the horrors of death at the stake.

It is not easy to determine the origin of the hatred manifested by the Foxes towards the French; doubtless a series of events contributed to this feeling, rather than any one act, for the Fox tribe was the only one of the great Algonkin family which did not fraternize with the French. Nicholas Perrot was the only Frenchman for whom they manifested friendship, and in his case a display of heroism in rescuing a daughter of a Fox chief from their enemies was responsible for this feeling of friendship.

It seems to have been a grievance of the Foxes that their enemies among neighboring tribes were supplied with firearms by the French traders. They also claimed to have been ill-treated on the occasion of a visit to Montreal. The ill-feeling thus engendered grew more bitter as one act of reprisal brought on another. At last the Foxes grew so insolent that they took possession of the river highway that bears their name, and levied tribute on all who passed that way. Their demands grew so extortionate as to threaten the ruin of the great fur trade.

In his "Seventy-two Years' Recollections of Wisconsin," Augustin Grignon narrates that the Foxes were located on the western bank of the Fox river, some thirty-seven miles above Green Bay. "Here they made it a point, whenever a trader's boat approached, to place a torch upon the bank, as a signal for the traders to come

ashore and pay the customary tribute, which they exacted from all. To refuse this tribute was sure to incur the displeasure of the Foxes, and robbery would be the mildest punishment inflicted. This haughty, imperious conduct of the Foxes was a source of no little



LANGLADE'S COMMISSION FROM KING LOUIS XV.

(The Original is in Possession of Mrs. Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay.)

Following is the wording of Langlade's Commission:

DE PAR LE ROY.

Sa Majesté ayant fait choix du Sr. Langlade pour servir en qualité de Lieutenant réformé à la suite des troupes entretenues en Canada. Elle mande au Gouverneur, Son Lieutenant-général de la Nouvelle France, de le recevoir et de le faire reconnaître en la dite qualité de Lieutenant réformé de tout ceux et ainsy qu'il appartiendra. Fait a Versailles, le pr. février 1760. LOUIS.

annoyance to the traders, who made their complaints to the commandants of the Western posts, and in due time these grievances reached the ears of the governor of Canada."

So bold had these firebrands become in 1712 that they planned to destroy Detroit, then a garrison of thirty men. Friendly Indians

came to the rescue of the French and the invaders were surrounded. They had dug holes in the ground and here they hid themselves, till one dark and rainy night they managed to elude their foes. Near Lake St. Claire the Foxes were overtaken and a desperate fight ensued. One thousand men, women and children—so the old accounts say—lost their lives in this engagement. The remnant of the band hurried back to their Wisconsin villages. Here they diligently sought to unite the tribes in a confederacy for a general attack on the French. So threatening seemed the danger that the authorities at Montreal dispatched a considerable force to Wisconsin, under command of the king's lieutenant at Quebec, *Sieur de Louvigny*.

For the first time in the history of Wisconsin, an armed military force with hostile intent appeared within its borders. The command comprised 800 men, some of them Indians who joined the standard of the French en route from Quebec. Thirteen canoes of Iroquois opposed their passage, but were defeated. One of the prisoners was roasted and eaten by the Ottawas.

Sieur de Louvigny started on his war of extermination with great energy. The command left Quebec in March, 1716, and the king's lieutenant urged the canoes forward so as to inspire his Indian allies with his earnestness. At Michilimackinac the report was given out that not a single member of the Fox tribe would be spared. Evidently the Foxes also deemed the situation serious, for they prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. On Fox river, at the place known as *Butte des Morts* (Hill of the Dead) they erected a stockade. In the rear they dug a ditch, and a triple range of oak palisades served as a protection to those within. Five hundred warriors and three thousand women, if the old accounts are trustworthy, here barricaded themselves and awaited the coming of the French.

The siege began before three hundred warriors who were coming to reinforce the Foxes had arrived. The Indians had constructed their fort with such military genius that it seemed a foolhardy undertaking to attempt to storm it. *De Louvigny* ordered his two field pieces and one grenade mortar to play on the fort, but the triple row of oaken palisades could not be battered down. He determined to force the fort by means of mines.

"After three days of open trenches, sustained by continuous fire of fusileers with two pieces of cannon and a grenade mortar, they were reduced to ask for peace," *Louvigny* wrote in his official account. "The promptitude with which the officers who were in this action pushed forward the trenches that I had opened at only seventy yards from their fort, made the enemy fear the third night that they would be taken."

As *Louvigny* was about to explode two mines, the humbled Foxes sent a proposition for peace. It was rejected. A second time the Foxes sued for peace, offering following terms of capitulation:

1. The Foxes and allies agreed to make peace with the French and their Indian confederates.
2. The Foxes agreed to release all their prisoners.
3. Every Frenchman whom the Foxes had killed was to be replaced by a slave, such slaves to be prisoners taken from distant nations with whom they were at war.
4. The Foxes agreed to pay all the expenses of the war by the product of the chase.

These conditions were accepted by Louvigny, though the boast had been made that nothing less than the utter extermination of the Fox nation would satisfy the French. The brave Chief Pemoussa, who had led the attack on Detroit, and five other chiefs, accompanied the victor to Montreal, as hostages, and to ratify the treaty.

Small-pox was decimating the colony that year, and to this scourge three of the hostages succumbed. The famous war chief Pemoussa was one of the victims. Louvigny, fearful that the Foxes would believe that the hostages had been betrayed to their death, hastened with one of the survivors to the Fox river. A rich store of presents assuaged the grief of the Foxes for their dead chieftains, and after the usual ceremonials of the tribe in grieving for the dead, lasting several days, the calumet was smoked and songs of peace were sung.

It was but a hollow peace. The Foxes continued their depredations, and failed to carry out the treaty they had made. In 1728 the Sieur de Lignery was sent to Wisconsin to humble the haughty Foxes. Fifteen hundred men made the journey in canoes. The plan was to surprise the Foxes in their villages, and to give no quarter. As one of the governors of New France had written sometime before this: "His majesty is persuaded of the necessity of destroying that nation, as it cannot be kept quiet."

The commandant of the 450 French and 1,000 Indian allies acted with great deliberation. Delays that were unaccountable occurred along the way, and it was suspected that the officer's lack of haste was due to potations in the privacy of his tent. At any rate, such slow progress was made, that long before the army arrived at Green Bay the Foxes had been apprised of their coming, and had fled. They had been lodged at the village of the Sac Indians, near Fort St. Francis (Green Bay), and de Lignery surrounded the wigwams, not knowing that the Foxes had decamped in anticipation of his coming. But four Indians were found there, and these unfortunates were turned over to the allies of the French. After diverting themselves by practicing cruelties of all sorts, the Indians put an end to the misery of the prisoners by shooting them to death with their arrows.

After this achievement de Lignery proceeded up Fox river in pursuit of the enemy, going in the same leisurely way as before. Empty villages were found, but no trace of the Foxes. Fields of

Indian corn were ruthlessly ravaged and the torch was applied to the deserted villages. Vast quantities of maize, peas, beans and gourds were thus destroyed. The Winnebago villages were likewise swept with fire.

"It is certain that half of these nations, who number 4,000 souls, will die with hunger," is the cheerful prediction made in the official account of the expedition that was sent to the king.

In four of the Fox villages two old women, a girl and an old man were found. These were roasted at a slow fire, and then killed.

The season was now far advanced, the French had to rely on Indian corn for daily fare, and as the safety of half the army was endangered, de Lignery ordered a return march. Thus ingloriously ended this expedition. The second in command on this occasion was the same Beaujeu who later led the terrific onslaught on the army of Gen. Braddock.

The Marquis de Beauharnois wrote in the month of May, 1730, that he had received "the favorable news" that while returning from a buffalo hunt a party of Foxes had been surprised and annihilated. Eighty Indians were killed in ambush or sang the death song at the stake.

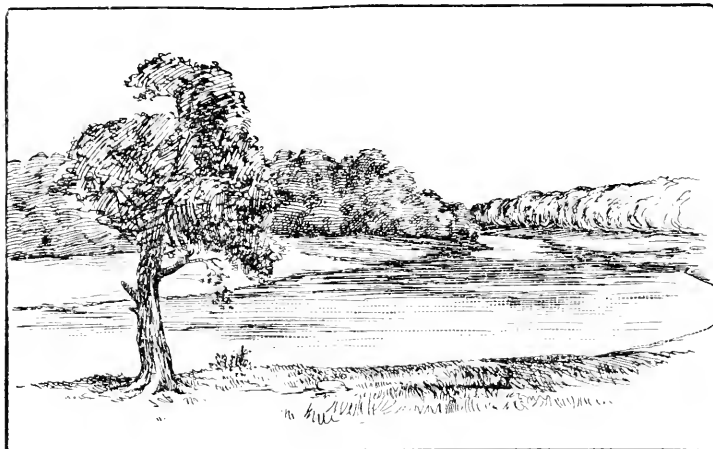
"Our allies burned the boats, and three hundred women and children shared the same fate," gleefully wrote Beauharnois. "I have the honor, my lord, to communicate this news with so much the more pleasure, as there is no doubt existing on the subject."

Shortly after this, the official letters sent to the French minister at Paris convey the interesting information that "two hundred of their warriors have been killed on the spot, or burned after having been taken as slaves, and six hundred women and children were absolutely destroyed." The *Sieur de Villiers* commanded this expedition. Another expedition was undertaken by the *Sieur de Buisson*. With desperate bravery, the hunted tribesmen defended their ancient hunting grounds. Forced to fly from the Fox river valley owing to the unrelenting onslaughts of the French, they pitched their tepees on the Wisconsin. Here, too, they made a gallant stand, but their decimated ranks could no longer withstand the fury of the French and their Indian allies. They sought refuge among the Iowas. Their descendants, nearly a century later, with the Sac Indians, under the celebrated chief Black Hawk, carried terror to the pioneer American settlements of Wisconsin.

The Sac Indians were closely allied with the Foxes. This friendship led to serious consequences. It was suspected by the French commander at Green Bay that the Sacs were harboring Fox refugees in their village near the fort. Capt. de Villiers rashly concluded to go to the village and demand their surrender. He found the Indians in council. Annoyed at their disinclination to comply with his demands, the captain drew a pistol and shot one of the chiefs dead.

His life seemed to hang by a thread, for the young men rushed at him to avenge the chief's death. The old men interposed. Unmindful of his danger, Capt. Villiers again leveled his weapon and killed a chief. A third bullet sped on its way and found a victim.

At this juncture a young Sac known as Blackbird seized a gun and shot the captain to the heart. This young Indian, who after-



“WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.”

(The foot of Lake Winnebago (where the city of Neenah has been built) was the scene of one of the fiercest battles of the war against the Foxes. During the early part of the present century, the Winnebago Indians were located here, and one of their chiefs, who was known as Four Legs, undertook, as had the Foxes a century before, to stop all comers and to require the payment of tribute. On one occasion Gen. Leavenworth came with troops in batteaux en route to the Mississippi. Four Legs ordered him to stop and deliver.

“The door is locked,” said the old chief.

“But I have the key,” said the General, as he raised his rifle and aimed it at the head of the chief.

“Then you can pass through,” quickly replied the old Indian, who seems to have had as much prudence as valor in his composition.)

wards became a celebrated chief of his tribe, was then but 12 years of age.

The French now rallied to avenge the death of their commander. A battle was fought, and the Sacs were totally routed. Like the Foxes they became exiles from their fertile fields in the valley of the Fox. They took up their habitations along the Wisconsin river.

CHAPTER II.

THE HILL OF THE DEAD.

TRADITION has it that at the Butte des Morts (Hill of the Dead) there were fought the bloodiest battles of the long war of extermination carried on by the French in seeking the expulsion of the Fox Indians from their fertile valley. A gallant captain whose name is recorded in history as "the famous French partisan, Marin," was chiefly associated with the expedition that led to the sanguinary title given to the two hills near Oshkosh known as the Great Butte des Morts and Little Butte des Morts. Capt. Marin was undoubtedly at one time in command of the little garrison at La Baie (Green Bay), but the dates of his conflicts with the Indians have not been clearly ascertained. The tradition of the Hill of the Dead is an interesting one.

Like many other traders who used the Fox-Wisconsin highway, Capt. Marin had suffered from the exactions of the robbers along the banks of the Fox. He determined to inflict a terrible lesson, that the Foxes would long remember.

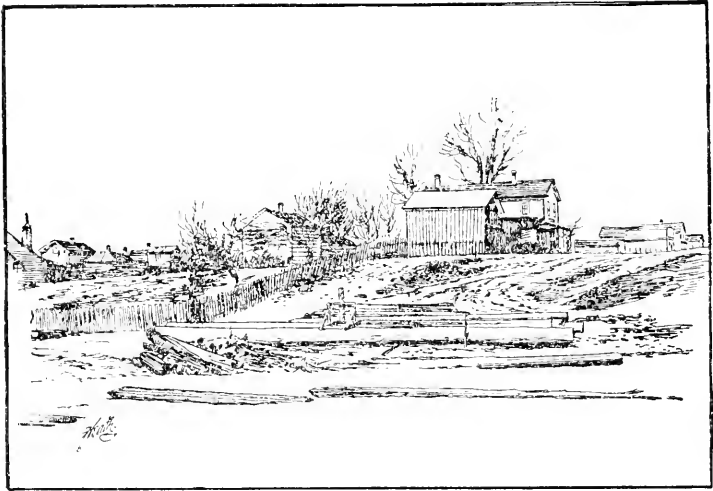
Before railway graders attacked the eminence with pick and spade, the summit of la Butte des Morts was an outlook whence could be seen the "lake of Graise d'Ours to the east and a long reach of the Fox river and many a rood of fat prairie land to the westward." Situated in an angle where the Fox and the Wolf rivers mingle their waters, it was exceptionally well located as a vantage ground whence the pirates of the prairies could discern the coming of their victims. When the boats of the French grew few, the Foxes could vary monotony by shooting the blue-winged teal which fattened on the wild rice that grew there so plentifully. Myriads of water fowl would rise on wing as the voyageurs worked their canoes through the tangled growth that barred their way. Soon the men in the boats would discern the flicker of the red men's torch as a signal to come ashore and pay such tariff as the Indians chose to levy. A Sac Indian who attempted to enforce the penalty received a wound that felled him to the ground. The young trader's life paid the penalty of his rash resistance. His scalp was taken in triumph, and his goods were pillaged. Thus did the haughty Indians give warning that they would brook no protest against their trade regulations.

The tradition current half a century ago was that the Hill of the Dead was the repository of the bones of warriors who fell in the terrible battle with the French at some period not definitely known, except that it was during the great thirty years' war carried on against the Foxes. Capt. Perriere Marin was a dashing soldier who

had taken part in the bloody battles of Malplaquet and Friedlingen before coming to America. He was of too stern stuff to yield to Indian arrogance without a struggle.

"Give me 300 regulars," quoth he to the commanding officer at Quebec, "and these Indians on the Fox will repent their presumption in barring the path to a soldier of France."

His request having been granted, he repaired to the great rendezvous at Michilimackinac to make preparations. A dozen boats of the usual pattern—strongly built, flat-bottomed, pointed at both ends and covered with sheets of painted canvas—were constructed. Into



HILL OF THE DEAD, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

(Above view represents the mound or what remains of the tumulus, as it appears from the river. The hill was not of great altitude at any time, but the surrounding country, being exceptionally flat, gave the elevation an added importance. The pick and spade of civilization have in the last half century materially reduced its dimensions.)

these he stowed a number of kegs of French brandy, and proceeded to make a tour of the islands that are strung like beads on a thread along the eastern shore of Green Bay. Here he smoked the calumet and unfolded to the Indians his purpose of meting out punishment to the insolent Foxes. The chiefs deliberated and looked longingly at the brandy, which Capt. Marin temptingly exposed.

"What the Father observes is good," responded one of the chiefs. "He is wise. But our understanding is weak; a little milk will strengthen it."

Capt. Marin took the hint and tapped a keg of brandy. For several days there was revel in the camp of the Indians. The chief took

advantage of the delay to send the Foxes warning of the contemplated attack. Unfortunately for the latter, they failed to heed the warning.

"The Outagamies are not cowards," was the lofty answer they sent back.

Finally Capt. Marin had everything in readiness, and by promising his Indian allies the land of the Foxes, induced them to join his force. He sent one of his boats in advance to the Butte des Morts, with instructions to permit the boat to be plundered without offering resistance. In the boat he had stowed some of his brandy kegs. He had a shrewd design in this. Of course, as soon as the Foxes spied the boat, they went through the usual tactics, and when they discovered the nature of the cargo, increased the ordinary toll to 100 per cent.

The confiscation of the brandy was what the crafty French captain had planned. He landed his force a mile below the Hill of the Dead, out of sight, and instructed them to creep behind the Indian villages and secrete themselves until they heard firing in front. Into his boats he crowded his armed soldiers and covered them with the *parlas*, as the painted sheetings were called, so as to make it appear that he had a cargo of freight. A few of the soldiers disguised as boatmen took up the paddles and sang one of the popular ditties of the rivermen, as they made the boats cut through the water.

The drunken Indians on the hill spied them with great delight. It seemed the richest spoil that had ever ventured within their domain. As the boats came along, bullets whizzed athwart to signal an immediate stop. In pretended fright the steersmen cried to the rowers to heed the summons. As the keels grated, the Indians leaped into the water in their eagerness to secure their prey. This was the opportunity for which Capt. Marin had maneuvered.

"Help! help! thieves! thieves!" he yelled in a loud voice.

In a moment the boats were alive with soldiers; the canvas coverings were thrown off like magic. Six score Frenchmen raised their muskets with the precision of trained soldiers, and poured a deadly volley into the thick crowd of Indians who were dragging at the boats.

Dazed by the sudden attack, seeing their men falling on all sides, as the bullets tore into their midst, the warriors fled to their village on the hill. Here, to their consternation, they faced an enemy as remorseless. Their wigwams of bark were in flames, and behind the curtain of flames and smoke were the men whom Capt. Marin had sent to cut off their retreat.

Surrounded as they were, the Foxes fought with the fury born of desperation. Men, women and children perished in the flames or fell by the bullets of the French and the tomahawks of the Frenchmen's allies. Not one asked or was given quarter. Their charred bones gave to the hill the name it bears to this day.

Such is the tradition of the Hill of the Dead. Doubtless it is true that at one time an engagement took place here, but there are no records preserved to tell whether there was indeed such a wholesale slaughter as that which is told in the traditional narrative.

It is told of Capt. Marin that at another time he carried ruin to an Indian village in the dead of winter. His men made the arduous and perilous journey on snowshoes, caught the unsuspecting Indians unawares, and by torch and tomahawk annihilated the whole band.

It is known that Capt. Marin commanded at La Baie in 1754, but the battle at the Hill must have occurred many years before this date.

Subsequently Capt. Marin took part in the Indian war in New York and the East. When Fort William Henry was captured, he aided in the slaughter with a band of Wisconsin Indians. The great French general Montcalm wrote that in a daring expedition against Fort Edward this adventurous captain "exhibited a rare audacity"; with a small detachment "he carried off a patrol of ten men and swept away an ordinary guard of fifty like a wafer." When New France fell, Capt. Marin returned to the Wisconsin woods. He lived to a ripe old age, and in the soil of Wisconsin his grave was dug.

CHAPTER III.

NAMING THE INLAND WATERS.

Mississippi River—Synonyms: Rio Grande del Espiritu Santo (Hernando De Soto); Great river (Friar Hennepin); River of the Immaculate Conception (Pere Marquette); River Colbert (Sieur de La Salle); River Buade (Louis Joliet); River Gastacha (Iroquois Indians); Messipi (Ottawa Indians).

Wisconsin River—Synonyms: Meskousing, Miskonsing, Onisconsin, Misconsin, Ouisconsin, Ouisconsin, Wisconsin.

Lake Michigan—Synonyms: Lake Illinois, Illinovik; Lake Dauphin; Lake Michigonong, Michigami, Mitchigami, Mitchiganons; Lake St. Joseph; Magnus Lacus Algonquinorum.

Lake Superior—Synonyms: Lake Superieur; Lake Tracy; Geetchee-Gumee; Kitchi-Gami; Grand Lac; Lac de Conde; Upper Lake.

Green Bay—Synonyms: Lac de Gens de Mer; Enitajghe (Iroquois); La Grand Baie; Bay des Puants; La Baye des Eaux Puantes; La Baye; La Baie Verte; Lake of the People of the Sea.

Lake Winnebago—Synonyms: Winnebagog; Lac Outouagamis; Lake Wynébaygas; Lac Ouinnabagon; Lake Puan.

Many of the names given by the early explorers to the waterways of this region have survived to this day, though not all of them in their original form. Again others, and among them the great lakes and the great river Mississippi, have gone through many and curious transformations of nomenclature before they obtained the names they bear at this day.

The first time the name Mississippi appeared in print was in a Jesuit Relation. Claude Allouez had heard from Indians sojourning at his Chequamegon chapel of bark of a great stream which they termed Me-sipi. The Iroquois Indians, whose habitations were in what is now New York, called this river Gastacha. In Friar Hennepin's narrative, the river is called Mechasipi. Joliet, when his canoe came from the Wisconsin river to the junction with the great river at the place where later rose the city of Prairie du Chien, christened the stream Buade river, in honor of the family name of Count Frontenac. His companion, Marquette, less worldly-minded, called the river Conception, because it was on the day known by that name in the calendar of his faith that he had received permission to accompany Joliet. Eleven years later the Sieur de La Salle gave to the noble river, which he descended to its mouth, the name Colbert, in honor of the great minister of France whose friendship he enjoyed. A century and a half before the Spaniard De Soto had given to the river the name Rio Grande del Espiritu Santo.

The name the Spaniard gave, the many names given by the Frenchmen, are to be found only on maps yellow with age; on the modern map there survives, as is meet, the name given by the aborigines. The orthography has been most varied, for geographers who sought to convey in modern spelling the pronunciation of the old Algonkin word rarely agreed. Thus the old maps, and the old chronicles of travelers, have included these forms of the word Mis-

issippi: Mechisipi, Messasipi, Micissippi, Miscissippi, Misasipi, Mischasippi, Missesipie, Mississippy.

The definition usually given of the word Mississippi is "father of waters." This is far from a literal translation of the word derived from the Algonkin language, one of the original tongues of the continent. The historian, Shea, who made a study of aboriginal philology, says that the word Mississippi is a compound of the word *Missi*, signifying great, and *Sepe*, a river. The former is variously pronounced *Missil*, or *Michil*, as in *Michilimackinac*; *Michi*, as in *Michigan*; *Missu*, as in *Missouri*, and *Missi*, as in *Mississippi*. The word *Sipi* may be considered as the English pronunciation of *Sepe*, derived through the medium of the French, and "affords an instance of an Indian term of much melody being corrupted by Europeans into one that has a harsh and hissing sound."

An interesting, but apparently unauthentic version of the version of the meaning of the word Mississippi is given in an old number of *The Magazine of American History*. The writer quotes a tradition given in Heckewelder's "Indian Nations," according to which two large tribes emigrated several centuries ago, from west of the Mississippi, giving to that stream the name of *Nawoesi Sipu*, or *River of Fish*, whence the present name is derived. These two tribes, the *Lenni Lenape* and the *Mengwe*, uniting their forces, made war on the prior occupants of the country, the *Allegheny Indians*, and drove them southwards out of the territory east of the Mississippi. The name *Mengwe* seems in time to have been corrupted into *Mingo* and came into use to designate the confederate tribes known as the *Iroquois*, or *Six Nations*.

Lake Michigan was the last of the five great inland seas of the continent concerning which the early cartographers derived knowledge. The old maps call it *Lake Illinois* (*Illinovik*, *Ilinois*, etc.), after the tribe of Indians that dwelt on its southern border; and *Lake Dauphin*, after the heir to the throne of France. *Lake Mitchiganons* is the term used in the old *Jesuit Relation* (1670-1), and a Paris map of 1688 labels it *Lake Michigami*. Most of the early French maps give preference to the word *Illinois* in its various renderings.

The Indian word, which has outlived the European names, is variously interpreted to mean "fish weir," and "great lake." Some authorities maintain that the word is derived from *Mitchaw*, "great," and *Sagiegan*, "lake." This seems to be the most plausible explanation. The assumption that the meaning is weir, or fish-trap, is based on the shape of the lake.

As with other geographical names derived from Indian sources, the real meaning of the word *Wisconsin* is so obscure as to be in dispute. The popular translation is "wild, rushing channel," a defi-

nition that accords well with the nature of the stream, but which nevertheless is of doubtful authenticity. Another rendering, "the gathering of the waters," is pronounced absurd by students of the Algonkin tongue.

It is claimed by Consul W. Butterfield that the name is derived from the physical features of its lower course, where are observable the high lands or river hills. "Some of these hills present high and precipitous faces towards the water. Others terminate in knobs. The name is supposed to have been taken from this feature, the word being derived from Missi, 'great,' and Os-sin, 'a stone, or rock.'"

The word Wisconsin is the result of considerable change from the first rendering. On Marquette's map, where the stream is indicated for the first time, the word is spelled Meskousing. Joliet's map gives it as Miskonsing. Friar Hennepin wrote it Onisconsin and again Misconsin, and the French traveler Charlevoix, who visited this country early in the last century, gave his preference to this form: Ouisconsin. It was not long before the final letter was dropped, and this form was retained until the present English spelling superseded the French version, and the harsher English pronunciation the euphonious French.

From its source in Lake Vieux Desert, on the northern boundary line, the stream flows through this state for four hundred and fifty miles. Its descent from the lake to where, at Prairie du Chien, it debouches into the Mississippi, is about a thousand feet. From the famous portage that has played such an important part in Western history, where the Wisconsin turns to the southwest, the current is exceedingly rapid, and the distance to the mouth a hundred and eighteen miles. Early travelers, as those of to-day, were impressed with the remarkable picturesque beauty of the stream.

The Indian name for Lake Superior was Kitchi-Gami, or, as Longfellow has rendered it, Gitchee-Gumee. The name is derived from the Ojibwa tongue, its English equivalent being "big water." Lac de Tracy was a French appellation given in honor of Gen. Tracy, but it was not sufficiently popular to take firm root. On some of the old maps of the seventeenth century this great fresh-water sea is given the name of Grand Lac des Nadouessi. The latter word was the appellation by which the French usually designated the Sioux Indians. It was at the western end of the lake that the Sioux were wont to come in war parties for sudden raids on the villages of their old-time foes, the Ojibwas.

Lake Superior is the only one of the five great lakes that has retained the name Frenchmen gave it—Superieur, or Upper Lake. This is the more remarkable in that legendary lore is associated with every island in this lake, and headland and bay on its shores. The Indian fairies known as pukwudjinees had their fabled home along the southern shore of Lake Superior, their most noted habitations

being the great sand dunes. This pigmy folk is happily described in Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

Early travelers on Lake Superior ascribe the origin of the legend of the pukwudjinees to the mirage, a phenomenon that can be observed frequently on this lake on summer days. The German traveler, Kohl, saw a tall, bluish island, with which the mirage played in an infinity of ways. At times it "rose in the air to a spectral height, then sank and faded away; again, islands appeared hovering over one another in the air; islands appeared, turned upside down; and the white surf of the beach, translated aloft, seemed like the smoke of artillery blazing away from a fort."

Another traveler describes imagery so clearly defined as to be seeming reality: "It occurred just as the sun was setting. The sky was overcast with such a thick haze as precedes a storm; and the inverted images of twelve vessels—with the full outlines of the rigging, as well as the sails and other parts—were most distinctly visible on the darkened background." Again, "a blue coast stretched along the horizon in front of us. Surprised, I referred to Bayfield's accurate chart, and found, as I expected, no land so near in that direction. The pilot told me it was a mirage."

It seems singular that of all the great lakes, the one most closely identified with Indian tradition and legend is the only one that bears a name of European origin.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME ERRORS OF GEOGRAPHY.

CURIOUS misconceptions concerning the Mississippi basin and great lakes region appear on the old maps. English cartographers were behind their French colleagues in tracing the meanderings of the rivers and the lines of the lakes. Long after the French map-makers had begun to infuse accuracy into their delineations the cartographers across the channel were copying the old mistakes. The French were in possession, and their maps were the result of actual knowledge; the English had to rely on sources far from reliable for their map material. In 1632 Champlain drew a map that gave some form to the great lakes. At that date no white man had seen the broad expanse of either Lake Michigan or Lake Superior, but Indians had told of their existence, and from their descriptions the father of New France traced their forms. It was therefore excusable that his map locates Green Bay north of Superior; possibly Champlain may have meant it to represent Lake Michigan, for both these waters bore the name of the Puans.

How the old maps perpetuated erroneous ideas of topography is shown by an English atlas printed about 1690 by John Seller, "hydrographer to the king." This atlas minimus, about 2 inches by 3½ in size, merges the five great lakes in one and makes them appear as a great arm of Hudson's bay.

There were maps extant a quarter of a century before this, giving a fairly accurate conception of this region, which the "hydrographer to the king" could have copied with profit.

Strange shapes were given some of the lakes in the old maps. Friar Hennepin's map of 1683 gives Lake Erie the appearance of a Scotch bagpipe, and it is represented as having a size almost double that of Lake Michigan. This lake Hennepin labels Lac Dauphin, and gives it a shape distorted beyond recognition. On the same map Fox river runs across Wisconsin due west almost to the Mississippi, and the Wisconsin river in comparison is but a short stream. It took a long period to efface the first impression that the Wisconsin did not have its source in a large pond somewhere in the middle of what is now the state that bears its name.

The Joutel map of 1713 unduly prolongs the Green Bay arm of Lake Michigan; the map-maker makes it extend within a short distance of the Mississippi river. Edward Well's map of 1699 follows Hennepin's conception of Fox river, and a body of water, possibly meant for Lake Winnebago, is located more than half way towards the Mississippi river. The famous Marquette and Joliet maps—the latter drawn from memory—are the earliest maps of the Mississippi

river basin based on actual knowledge. Joliet depicts Lake Michigan (Lac des Illinois) in form akin to a banana; on Marquette's map the form is not so narrow, nor so well defined.

In comparing the Joliet and Marquette maps, the observations of the same trip being embodied in them, E. D. Neill notes these differences: "Joliet marks the large island toward the extremity of Lake Superior, known as Isle Royale; but he gives no name, and he indicates four other islands on the north shore. Marquette shows the large island only, but without a name. Joliet gives the name Miskonsing to the river, and marks the portage; while Marquette gives no names. . . Joliet calls the Mississippi, Riviere de Buade, and Marquette names it R. de la Conception."

Although his canoe had breasted its waves, and in general he was a keen observer, Baron La Hontan conceived the idea that Lake Michigan ought to be tilted on the map so as to point at a sharp angle from the southwest to the northeast. Green Bay, or Baye des Puants, as he calls it, shows a width less than that of Fox river, which he terms Riviere des Puants. This river he causes to run from a northwesterly direction, from a point some distance westward, where it turns sharply from the opposite direction at the confluence of two other streams. Lake Winnebago is not put down on the map, but a large body of water shaped like an egg is given as the source of the Ovisconsink, as he spells the Wisconsin river.

On the old maps can be traced the gradual exploration of the Western country. Inaccurate as they were, they located approximately not only the physical features of the region, but designated the habitations of the different Indian tribes and the pioneer settlements. Taken collectively, they tell the story of European migration, and the crowding out of the Indian possessors of the soil. The names upon the maps give in epitome the successive stages of colonization.

CHAPTER V.

UNDER THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

ON THE plains of Abraham, in 1760, painted warriors from the woods and prairies of Wisconsin fought under the fleur-de-lis of France. New France fell, and the savages accepted the change with true Indian stoicism. Their indifference may have been partly due to the fact that the change of flag did not materially disturb their relations with the French for many years to come. The red-coats of England marched into the tumble-down stockade at Green Bay, but in the woods French fur-traders still roamed as before and fraternized with the Indians. And, if the English were not inclined to treat the Indians as brothers, at least they paid good prices for peltries.

The British flag floated in Wisconsin for the first time on the 12th day of October, 1761. Detachments of the Royal American regiment, commanded by Capt. Balfour and Lieut. James Gorrell, arrived at Green Bay on that day to take possession. They found the post deserted and in a dismal state of dilapidation.

"We found the fort quite rotten, the stockade ready to fall, the houses without cover, our fire wood far off, and none to be got when the river closed," Lieut. James Gorrell wrote in his journal.

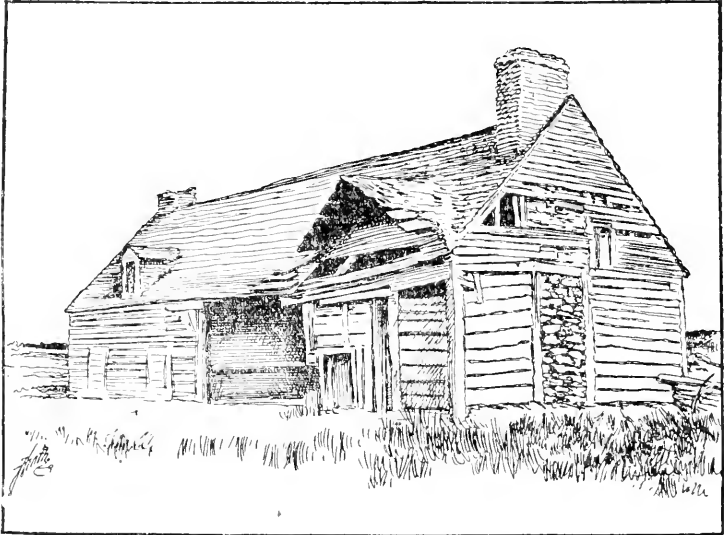
The journal of the English lieutenant, which is in the possession of the Maryland Historical society, is the chief authority for the incidents connected with the first British occupation of Wisconsin. It gives an excellent description of life at this then remote frontier post, and the dangers that surrounded the English garrison.

The French had called the stockade Fort St. Francis. Capt. Balfour, as the union-jack climbed to the peak of the flagstaff, gave it a new name—Fort Edward Augustus. Two days of the cheerless life at the crumbling fort seem to have been enough for the captain, and he departed for Michilimackinac. Lieut. Gorrell, who was left in command, had under him one sergeant, one corporal and fifteen privates. A French interpreter and two English traders shared the comfortless barracks with the soldiers.

Although the Englishmen had taken possession of the post without firing a gun, they learned subsequently that it had been planned to massacre the garrison on their arrival. When the Frenchmen at the Bay learned that the British were coming, they urged the Indians to ambush the detachment. They represented the weakness of the soldiers and the ease with which the party could be cut off. The young warriors readily assented to the proposition, but a wise old chief of the Sacs influenced them to avoid a conflict and to go on

a great hunt instead. When the English arrived there was but one family of Indians at the Bay village.

In the spring the Indians returned from their great winter hunt, and Lieut. Gorrell busied himself in winning their good-will. He had six belts made, one for each nation that visited the place. As the French had always liberally supplied the Indians, Lieut. Gorrell soon discovered that only the most generous liberality would enable him to counteract French intrigues. He gave them ammunition, and to some of the old men he sent flour. He then proceeded to



OLDEST BUILDING IN WISCONSIN.

(Above is a representation of the so-called Ducharme house at Kaukauna, popularly believed to be the cabin constructed in the last century by the fur-traders Ducharme. It is really the old Grignon house, partly reconstructed, and was built in 1813. The Ducharme house was erected about the year 1790. A large Indian village was then located at the Grand Kakalin, and the Ducharmes put up their log structure as a trading post. Jean Ducharme, whose son built the house, was one of the best known fur traders connected with the Bay settlement. It was he who, in the spring of 1780, led a large Indian expedition against the Spanish settlements of the Upper Mississippi.)

hold councils with the chiefs. He managed his negotiations with adroitness. Meeting the chiefs of the Folles Avaines (Nation of Wild Oats), he presented strings of waupum and belts made of the same material, and then addressed them in this wise:

"Brothers!—As you may have lost some of your brothers in the war in which you imprudently engaged with the French against your brothers, the English, and though by it you ought to have brought a just indignation upon you, yet we will condescend so far to forget whatever hath happened, that I am glad to take this opportunity to

condole you on the loss you have met with. At the same time, by these belts I wipe away all the blood that was spilt, and bury all your brothers' bones that remain unburied on the face of the earth, that they may grieve no more, as my intention is henceforward not to grieve but to rejoice among you.

"Brothers!—I hope also by these belts to open a passage to your hearts, so that you may always speak honestly and truly, and drive away from your hearts all that may be bad, that you may, like your brothers, the English, think of good things only. I light also a fire of pure friendship and concord, which affords a heat sweet and agreeable to those who draw nigh unto it; and I light it for all Indian nations that are willing to draw nigh unto it. I also clear a great road from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, and clear it from all obstructions, that all nations may travel in it freely and safely."

There was much more said by Lieut. Gorrell, of the same tenor. If his rhetoric had little effect, his gifts exercised some influence. The chiefs responded with expressions of good will, promised to befriend the English traders, to become true and loyal subjects of the king of England and to turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of the French.

Under date of August 21, Lieut. Gorrell notes in his journal that "a party of Indians came from Milwacky and demanded credit, which was refused." They also complained of an English trader among them that had tried to impose on them. This is the first mention of Milwaukee, and proves that an Indian village of sufficient importance to attract an English trader was located here in 1762. The name of the trader, doubtless the first Englishman to abide at Milwaukee, is not given.

In the month of June, 1763, news of the most alarming nature reached Lieut. Gorrell. Ten Ottawas and a Frenchman brought a letter from Capt. Etherington, commandant of Michilimackinac, apprising him that that fort had been taken by Indians, and entreating Gorrell to evacuate Fort Edward Augustus and come to his relief at L'Arbre Croche. Twenty men of the garrison had been slaughtered. Etherington and eleven others had been saved by friendly Ottawas.

It was the beginning of the great Pontiac conspiracy. This remarkable Indian brought about a confederation of many Western tribes for a general attack on the British. It had been planned to take all the posts on the same day. The crafty brain of Pontiac conceived numerous stratagems for gaining entrance into the forts. At Detroit the chiefs were to ask for a council. They were to hide their rifles under their blankets, and at Pontiac's signal were to fall upon the unsuspecting garrison. An Indian woman betrayed the plot, and it miscarried. At Michilimackinac the Indians gathered in front of

the fort to play their game of baggatiway, called by the French le jeu de la crosse. The garrison gathered outside the pickets to watch the game, which soon became exciting. The ball, as if by accident, flew over the pickets and the Indians followed it pell mell. Once within, the design of the Indians became manifest. Tomahawks flashed, and the war yell was heard, as the British soldiers fell beneath the savage onslaught of the Indians. Frenchmen were present, but none of them were injured.

Doubtless Pontiac's emissaries had also been busy among the Indians of Wisconsin. Those at the Bay proved loyal to British interests. When Lieut. Gorrell received Etherington's urgent message, he prepared to evacuate. With his usual shrewd diplomacy, Lieut. Gorrell distributed presents among the Indians, told them that he was about to go to the aid of his fellow soldiers across the lake, and asked them to take care of the fort during his absence. Many of the Indians accompanied him, and proved of material service. Upon reaching Beaver island, signal smokes were curling upwards in many parts of the island, and preparations were made for battle. The Wild Oats Indians stripped for action, the English boat was placed in the center, and the flotilla moved forward in battle array. Instead of being hostile the Indians on the island proved to be friendly Ottawas bearing another message from Etherington. "The Chippewas continue their mischief," he wrote. "They have plundered all the canoes they have met with since I wrote to you last, and are now encamped on the great island near the fort."

Lieut. Gorrell succeeded finally in joining the forces of Etherington, and together they made their way to Montreal.

Thus abandoned, Fort Edward Augustus again fell into decay. Once more the French were left in undisturbed quiet, and a characteristic community grew up at the Bay. English traders came and went, but the English flag did not again wave over the stockades of Wisconsin until half a century had elapsed.

Hawnopawjatin



his mark.

Otohtongoomlisheaw



his mark

INDIAN SIGNATURES TO CARVER'S DEED.

(The famous deed from Indians, on the strength of which Carver's heirs claimed ownership of 14,000 square miles of land in Wisconsin, it is claimed, was stolen. At any rate it disappeared from the office of Dr. John C. Lettson, who claimed to have it in his possession after Carver's death. The deed conveyed to Carver the whole of the counties of Eau Claire, Pepin, St. Croix, Dunn, Barron, Pierce, Washburn, Chippewa, Clark, Taylor, Price and Sawyer, and sections of the counties of Ashland, Polk, Burnett, Lincoln, Marathon, Wood, Jackson, Trempealeau and Buffalo.)

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST PERMANENT SETTLERS OF WISCONSIN.

IT WAS shortly after the evacuation of Fort Edward Augustus that there came to Wisconsin its first permanent white settlers. Augustin de Langlade and his son Charles were destined to have their names inseparably associated with the history of Wisconsin. The elder Langlade, who was a fur trader at Michilimackinac as early as 1727, married an Indian woman of the Ottawa tribe and a sister of an influential chief. Charles Michael Langlade was one of their sons. The priests of the mission station interested themselves in the young half-breed, but Indian instinct for forest lore was stronger than European thirst for book knowledge; he manifested more pleasure in learning the use of the scalping knife than in conning the alphabet. When but a mere lad he accompanied his Indian uncle, whom the French called *La Fourche* (The Fork), on the war path. As he grew to manhood, young Langlade obtained remarkable influence over the Ottawas.

Years before the Langlades went to Green Bay to make it their permanent home—thus forming the nucleus of the first permanent settlement in Wisconsin (about 1764)—they had frequently visited that trading post. When the French captain, deVilliers, was shot to the heart by the Indian boy Blackbird, the raid on the Sac village that was undertaken to avenge the Frenchman's death was led by Charles Langlade. Engaged as they were in the Indian trade, the father and son made frequent journeys between the Bay post and the Great Turtle, but they do not seem to have shared in the plunder that fell into the coffers of the officials at Quebec and Montreal. It was a period of bold official corruption. Supplies sent by the French government for the Indian trade, such as knives, hatchets and trinkets, were diverted so as to put the proceeds into the pockets of the dishonest government representatives. The governor's brother and the commandant at Green Bay are said to have pocketed within a brief period the enormous sum of 312,000 francs. The Indian trade had grown to large proportions; it is recorded that annually there were needed at Green Bay post for this barter \$18,000 worth of trinkets. In the midst of this corruption the Langlades seem to have dealt honestly.

When the French sent an expedition into the Ohio country to frustrate English attempts at colonization, in 1749, the younger Langlade commanded the Indian contingent—a greased and painted rabble Parkman calls them. They attacked the post of Pickawillany and plundered it completely. An Indian chief of the Miamis and

eleven of his warriors were killed, and Langlade's Ottawa cannibals put the chief into the kettle and ate him.

Having proven his prowess in war, Langlade determined to marry and settle down to peaceful pursuits. A young Frenchwoman named Charlotte Ambroisine Bourassa became his bride, August 12, 1754. Their descendants live in Wisconsin to-day. Madame Lang-



PAUQUETTE MAKING A PORTAGE.

lade was fairly well educated, and was described as "remarkably beautiful, having a slender figure, regular features and very dark eyes. These physical gifts were allied to rare moral qualities, which secured her a general respect at Michilimackinac, and afterwards at Green Bay." According to accounts of the period, she feared the Indians greatly and her experiences at Green Bay caused her to suffer keenly. The sight of Indians invariably gave her a strong nerv-

ous shock. At one time it was reported that hostile Indians were about to attack Green Bay. In mortal fear she hid under a pile of boards; when found, she seemed almost paralyzed with fear. On another occasion she locked herself into her room to escape from a party of Indians who entered her house on a visit. The Indians seated themselves around the room, except one. Madame Langlade, to observe their movements, slightly opened the door behind which she sought safety, and seeing this Indian standing in the middle of the room, imagined he was awaiting an opportunity to kill her. In a frenzy of fear, she seized a long knife, rushed into the room and desperately attempted to stab him.

"You rogue, you are a dead man," she screamed, as she made a lunge at him. The Indians saw that she was beside herself with terror, and laughed good-naturedly at her futile attempt to stab their companion. They easily disarmed her, but it was only when her husband quietly spoke to her that her terror was allayed.

From the Langlade cabin door a view of the river stretch could be had. Often when she saw a canoe with Indians approaching, terror would almost overcome the sensitive young Frenchwoman. "They are coming, they are coming," she would say in despair. "We shall all be massacred."

The honeymoon of the Langlades was hardly at an end when the young man was summoned to go on the warpath against the British. This was while the Langlades still made Michillimackinac their home. It was the year 1755 that Gen. Braddock's army of English red-coats, with the confidence born of victory on European battlefields, marched against Fort Duquesne. George Washington and his provincials marched with them. It was for the defense of the French fort and against the regulars of England and the provincials of Virginia that Langlade raised a band of 800 paint-bedaubed warriors. Joining a French and Canadian command under Beaujeu, Langlade and his Indians marched to ambush the enemy.

A grandson of Langlade's, Augustin Grignon, has left an account of the massacre as he heard it from the lips of his grandfather: "Spies were sent out to discover the enemy's approach, and they soon returned, reporting that Braddock's army was within a half a day's march of the Monongahela, cutting a road as they advanced. It was determined that M. Beaujeu, with what French could be spared, and the Indian force under de Langlade, should go out and meet the enemy at the Monongahela and attack them while crossing that stream. The English got to the south bank of the Monongahela about noon, halted and prepared for dinner; while the French and Indians were secreted on the other shore."

The account goes on to tell that Beaujeu at first refused to consent to Langlade's plan for an attack while the English were eating. At last Langlade's stinging remark that if Beaujeu didn't

intend to do any fighting his conduct could be explained, spurred the French commander to action. He gave the word and a deadly fire was poured into the ranks of the surprised Englishmen.

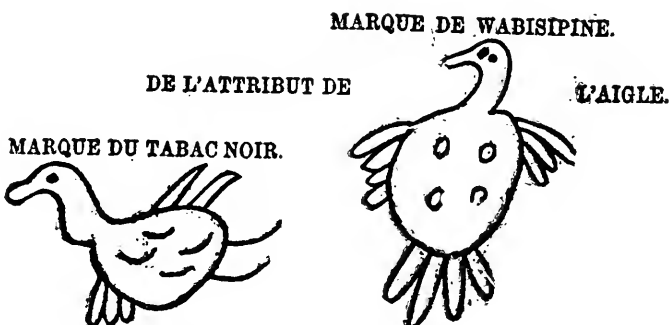
"The English officers," Grignon's account continues, "who had their little towels pinned over their breasts, seized their arms and took part in the conflict; and a good many of them were killed with these napkins still pinned on their coats—showing how suddenly they rushed into the battle. The English, occupying the lowest ground, almost invariably overshot the French, and their cannon balls would strike the trees half way up among the branches. In the battle Beaujeu was killed, but the French and Indian loss was very small; and the most who were killed and injured were not killed by the bullets of the enemy; but by the falling limbs cut from the trees by the overshooting of the English cannon."

The slaughter of the English was frightful. Braddock was mortally wounded, and but for the presence of mind of George Washington and his provincials, who were accustomed to Indian warfare, and whose advice the arrogant English general had loftily ignored, few of the soldiers would have escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife. Of the eighty-six British officers, sixty-three were killed; they had worn splendid uniforms, this being their initial campaign since their arrival from Great Britain, and Langlade's braves stripped the fallen men and bedecked themselves with the raiment of their foes. Many of them brought these trophies to their lodges in Wisconsin, to strut in captured finery before the admiring and envious Indians who had not joined the expedition. And with them they brought as evidence of their prowess the scalp locks of Braddock's men to hang on their lodgepoles. More than half a thousand Englishmen had lost their lives as the result of their commander's obstinacy.

In the bloody massacre at Fort William Henry, the braves of Langlade were at the front. Langlade's services were rewarded by the French governor, who conferred upon him the rank of lieutenant, placed him second in command at Michilimackinac and allowed him a salary of 1,000 francs per annum. Two years later he again gathered his Indians, to the number of 200, and his flotilla of canoes made the journey to Quebec to join the standard of the gallant Montcalm. Menomonees, Sacs, Foxes and Chippewas from Wisconsin mingled with his Ottawa kinsmen on this expedition. It was here that Langlade performed a service to the French cause, which, but for the stupidity or delay of others, would have prevented the capture of the great French stronghold and changed the history of North America. With 400 Indian warriors, Langlade was fording the Montmorenci river when they discovered British troops executing the movement planned by Gen. Wolfe, of landing below the cataract and climbing the heights. With keen discernment of the strategic

possibilities involved, the French partisan sent word to the French officer Levis that an immediate attack would result in the annihilation of the maneuvering force, comprising a third of the British army. Hours elapsed while the French officers leisurely debated what to do, and the opportunity was lost. After having lain flat on the ground for five hours, waiting for the French to appear, Langlade's braves impetuously assaulted the English.

In the war archives at Paris there is preserved this notice of their valiant attack: "They were so impetuous, as we were subsequently told by a sergeant who had deserted to the enemy, and two Canadians, their prisoners, that the English were obliged to fight, retreating more than 200 paces from the place of combat be-



SIGNATURES TO THE KAUKAUNA DEED, 1793.

(The entire site whereon Kaukauna has been built was deeded in 1793 to Dominick Ducharme for two barrels of rum, well mixed. The curious deed, written in French, is on file in the records of Brown County. This is an extract from the document: "The said vendors are contented and satisfied for two barrels of rum. In faith of which they have made their marks, the old Wabisipine being blind, the witnesses have made his mark for him." The sons of the blind Wabisipine (Eagle) later claimed the land, but were "contented and satisfied" to quitclaim their ownership for sundry barrels of rum, mixed "a mes sines." Their signatures are appended to the deed as follows: The Eagle, Black Tobacco, The Drinker, The Beaver, etc.)

fore they could rally. The alarm was communicated even to the main camp, to which Gen. Wolfe had returned. The savages, seeing themselves almost entirely surrounded, effected a retreat after having killed or wounded more than 150 men, losing only two or three of their own number. They met at the ford of the river Montmorenci, the detachment coming to their support, which M. de Levis had been unwilling to take the responsibility of sending until he had received an order of M. de Vaudreuil."

On the plains of Abraham, on the fatal day when Wolfe died in the flush of victory and Montcalm in the shadow of defeat, Langlade fought fiercely for the French cause. His two brothers fell by his side. It is related of Langlade that "he seemed to delight to

be in the midst of the din of arms and the yells of the combatants. A succession of rapid discharges having heated his gun to such a degree that he could not use it again for a few minutes, he drew his pipe from his pocket, filled it with tobacco, struck fire with the aid of his tinder box, then lighted it, appearing so calm amidst the cannonade and the whistling of bullets as if he had been tranquilly seated by the fire in bivouac."

When Quebec surrendered, Langlade returned to his home at the outlet of Lake Michigan. Some time after British garrisons marched to the outposts of France and occupied them. French rule was at an end, and the Langlades entered the employ of the new rulers. When Pontiac was spreading sedition among the Western Indians, Langlade endeavored to warn Capt. Etherington of the threatened massacre, but the Englishman paid no attention to the warning. It has been charged that when the massacre occurred, Langlade made no attempt to protect the unfortunate Englishmen; on the other hand, the claim is made that but for his interposition, Etherington and the few soldiers who escaped the tomahawk, would also have lost their lives. Probably, the Langlades acted as humanely as the circumstances permitted. After the war, Langlade was stationed at the head of the Indian department of Green Bay. He seems to have managed affairs with prudence and ability, and to have won the confidence of the British. A letter has been preserved written him by Capt. Arent S. de Peyster, commandant at Michilimackinac, that shows that the English wanted to retain his good will.

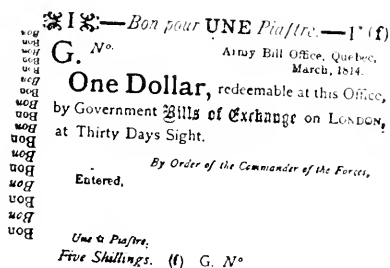
"I send you eighty pounds of tobacco," Capt. de Peyster wrote April 18, 1777, "a sack of corn—ground, in order that the gentlemen may not compel their wives to grind it—two barrels of sco-ta-wa-bo (whisky) that they may not drive you wild. Besides, I send my best respects to Madame Langlade, and beg her to accept two kegs of brandy, one barrel of salt, a small barrel of rice, and twenty pounds of tobacco, if necessary. I also send for madame a sack of one hundred and twenty-three pounds of flour, as a present. These, Monsieur, are all the gifts I am able to send you at present."

Ever loyal to his employers, Langlade sided with the British during the revolutionary war. He raised a large force of Wisconsin Indians to march against George Rogers Clark in the Illinois country, but the surrender of the British general, Hamilton, occurred before he could go to his relief. Previous to this time, he had gone to Montreal at the head of a band of Indians, and joined the invading army of Burgoyne. His fierce warriors became disgruntled in consequence of the restraints imposed by that humane general, and left for home in disgust. In 1780 Langlade headed an expedition to Prairie du Chien to take charge of a large quantity of furs stored there, which it was feared would fall into the hands of the

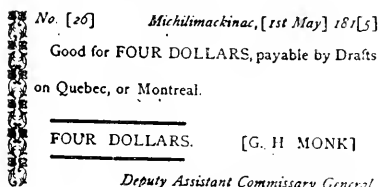
Americans under George Rogers Clark. He successfully accomplished his mission.

Langlade's old age was spent in serenity at Green Bay. He had received valuable grants of land, and he obtained an annuity of \$800 from the British government for his past services. He lived in comfort till his death occurred, in 1800, eighteen years before that of his wife. Gathering his grandchildren about him, he was wont to tell them the story of his eventful life, and of the ninety-nine battles and skirmishes wherein he had taken part. Following a Canadian custom, the people of Green Bay on each recurring first of May raised a flag pole in his honor, and emphasized the ceremony by cheers and volleys of musketry. It was a token of the affectionate reverence that the simple-hearted people of the settlement entertained for their militia commandant.

The name the Indians gave Langlade was A-ke-wau-ge-ke-tan-so, meaning He-who-is-fierce-for-the-land, their way of expressing a military conqueror.



(Facsimile of money received by Green Bay volunteers in the British service during the war of 1812. It is surmised that although the word *bon* (good) is repeated seventeen times on the bill, the money was at such discount that it was not worth while trying to redeem it.)



(Probably the earliest forms of paper currency in actual circulation in Wisconsin was that paid to the creditors of the British government in the Northwest during the war of 1812. Accompanying is a facsimile of the form issued by the commissary at Michilimackinac. The bracketed portion was written in with a pen.

FIRST PAPER MONEY CIRCULATED IN WISCONSIN.
 DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

CHAPTER VII.

ALEXANDER HENRY, THE FUR TRADER.

IN THE train of the English soldiers who marched to take possession of the Western forts, after the fall of New France, came adventurous fur traders. Under French dominion, Englishmen who had attempted to penetrate to the beaver country for barter had found the way barred by French hostility and the Indian's preference for Frenchmen. As early as 1762 an Englishman was at the site of Milwaukee; evidently he sought to drive shrewd bargains—judging from the complaint made by the Indians to the commandant at Fort Edward Augustus (Green Bay). Two years after the evacuation of that post, the exclusive trade of the Lake Superior region was procured by a young fur trader named Alexander Henry, a native of New Jersey. This young man had been at Michilimackinac when its garrison was massacred by Indians, and was saved from the tomahawk by a Pawnee girl who was a slave in the household of Charles Langlade. She hid him in the garret of the Langlade house. In the journal of Alexander Henry, a graphic picture is given of the slaughter of his countrymen, and the Langlades are represented as having shown great unconcern regarding the fate of the English. In the garret of their cabin Henry found refuge, until Langlade turned him over to the Indians—doubtless fearing for the safety of his own household should the Englishman be found beneath his roof by the savages. Henry took a different view, and in his journal bitterly denounces the act.

The travels and adventures of Alexander Henry are minutely described by him in his journal, which is one of the most interesting narratives of individual experiences descriptive of that stormy period. Henry was a keen observer, and his accounts of hunts and Indian customs are not only entertainingly told, but contain a vast amount of information.

Like all the traders of this period Henry made Michilimackinac the base of his operations. Here he bought enough goods on a year's credit to equip four canoes, and hired twelve men to convey them to his wintering ground at Chequamegon. Until long after this period (1765) there was no coin of the realm in circulation at this outpost, and peltries were the medium of exchange. Beaver was the standard, and all accounts were kept in beaver. If beaver furs were not available, otter and marten were accepted, on the basis of their proportionate value converted into beaver. The ruling Michilimackinac value of beaver was 2 shilling 6 pence per pound; otter skins, 6 shillings each; marten, 1 shilling 6 pence.

This was the sort of currency that Henry agreed to pay in exchange for his outfit, the amount being ten thousand pounds of good

and merchantable beaver. The wages of his men were payable in the same kind of currency, being reckoned at a hundred pounds weight of beaver each. Indeed, specie was so scarce that when the frontiersmen went to a cantine to procure that which inebriates if too liberally partaken of, they carried with them a marten's skin to pay the reckoning.

In purchasing provisions Henry laid in a liberal supply of Indian corn and bear's fat, for it was on this frugal fare that the boatmen of that day subsisted. Each man was allowed a bushel of corn and two pounds of fat for a month's subsistence. Such a luxury as a pinch of salt was not expected, and certainly not supplied. Henry



RAMSAY CROOKS.

From an Oil Painting in the Possession of the State Historical Society.

(One of the leading fur-traders in the Wisconsin region when the American Fur Company monopolized the trade, was Ramsay Crooks. He was a Scot, but came to America when but 16 years of age. He first visited Wisconsin in 1806. Irving, in his "Astoria," has graphically told the story of the great expedition with which Crooks was associated.)

bought fifty bushels of maize at ten pounds of beaver per bushel. He paid at the rate of a dollar per pound for the tallow or fat to mix with the corn.

Upon reaching Chequamegon Henry found the Indians, who occupied fifty lodges there, in a state of distress. The troubles between the English and the French had so interrupted their trade as to leave them in a state of destitution. They were naked and almost starving, and Henry distributed among them goods amounting in value to three thousand beaver skins. To repay him, the Indians went on a great hunt, covering a stretch of a hundred leagues in their pursuit of fur-bearing animals.

For two hundred years the curious amphibious animal which the French called the castor and the English the beaver, was Wisconsin's chief source of wealth. Alexander Henry's journal gives an interesting account of the method pursued in hunting this game in their houses under the water.

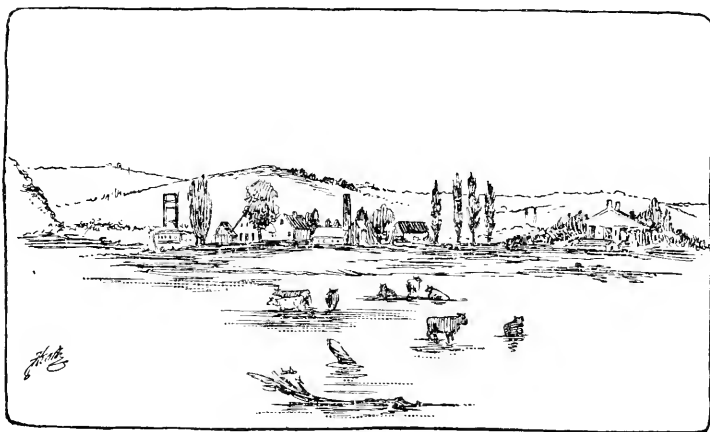
"The common way of taking the beaver," he wrote, "is that of breaking up its house, which is done with trenching tools during the winter, when the ice is strong enough to allow of approaching them; and when, also, the fur is in its most valuable state. Breaking up the house, however, is only a preparatory step. During this operation the family make their escape to one or more of their washes (holes dug under the banks as retreats in case of danger). These are to be discovered by striking the ice along the bank, and where the holes are a hollow sound is returned. After discovering and searching many of these in vain, we often found the whole family together in the same wash. I was taught occasionally to distinguish a full wash from an empty one by the breathing of the animals concealed in it. From the washes they must be taken out with the hands; and in doing this the hunter sometimes receives severe wounds from their teeth. While a hunter, I thought with the Indians that the beaver flesh was very good; but after that of the ox was within my reach I could not relish it. The tail is accounted a luxurious morsel."

It was a favorite pastime of Henry's to chase the raccoon. This is his description of the animal and its peculiarities: "It was my practice to go out in the evening with dogs to hunt this animal. The raccoon never leaves its hiding place till after sunset. As soon as a dog falls on a fresh track of the raccoon, he gives notice by a cry, and immediately pursues. This barking enables the hunter to follow. The raccoon, which travels slowly and is soon overtaken, makes for a tree, on which he remains till shot. After the falling of the snow, nothing more is necessary for taking the raccoon than to follow the track of his feet. In this season he seldom leaves his habitation; and he never lays up any food. I have found six at a time in the hollow of one tree, lying upon each other and nearly in a torpid state. In more than one instance I have ascertained that they have lived six weeks without food. The mouse is their principal prey. Raccoon hunting was my more particular and daily employ. I usually went out at the first dawn of day and seldom returned till sunset, or till I had laden myself with as many animals as I could carry. By degrees I became familiarized with this kind of life; and had it not been for the idea of which I could not divest my mind, that I was living among savages, and for the whispers of a lingering hope that I should one day be released from it—or if I could have forgotten that I had ever been otherwise than I then was—I could have enjoyed as much happiness in this, as in any other situation."

When the Indians returned from their hunt, they brought him quantities of furs, but demanded rum. Henry refused to give them any, whereupon they threatened to pillage his cabin. Henry's men fled, but he seized a gun and declared he would shoot the first Indian who made a hostile move or seized anything in the hut. After a while the tumult subsided, the Indians left and Henry's cowardly retainers came back shame-facedly. Henry decided to take no more chances, and buried all the rum he possessed. After that the Indians made no more trouble, but brought Henry their peltries and paid their debts. He joined them in their making of maple sugar in March, participated in their bear hunts and witnessed their strange ceremonials. When they went on the warpath against their Sioux enemies, Henry concluded to leave. He had accumulated 150 packs of beaver, weighing 15,000 pounds, and twenty-five packs of otter and marten skins. Fifty canoes of Indians, carrying a hundred packs of beaver that Henry was unable to purchase, accompanied him when he embarked for Michilimackinac.

This was the last time that Alexander Henry made Wisconsin his headquarters, although he continued in the fur trade for many years. He died at Montreal in 1824, aged 84 years.

One of the most readable stories of the Northwest is Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "White Islander." Alexander Henry is the hero of this tale, his adventures at Michilimackinac being the thread on which the incidents of the story are strung. The novelist pictures with graphic fidelity the stirring life in the woods and on the waters in this region a century and a quarter ago.



PRAIRIE DU CHIEN—1835—THE ROLETTE HOME ON RIVER SHORE.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN CARVER, THE TRAVELER.

ONE of the first English travelers to explore the Wisconsin region—and probably the most famous—was Jonathan Carver. Some of his descendants live in Wisconsin to-day. Carver never made Wisconsin his home, but by virtue of a gift from Indians he claimed ownership of a large tract of land in the western part of the state and on the other side of the Mississippi river. He spent three years in traveling about this region and wrote a book that had a phenomenal sale in the old country. How eager people were to learn something about this then unknown country may be gathered from the fact that twenty-three editions of the book came from the press in rapid succession, and translations appeared in French, Dutch and German. Written in a bright, breezy fashion, and at the same time containing a great deal of information, it became the most popular book of travel of the day. The German poet, Friedrich Schiller, was inspired to write his poem "Nadowessie Chief's Death Song" by Carver's vivid description of Indian customs.

Carver came to Wisconsin in the year 1766, but his book was not published till twelve years later. This was its title:

THREE YEARS' TRAVELS THROUGH THE INTERIOR PARTS OF NORTH AMERICA, for More than Five Thousand Miles; Containing an Account of the Great Lakes and All the Lakes, Islands and Rivers, Cataracts, Mountains, Minerals, Soil and Vegetable Productions of the Northwest Regions of That Vast Continent; With a Description of the Birds, Beasts, Reptiles, Insects and Fishes Peculiar to the Country. Together With a Concise History of the Genius, Manners and Customs of the Indians Inhabiting the Lands That Lie Adjacent to the Heads and to the Westward of the Great River Mississippi; and an Appendix Describing the Uncultivated Parts of America That Are Most Proper for Forming Settlements. By Captain Jonathan Carver of the Provincial Troops in America.

It was an ambitious enterprise that this Connecticut soldier had in view when he began his 5,000 mile journey. Believing that the French had published inaccurate maps and likewise false accounts relative to the interior of the continent in order to deceive the English, it was his purpose to journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, make a correct map and tell the truth about the great interior country. He was peculiarly fitted for his task by early training along the Indian frontier of New England. In the bloody massacre at Fort William Henry he narrowly escaped the scalping knife. Two savages had seized him, when an English officer clad in scarlet velvet breeches opportunely hove in sight, and they left him to secure the larger prey. He dashed into the woods and spent three miserable days and nights without food and without shelter before he reached the walls of Fort Edward.

Fitting himself out as a trader Capt. Carver reached the abandoned and tumble-down fort that had borne the high-sounding title of Fort Edward Augustus (Green Bay) in September, 1766. A few families of easy-going French were living here, and he tarried only long enough to observe the surroundings and jot down a few notes about the vegetation and the soil. A few days later, ascending the Fox river, he reached the great town of the Winnebagoes on a small island at the entrance of the lake of that name. An Indian queen who was called Glory of the Morning ruled this village, and Capt. Carver enjoyed her hospitality for several days. He says that the queen "received me with great civility and entertained me in a very distinguished manner during the four days I continued with her."

Despite her attractive name, the queen was not marvelously beautiful. "She was a very ancient woman, small in stature and not much distinguished by her dress from several young women that attended her," is the way Capt. Carver described her, and he added: "Her attendants seemed greatly pleased whenever I showed any tokens of respect for their queen, particularly when I saluted her, which I frequently did to acquire her favor. On these occasions the good lady endeavored to assume a juvenile gaiety, and by her smiles showed she was equally pleased with the attention I paid her."

In departing from the village of Glory of the Morning Captain Carver made the queen a number of suitable presents, and received her blessing in return. He then proceeded along the Fox to the portage and thence down the Wisconsin river, or Ouisconsin as he spelled it. The great fields of wild rice that almost choked the former stream, and the myriads of wild fowl that fed on the succulent grain, attracted his attention.

"This river is the greatest resort of wild fowl of every kind that I met with in the whole course of my travels," he wrote. "Frequently the sun would be obscured by them for some minutes together. Deer and bear are very numerous in these parts."

From the time he left Green Bay till his canoe was beached at Prairie du Chien, Captain Carver had seen no trace of white men. Well built Indian towns greeted his view as he floated down the Wisconsin, but at Prairie du Chien he found the most notable town.

"It is a large town and contains about 300 families," he wrote. "The houses are well built after the Indian manner and pleasantly situated on a very rich soil, from which they raised every necessary of life in great abundance. I saw many horses here of a good size and shape. This town is the great mart where all the adjacent tribes, and even those who inhabit the most remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them the furs to dispose of to the traders. But it is not always that they conclude their sale here; this is determined by a general council of the chiefs, who consult whether it would be more condu-

cive to their interest to sell their goods at this place or carry them on to Louisiana or Michilimackinac."

It has been claimed for Carver that he was the first traveler who made known to the people of Europe the existence of the ancient mounds found in the Mississippi valley and long believed to have been the work of an extinct people. This is his description of what he conceived to be an ancient fortification, but since assumed to have been an elevation to keep the wigwams of the builders above the annual overflow of Lake Pepin:



CAPT. JONATHAN CARVER.

(From Photographic Copy of Portrait in Third London Edition, Carver's Travels.)

"One day, having landed on the shore of the Mississippi, some miles below Lake Pepin, whilst my attendants were preparing their dinner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent country. I had not proceeded far before I came to a fine, level, open plain, on which I perceived at a little distance a partial elevation that had the appearance of an entrenchment. On a nearer inspection, I had greater reason to suppose that it had really been intended for this many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it was now covered with grass, I could plainly discern that it had once been a breastwork of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capacious to cover five thousand men. Its form was somewhat circular, and its flank reached to the river. Though much defaced by

time, every angle was distinguishable, and appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much military skill, as if planned by Vauban himself. The ditch was not visible, but I thought, on examining more curiously, that I could perceive there certainly had been one. From its situation also I am convinced that it must have been designed for this purpose. It fronted the country, and the rear was covered by the river; nor was there any rising ground for a considerable way, that commanded it. A few straggling oaks were alone to be seen near it. In many places small tracts were worn across it by the feet of elks and deer, and from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered I was able to draw certain conclusions of its great antiquity."

Carver spent the winter among the Sioux and explored Minnesota to a considerable extent. They told him much about the country to the west—of a great river that emptied into the Pacific; of the "Shining Mountains," within whose bowels could be found precious metals, and much else that was new and wonderful. In their great council cave, they gave to him and to his descendants forever a great tract of land about 14,000 square miles in area, embracing the whole of the Northwestern part of Wisconsin and part of Minnesota. At least this gift was afterwards made the basis for the famous Carver claim. The United States congress after long investigation and consideration rejected the claim. Despite this action many persons were duped into purchasing land on the strength of Carver's Indian deed. In some of the counties of Wisconsin there are still on file some of the worthless conveyances made out on this shadowy title.

After spending some time in the Lake Superior region, Carver returned to Michilimackinac. In his little birch bark canoe he had made a journey of nearly one thousand two hundred miles. He returned to Boston in the autumn of 1768 and proceeded thence to England. There ill luck pursued him. His great colonization schemes collapsed as fast as he planned them. In the great city of London this noted traveler died of starvation.

CHAPTER IX.

DURING THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE.

ONLY the outer ripples of the Revolutionary war reached the borders of Wisconsin. The patriot struggle in the tidewater colonies had been in progress two years before news of it reached the few inhabitants of the scattered hamlets west of Lake Michigan. Indeed, it is doubtful whether they would have known of it even then, or cared much about it if they had, but for the efforts of the British general at Detroit to stir up the Wisconsin Indians against the American "Long Knives," as the Kentuckians were called. Gen. Hamilton was known as the "hair-buyer general" because he was reported to have offered a bounty for every American scalp taken during the conflict. When his emissaries made their tempting offer to the Indians villaged along the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, they found no difficulty in persuading some of the latter to join the standard of the English king. They were as ready to take the scalps of the American frontiersmen as twenty years before they had been to tomahawk the very men who were now enlisting their services.

Chief among the men who entered into the plans of the British was Charles Gautier, a son of Charles Langlade's sister. Like his famous uncle, Gautier was a dashing son of the woods, who knew no fear and loved adventure for adventure's sake. The British gave him a captain's commission during the Revolutionary war. He spoke the language of all the Northwestern tribes fluently, and he went with war belts from village to village along the Fox and Wisconsin. At Milwaukee he experienced some difficulty in persuading the renegade Indians who made this village their headquarters to take up the tomahawk.

So obstinate were they that Langlade concluded to make the attempt in person. A grand council was held at Milwaukee (then known as Milwacky) and the redoubtable leader used all the eloquence at his command without avail. He then decided to resort to an expedient which he believed would appeal to the Indian temperament better than any argument. Joseph Tasse's memoir of Langlade thus describes the episode whereby Langlade overcame Indian obstinacy:

"He erected a lodge in the midst of the Indian village, with a door at each end; he then had several dogs killed, preparatory to the dog feast, and placed the heart of one of these animals on a stick at each opening. This done, he invited the savages to the dog feast, of which they are very fond. Afterwards he chanted a war song, and passing around the lodge from one door to the other, tasted at each a piece of the dog's heart. This signified that if

brave hearts beat in bosoms of the Indians, they would follow his example and accompany him to war. It was an ancient custom, and they recognized the force of Langlade's appeal; so one after another they chanted the old war song and directed their steps in large numbers to l'Arbre Croche."

The efforts of Langlade and Gautier to send the Wisconsin Indians on the war path against the handful of men under the gallant Virginian, George Rogers Clark, had but meager results. The Indians whom they gathered for the expedition embarked in canoes, but when they reached St. Joseph they learned that Gen. Hamilton had been captured at Fort Vincennes by Clark's Virginians and Kentuckians. They returned home in disgust without a single scalp.

In the Canadian archives at Ottawa are copies of correspondence preserved in the British Museum at London that contain much information with reference to these episodes in Wisconsin history. Among the letters are some that Gautier wrote to the British officials detailing his experience in sending the Wisconsin Indians on the war path against the American frontiersmen. This son of the forest was readier with tomahawk and knife than with the pen, and his letters are somewhat obscure in meaning as well as uncertain in orthography. He gives minute particulars of the means he employed to inflame the Indians. This is a speech he made at one of their councils:

"My brothers, I announce to you on the part of your fathers that if you do not hasten to see him this year, you will make him think that you are not his children and he will be angry.

"He has a long arm and very large hands.

"He is good, he has a good heart when his children heed him.

"He is bad, *hê* is terrible, he sits in judgment on all the Indians and French."

Though none of the incidents of the George Rogers Clark expedition occurred on Wisconsin soil, they played a large part in determining Wisconsin's future. As a result of this expedition, Wisconsin is to-day under the stars and stripes instead of the banner of St. George. When the Revolutionary war began all the Western forts were garrisoned by British soldiers. Clark formed the daring plan of capturing them by surprise, and succeeded in enlisting the coöperation of Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia. With a small force of frontiersmen, 153 men in all, he marched into the Illinois country, captured Kaskaskia and Cahokia without firing a shot and then secured possession of Vincennes. His force was so small that he could spare but two men to hold the latter post. Gen. Hamilton marched from Detroit to recapture it, with his British soldiers and an Indian rabble partly recruited from Wisconsin. Not knowing how numerous—or, rather, how few—the Americans were, Gen. Hamilton besieged the fort with his force of thirty regulars, fifty volunteers and 400 Indians, and demanded its surrender. The two

plucky Americans sent back the defiant answer that they would surrender if permitted to march out with the honors of war, otherwise they would defy the British to take the fort. Gen. Hamilton accepted the proposal and was astonished beyond measure when the entire garrison of two men marched out of the fort.

George Rogers Clark, when he learned that the British had recaptured Vincennes, determined on another bold stroke. The march of his handful of Long Knives, without provisions and with little ammunition, through an inundated stretch miles in extent, where they had to wade sometimes up to their necks in water, in weather so cold that their clothes froze as solid as coats of mail, is one of the most heroic episodes in the annals of American history. Clark had with him less than 200 men to undertake the capture of a well provisioned and equipped fort, supplied with artillery and defended by 500 soldiers and Indian warriors. Their march across the country, a distance of 175 miles, was attended with such hardships that it seemed as if human endurance could not meet the test. Clark detailed twenty-five picked men to shoot down those who would refuse to march. He also inspired the men by various expedients, such as having them join in singing patriotic songs. A journal of the journey has been preserved, from which a few extracts taken at random will indicate the nature of their laborious march through the inundated district:

"Rain all this day—no provisions."

"One of the men killed a deer, which was brought into camp. Very acceptable."

"Marched on in the waters. Heard the evening and morning guns from the fort. No provisions yet. Lord help us!"

"Plunged into the waters sometimes to the neck, for more than one league, when we stopped on the next hill of the same name (Momib), there being no dry land on any side for many leagues."

"Many of the men much cast down, particularly the volunteers. No provisions of any sort, now two days. Hard fortune!"

"Camp very quiet, but hungry—some almost in despair."

A story has been preserved by the members of Clark's family that well illustrates his fertility of resource when occasion demanded. The men had halted where the land was comparatively dry; they were hungry, cold and tired and they hesitated to plunge into the chill water. Among them was a sergeant whose six feet two inches of height contrasted strikingly with that of a diminutive drummer boy who had accompanied the men from Kaskaskia. Both were great favorites with the men. Knowing this, Clark "mounted the little drummer on the shoulders of the stalwart sergeant and gave orders to him to advance into the half frozen water. He did so, the little drummer beating the charge from his lofty perch, while Clark, with sword in hand followed them, giving the command forward march! as he threw aside the floating ice. Elated and amused with the scene, the men promptly obeyed, holding their

rifles above their heads and, in spite of all obstacles, reached the high land beyond them safely."

The narrative of the final capture of the fort and the unconditional surrender of Gen. Hamilton is a stirring chapter—Clark's strategem of marching and countermarching his men around hills several times so as to give an exaggerated idea of the size of his command; his night attack on the fort; the flag of truce, and the order of Clark that Hamilton surrender or "depend on such treatment as is justly due a murderer"; finally the unconditional surrender of the garrison.



THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY AND THE BIG SERGEANT.

(An Episode of the George Rogers Clark Campaign. Reproduced from English's "Conquest of the Northwest.")

Thus was conquered the Northwest. When the treaty of peace was signed that insured independence to the American colonies, Great Britain did not want to yield that part of North America now comprising Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio, but the shrewd diplomacy of Benjamin Franklin, John Jay and John Adams—the American commissioners—in demonstrating that Clark's conquest had placed their country in military possession of the region, prevailed, and Great Britain had to yield its claim.

The notable exploit of George Rogers Clark created consternation even in the remote forests of Wisconsin. At Prairie du Chien

a great quantity of fur had been stored in the old French fort. It was feared that the Big Knives had intentions of making a raid on these valuable stores. Langlade, who represented British interests at Green Bay, engaged to guard them. In the summer of 1780 he was joined by an English trader from Michilimackinac, named John Long, who was accompanied by twenty Canadians and a large force of Indians. Long has left a journal narrating the incidents of his trip.

"We arrived at Prairie du Chien," he wrote, "where we found the merchants' peltry, in packs, in a long house, guarded by Captain Langlade and some Indians, who were rejoiced to see us. After resting some time, we took out about 300 packs of the best skins and filled the canoes. Sixty more, which remained, we burned to prevent the enemy from taking them, having ourselves no room to stow any more, and proceeded on our journey back to Michilimackinac. About five days after our departure, we were informed that the Americans came to attack us, but to their extreme mortification we were out of their reach."

Although not so stated by Long in his narrative, local tradition has it that the sixty packs of furs which he could not take along in his nine birch bark canoes were destroyed by setting fire to the old French fort wherein they had been stored.

The year before the destruction of the old French fort at Prairie du Chien Gautier led a company of Wisconsin Indians against a trading post in Illinois called Le Pe, located where the city of Peoria has since been built. The British commander at Michilimackinac feared that the Long Knives of George Rogers Clark would take and fortify this station, and at his instance Gautier led his warriors on a raid. The Indians applied the torch and then made their way back to Wisconsin without further attempts at molesting the Americans.

Another band of Indians from several Wisconsin tribes—Chippewas, Sacs, Foxes, Menomonees and Winnebagoes—was led by a trio of French traders on a raid down the Mississippi river. Spain had declared war against Great Britain (1780) and these Indians were sent to attack some of the Spanish settlements on the west side of the river. Although the party numbered several hundred, nothing was accomplished beyond capturing an American boat filled with provisions and scalping a few settlers in the neighborhood of St. Louis.

During the period of the Revolutionary war, the British had a number of vessels plying on the great lakes. One of them was actively engaged in cruising part of the time along the Wisconsin side of Lake Michigan, as appears from the log of her captain. This collection of papers is now in the British Museum, labeled "Remarks on Board Her Majesty's Sloop Felicity by Samuel Roberts on Piloting Her on Lake Michigan." Like most mariners of his day, Cap-

tain Roberts was not an expert speller, but he faithfully jotted down the events of each day as best he could. His mission seems to have been dual—to trade for corn and to strengthen the allegiance of the natives to the British cause. One entry in his log, showing that there was at that time a trader named Morong (probably incorrect spelling) at Milwaukee reads thus, in part:

"Remarks on Thursday, 4 Nov., 1779—At 2 this afternoon Mr. Gautly returned with 3 indeans and a french man who lives at Millwakey, nam'd Morong nephew to Monsier St. Pier; Mr. Gautley gives them a present of 3 bottles of Rum & half carrot of tobacco, and also told them the manner governor Sinclair could wish them to Behave, at which they seemed weall satisfeyed, he also give instruc-



LANGLADE'S WISCONSIN INDIANS AFTER BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

AFTER A SKETCH IN BLACK'S "OHIO."

(The painted warriors whom Langlade had recruited in Wisconsin and Michigan secured hundreds of scalps to carry back to their lodges, after the half of Braddock's army had been mowed down by their ambuscade. The corpses were despoiled, and the Indians "ironically decked themselves out in grenadier caps, laced coats and epaulettes.")

tions to Monsieur St. Pier to deliver some strings of Wampum and a little Keg of rum to the following & a carrot of Tobacco in governor Sinclairs name; likewise the manour how to behave; he also gave another small Kegg with some strings of Wampum with a carrot of Tobaco to Deliver the indeans at Millwakey which is a mixed Tribe of different nations."

The day before this liberal presentation of rum and tobacco, Captain Roberts made this entry in the sloop's log: "We sett the main sail & stood in shoar we just fetched in to Millwakey Bay; at 8 A. M. a very strong gale; we cam too in 4 fathoms watter; hoist out the Boat; sent Mr. Guntley & 4 hands on shoer with difficulty. Nothing more this 24 hours."

CHAPTER X.

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE NORTHWEST.

Much difficulty was experienced by the American commissioners in securing recognition of their claim to the Northwest, at the close of the Revolutionary war. The boundaries proposed by the court of France in 1782 would have given Wisconsin, as well as the rest of the territory north of the Ohio, to the English. One northern boundary that the American representatives would have been willing to compromise on would have given to the English one-half the present states of Wisconsin and Michigan. Geographical knowledge of this region was then very meager, and little was known of its resources. It was fortunate that the British ministers declined this proposition and chose instead the water boundary that now divides Canada from the United States.

Following the definitive treaty that gave the Northwest to the United States there resulted a scramble among the original colonies for the possession of this imperial domain. Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York claimed it in whole or in part, on the strength of royal charters. In the case of Virginia, the conquest of George Rogers Clark was used as an argument to fortify the claim. Finally, all the claimants ceded their real or alleged claims to the government, and the Northwest Territory was created by act of congress.

Next to the declaration of independence, the Ordinance of 1787 is the most important document connected with the history of the United States. This organic act for the government of the Northwest contained the germs of that which is purest and best and most beneficent in national legislation. Wisconsin was destined not to experience the full measure of this legislation until well along in the following century, but the salient features of the Ordinance of 1787 are the essence to-day of what is strongest in its government. Many of the provisions contained in this remarkable document were then novel, and it is the greater evidence of broad statesmanship that their incorporation in the act was secured despite the narrow prejudices of the times. Thomas Jefferson, Manassah Cutler and Nathan Dane had potent influence in the framing of the document. Some of the provisions were these:

Public Schools—"Schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

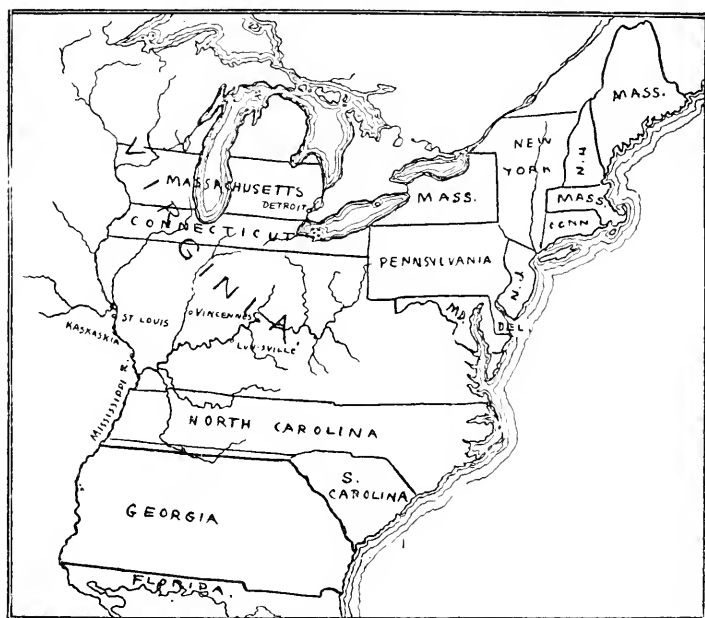
Freedom—"There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory."

Union Forever—"The said territory and the states which may be formed therein shall forever remain a part of this confederacy of the United States of America."

It was also provided that good faith should be observed toward the Indians; that no person should be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments, and the ordinance also guaranteed to the inhabitants the writ of habeas corpus, trial by jury, proportional representation in the legislature, and the privileges of the common law.

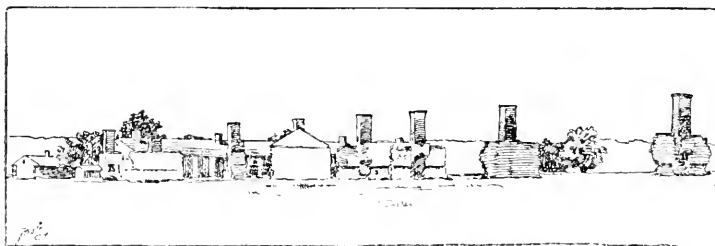
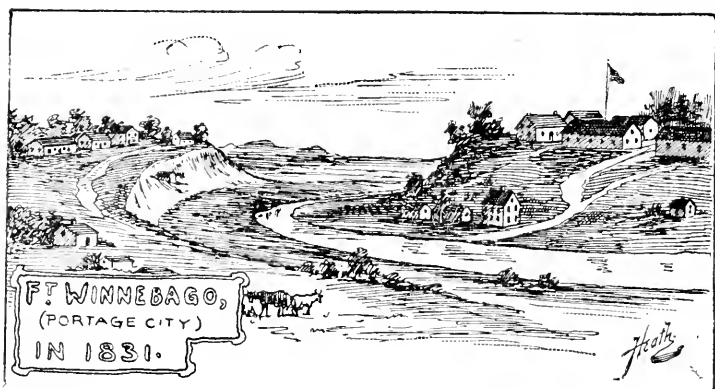
This was the basic law for the Northwest Territory—an area destined to become the very heart of the nation. Three thousand miles of navigable waters give form to this great region, and within the great lakes is stored “nearly one-half of the fresh water of the globe.”

In the carving of five great states out of this public domain of 266,000 square miles there is material for a chapter in which Wisconsin figures prominently.

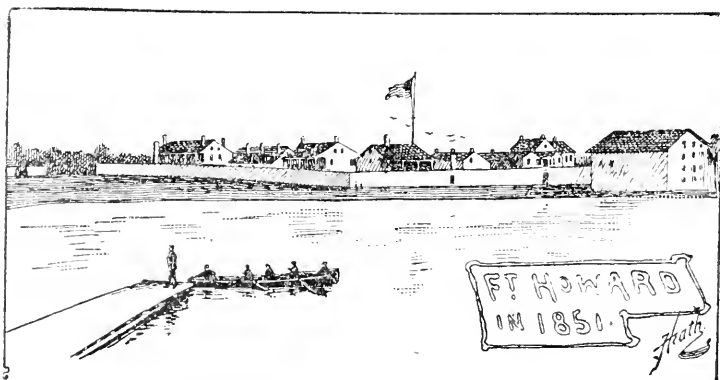


THE ATTEMPT TO CARVE THE NORTHWEST.

Map Showing the Claims on Wisconsin and Other Northwestern Territory Made by Some of the Original Colonies.



RUINS OF HISTORIC FORT CRAWFORD.
From a Photograph.



PART IV.

PIONEER DAYS IN THE TERRITORY.



GOV. HENRY DODGE AS HE APPEARED IN 1836.
From an Oil Painting by Bowman.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST SETTLEMENTS.

IN ALL Wisconsin, previous to the year 1800, there were not to exceed 200 white persons; but years before there had been planted the germs whence have sprung some of her cities. What constitutes the beginning of a permanent settlement is perhaps difficult of definition; controversies as to who were the first permanent settlers of certain towns prove that disagreements may arise relative to this proposition, with arguments to fortify the contention of either disputant. It is so with many cities that have developed in Wisconsin. Assuming, however, that the term permanent settler may be applied to the pioneers who made their habitations in certain localities with no known intention of removing thence, the first permanent settlements of Wisconsin may be enumerated as follows, the list embracing all in existence previous to the ushering in of the nineteenth century:

Green Bay—Augustin Langlade and his son Charles, with their families, 1764.

Prairie du Chien—Bazil Giard, Augustin Ange and Pierre Antaya, 1781.

Milwaukee—Jean Baptiste Mirandean, 1789; Jacques Vieau, 1795.

Portage—Laurent Barth, 1793; Jean Ecuyer, 1798.

Kaukauna—Dominick Ducharme, 1790.

Though not the first persons to erect habitations at these three places they were the first whose purpose was to remain. Traders had made these important stations their transient abode years before, but with the migratory instincts of their kind, had tarried but a brief period. Elsewhere, too, commercial rovers had erected a rude shelter, but they left before any vestige of permanency had attached to the spots chosen for their barter stations. They cannot therefore be counted among the first settlers of Wisconsin. Even their names are now forgotten. A Frenchman had established a trading post where Sheboygan now is, about 1779, or possibly earlier. At La Pointe there had been a succession of forest merchants, among them such famous travelers as Pierre Radisson (1658); Alexander Henry (1765); Michael Cadotte (1800). The huts of none of these men became the nucleus of a permanent settlement.

Oldest of Wisconsin's settlements, Green Bay, has a history dating back more than two centuries and a half. For a hundred and fifty years, the history of Green Bay may be said to have been the

history of Wisconsin. Years before the Langlades concluded to make this gateway their home, these famous French partisans had frequently propelled their birch-bark canoes between this place and Michilimackinac. It is difficult to determine just when they concluded to establish themselves here permanently; the year 1764 is probably the correct date. The village grew but slowly; by the year 1785 there were but seven families here, comprising fifty-six persons, and this number included their Pawnee slaves. It appears that these slaves were treated rather as servants than in the degraded sense that the term slave would imply.

A record of the first enumeration of the inhabitants of Green Bay has been preserved. The seven families included Charles Langlade, his wife, two Pawnee slaves and three domestics; one Lagral and his wife; Jean Baptiste Brunet, his wife, three children and a domestic; Amable Roy, his wife, two Pawnee slaves, a domestic and Jean Baptiste Le Duc, an old trader who lived with them; Joseph Roy, his wife, five children and a domestic; a young man named Marchand, agent of a trading company of Michilimackinac, and four domestics. The houses occupied by Langlade, Grignon, Amble Roy and Marchand were located on the east bank of the Fox, and across the river were those of Joseph Roy, Lagral and Brunet.

Nearly a quarter of a century elapsed before the census of Green Bay counted 250 persons.

It is known that Prairie du Chien was regarded as a gathering place for the Indians of many tribes long previous to the planting of a village there. Located at the mouth of the great Wisconsin river highway, which, with the Fox, constituted the much frequented route that bisected the state, it was the naturally-located mart where the tribesmen of Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin could exchange their commodities. The early traders noted its advantageous position, and, as at Green Bay, erected a fort. The first forts were all built at trading centers; they were designed less as military strongholds than as stations for the trade in peltries.

The chronicles of Prairie du Chien credit a Frenchman named Jean Marie Cardinelle and his wife with having made their home there for a time, as early as 1726. Mrs. Cardinelle survived her husband and half a dozen more later husbands, if tradition errs not. She lived to the good old age of 130 years, and was doubtless a widow oftener than any other woman who at any time made Wisconsin her home. In her old age the widow of Cardinelle grew garrulous, and loved to tell of her early experiences. She related that when she arrived at Prairie du Chien with her husband and an Indian slave (whom she subsequently married), "the buffalo were so numerous as sometimes to impede the progress of the three adventurers in their frail bark vessel, and they had to wait for the vast horde to cross the river before their canoe could pass in safety."

Dr. Brunson, a local historian of Prairie du Chien, was inclined to doubt the accuracy of the date given by the Cardinelles as the year of their arrival, and he believed that the relict of many spouses was not as ancient as she believed herself. Dr. Brunson thought that the advent of the Cardinelles could not well have taken place earlier than 1767, and possibly even some years later.

When the English traveler Carver visited Prairie du Chien in 1766, he found no white man there. At any rate his narrative mentions none. The permanent settlement of Prairie du Chien is usually reckoned from the year 1781, and land titles date from this period. During this year a trio of Frenchmen came to the confluence of the Wisconsin with the Mississippi river and began what developed into a settlement. Their names were Basil Giard, Augustin Ange and Pierre Antaya. Giard died at Prairie du Chien about 1819, at about 70 years of age, and left a large family. Antaya was also survived by a large family, most of them girls. Ange left the settlement in 1825 for the upper Mississippi.

The beginnings of Portage were humble; they resulted from the necessities of travelers who used the Fox-Wisconsin route. This was the great highway across the state. The carry across the mile and a half of marshy stretch dividing the two streams suggested to Lawrence Barth, a trapper, the idea of furnishing transportation facilities for the boats of the voyagers. A horse and a vehicle for carrying these effects enabled him to do considerable business at the portage. Three years later there came to the portage another Frenchman, with improved facilities, and became Barth's competitor. Having diplomatically married a Winnebago woman whose tribe made this spot their home, the new transportation agent, Jean Ecuyer, was able to divert most of Barth's business. He flourished for a time, and others then entered the field. The transportation of traders' boats continued to be the chief business at the portage for nearly a quarter of a century. Pierre Paquette, who made the Portage his headquarters for many years, was one of the best-known scouts and traders of the Northwest. Little is known of his early career. He first appeared at the Portage when John Jacob Astor secured control of the Southwest company and merged it with the American Fur company. Paquette's services as Indian interpreter were frequently sought. He was the official interpreter at the making of treaties at Green Bay, in 1828, at Prairie du Chien in 1825 and Rock Island in 1835. He had the confidence of the Indians in unbounded degree; to them his advice was law.

Marvelous stories are told of Paquette's remarkable feats of strength. "He was the strongest man I ever knew," Henry Merrill of Portage said of him. "He would pick up a barrel of pork as easily as another man would a ten-gallon keg. I had a cask of dry white lead at my door, with 800 pounds of lead in it, and I was told

by my clerk that he took it by the chimes and lifted it off the floor." B. L. Webb tells of this incident witnessed by him: A boat had arrived at Webb's warehouse, laden with sacks of wheat containing three bushels each. In transferring the grain to the warehouse, two men would take a sack, give it a swing and toss it to the floor, which was a little above their heads. Paquette witnessed the unloading for awhile, then stepped forward, seized a sack in each hand and tossed them to the floor without apparent exertion. Such athletic feats caused Paquette to become known as the "Modern Samson."

Long after Green Bay and Prairie du Chien had become budding villages, Milwaukee had scarcely attained to the dignity of a hamlet. Jean Baptiste Mirandeau, who is credited with having been the first man who built a house here with the intention of remaining, was a blacksmith. He lived here a quarter of a century, and was buried near the intersection of Wisconsin street and Broadway. It must be admitted that the proof of the date of his coming is not wholly satisfactory.

Jacques Vieau built a trading post of two substantial log houses on the south bank of the Menomonee river, a mile and a half from the bay. Several of his children were born here, among them Joseph, Louis, Amable, Charles, Nicholas and Peter. The latter is still living, his home being at Mukwonago. The elder Vieau became the father-in-law of Solomon Juneau, whom the old settlers of Milwaukee like to mention as Milwaukee's first settler. Juneau was Vieau's clerk, and wooed and won his employer's attractive daughter, Josette. It was as Vieau's clerk that he came to Milwaukee in 1818. He was the first land-owner here, for the others exercised squatter sovereignty merely. This fact has probably had some influence in crediting Juneau with having been Milwaukee's first permanent settler.

CHAPTER II.

VILLAGE LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE genesis of Wisconsin's villages was French. When the British were in military control, the settlements remained French. The close of the Revolutionary war did not disturb French characteristics.

The Jay treaty of 1794, which stipulated that the British should absolutely surrender the Old Northwest to the Americans, made no difference in this remote region. There was, indeed, no appreciable change till after the war of 1812. The Americans were nominally in control, but French methods still prevailed. The French were easy-going at best, and the patriarchal rule that governed their communities tended to retard growth. The habitant, as he was called, was not over-thrifty nor over-industrious; he loved amusement, and as long as he could fill his stomach comfortably was averse to work more than was absolutely necessary. The French habitant was the opposite of the Anglo-Saxon pioneer who supplanted him.

Love of social intercourse led these first settlers to build their cabins in close proximity to each other, along the river banks. As they patterned after the beaver and muskrat in locating their humble structures of logs almost in the water, they derived the sobriquet of "muskrat Frenchmen," when the Americans came among them. The conveniences of the village community life were of the most primitive nature, but the careless, easy-going people managed to live contentedly and to enjoy themselves. The caleche or pony cart served in summer and the wooden carry-all, fancifully adorned, was used in winter as a vehicle. Buffalo robes served for seats, and the pleasure drives were enjoyed despite the jogging over the rough roads in springless vehicles.

The winter was the season for gaiety and merry-making. There were parties and dances, races on the ice and other diversions. The young men and young women were resourceful in devising means for passing the long months pleasantly.

Agricultural pursuits were conducted on the rudest plan imaginable. The old French plough was made of wood, except the share. The harness was of twisted raw-hide, and in place of the yoke familiar in Yankeeland, a rope was attached to the horns of the oxen. In most of the French villages of the Northwest, a hundred years ago, there was a "common field," used by all, and this enclosure was used for the benefit of all.

"In this field, which sometimes contained several hundred acres," says a chronicle of the times, "each villager and head of a family had assigned to him a certain portion of ground for the use

of himself and family, as a field and garden. The extent of the field was proportionate to the number of persons or families in the village. The subdivisions were in due proportion to the number of members in each family. Each individual, or family, labored and reaped the product of his own allotment for his own use. If the enclosure became ruinous or was neglected contiguous to the plat of any family or individual, so as to endanger the general interest, that individual or family forfeited their claim to the use of the common field."

The use of this common garden field was regulated by a series of cast iron rules. They seemed to work satisfactorily, despite their in many respects arbitrary nature. "The season for ploughing, planting, reaping and other agricultural operations in the common field was regulated by special enactments. Even the form and manner of door yards, gardens and stable yards, and other arrangements for mutual benefit and the convenience of all, were regulated by special enactments of the little village senate. Nothing was better calculated to improve the simple and benevolent feelings of unsophisticated human nature, to maintain the blessings of peace and harmony and the prevalence of brotherly love, than the forms of life and the domestic usages which prevailed in these early villages."

Doubtless agriculture flourished little in Wisconsin a hundred years ago, because there was too much reliance upon the proceeds of the fur trade as a means of livelihood. This had as much influence as the blighting paternalistic methods governing the pursuits of husbandry.

Intricacies of court machinery had no part in the dispensing of justice—or dispensing with justice, either—at Green Bay or Prairie du Chien. A pompous old gentleman who drifted into the former community about 1792 exercised the functions of judge at the Bay. Whence Judge Charles Reaume derived his authority no one stopped to question. His rulings had all the force of a decision of the Supreme court, and the simple villagers respected them as the law expounded by the court of last resort. Judge Reaume was an original character, and numberless are the stories that have survived about his judicial eccentricities. He had never heard of Blackstone. He governed as did the wise old patriarchs of old. On one occasion two Frenchmen who had quarreled about a trivial matter came to Judge Reaume with their grievances. He heard what each had to say and with the dignity due to the solemnity of the occasion, rendered his decision:

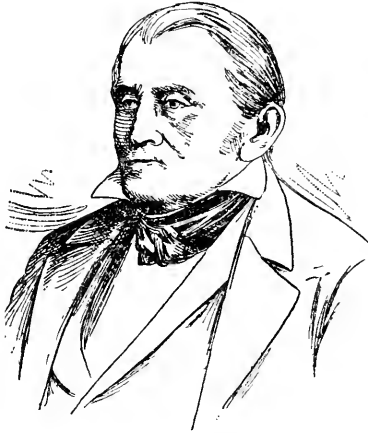
"You are both wrong," he said. "You," pointing his index finger at the plaintiff, "you bring me one load of hay; and you," as the digit wandered in the direction of the defendant, "you bring me one load of wood. The case is settled."

The man who dispensed justice at Prairie du Chien was known as Col. Boilvin, and was built after a similar pattern. It was sus-

pected, but not positively known, that he actually possessed a volume of statutes. If he did, he never referred to the book. The kind of law dispensed by the bibulously-inclined justice may be gathered from the following incident:

A man named Fry was under suspicion of having stolen a calf. Col. Boilvin determined to uphold the dignity of the law and dispatched his constable to arrest the suspect. He soon returned.

"Here, sir," said the constable. "I have brought Fry to you, as you ordered."



AUGUSTIN GRIGNON.

From an Oil Painting in the Rooms of the State Historical Society at Madison.

(Grignon was a grandson of the famous French partisan, Charles Langlade, and was a native of Green Bay. In the old fur-trading days he furnished the conveyances required by the boatmen in making the portage at the Kakalin rapids, on the Fox River. Grignon was the author of what is doubtless the most interesting and valuable of the early pioneer narratives. He dictated the recital to the late Lyman C. Draper, and it was published in Vol. 3 of the "Wisconsin Historical Collections.")

The colonel gazed sternly at the man suspected of being the offender.

"Fry, you great rascal!" quoth he. "What for you steal the calf?"

"I didn't steal the calf," retorted the accused.

"You lie, you great rascal!" shouted the justice as he shook his fist at the prisoner. "Take him to jail," as he waved his hand to indicate that the culprit was convicted beyond the shadow of a doubt. Then he turned to some boon companions who had witnessed the trial, and remarked: "Come, gentlemen, come, let us take a leetle something."

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPTURE OF PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

RUNNERS from the Ohio country came among the Wisconsin Indians when Tecumseh planned his great uprising. No difficulty was experienced in exciting them to hostility against the American Long Knives. One Menomonee chief, Tomah, refused to join the revolt. An incident is related by James Biddle, a Pennsylvanian who was in Green Bay at this time, illustrating the character of this famous Indian. According to his narrative, Tecumseh came about 1811 to a council of the Menomonees, and in an impassioned speech sought to fire his hearers with his own ardor for war. He told of the many enemies he had slain whose scalps had adorned his belt, of the battles he had fought and the prowess he had shown. When the Shawanoe chieftain had ceased, Tomah arose by the council fire. With quiet dignity he referred to the words of Tecumseh and his boast of many enemies slain by his hands; he paused, and with great dramatic effect he said in a tone of intense pride:

"But it is my boast that these hands are unsullied by human blood!"

The incident narrated may not be based on fact, but the spirit of Tomah's reply certainly actuated this well-known chief, for he was successful for a time in preventing his braves from going on the war path. British intrigue, fortified by British rum, proved more potent later, and again the Indians of Wisconsin ranged themselves on the side of the British and against the Americans. In the bloody battle at the river Raisin, the ferocity of Wisconsin Indians made that memorable massacre a name of horror along the frontier. At Tippecanoe, Wisconsin Indians shared in the defeat of the great Indian chieftain.

Some time after the war of 1812 began, it became evident to the Americans that Prairie du Chien was an important place to hold if the British allies were to be prevented from descending the Mississippi and raiding the American settlements. Accordingly a force under Lieut. James Perkins was dispatched to hold the fort. They went slowly up the river in a gunboat that had been made bullet-proof, the force comprising about a hundred and fifty men, well-equipped with ammunition and a number of cannon. Their arrival surprised the inhabitants at the Dog's Prairie, as the British called the place. British agents had made the place their headquarters and had boasted that the Big Knives would not dare venture to this post on the upper Mississippi. One Robert Dickson, a red-haired Scot who was especially zealous in heralding British supremacy, fled as the Americans approached, and carried the news to the commanding officer at Michilimackinac.

There were some American sympathizers at the Prairie who heartily welcomed Lieut. Perkins and his men. Two of them issued an address urging the inhabitants to show their friendship for the Americans. The report made by Dickson was that they had issued "two flaming Epistles to the people of the prairie, exhorting them to claim the protection of the great republic before it is too late & a great deal of other stuff."

The Americans lost no time in erecting suitable fortifications in anticipation of an attack. A commanding eminence was selected, and soon the American flag floated in Wisconsin for the first time in its history. The stockade was named Fort Shelby, in honor of Kentucky's first governor, Isaac Shelby. It was afterwards charged by the British that the Americans were guilty of gross treachery towards a party of Winnebagoes on taking possession of Prairie du Chien. According to their account seven Indians of this tribe were wantonly butchered while eating a meal set before them by their captors. Afterward they cajoled four others within a log house and shot them through the openings between the logs.

Fort Shelby was placed in good condition for defense and for additional security the gunboat was anchored in midstream just in front of the fort, the ominous iron throats of a half dozen cannon being visible from shore.

The British prepared for effective measures when Dickson, the trader, brought them word of the American occupation of Prairie du Chien. While he went among his Indian friends to raise a large force, companies of regulars and volunteers were being drilled at Michilimackinac and Green Bay for an attack on Fort Shelby. Lieut. Col. W. McKay was placed at their head. Dickson possessed unbounded influence over the Indians. He had married a sister of Red Thunder, a Dakota chief, and had on numerous occasions given the Indians great quantities of traders' supplies and provisions and thus won their friendship. The name of Red Head, as they termed him, was familiar from Lake Michigan to the headwaters of the Mississippi river. He found no difficulty in raising a large force of warriors, and wintered at Garlic island, pending the arrival of McKay's force.

With a parting British cheer, the boats containing the attacking expedition left Michilimackinac June 28, 1814, and soon reached Green Bay. The party that pulled up the Fox in bateaux comprised several companies of Canadian volunteers and one of regulars. The company of volunteers from Green Bay was made up of the following men:

Sergeant—Laurent Filey.

Corporal—Amable Grignon.

Privates—Joseph Courvalle, Labonne Dorion, Alexis Crochier, Joseph Deneau, Narcisse Delaune, Pierre Chalifou, Jean B. Latouch, Pierre L'Allement, Etienne Bantiere, Francis Freniere, Pierre Grignon, Jr., Pierre Ochu.

Joseph Rolette, a well-known trader from Prairie du Chien, and Thomas G. Anderson accompanied the expedition in command of the volunteers. At the Portage, Dickson's painted rabble of five or



LEWIS CASS.

(One of the heroic figures in the early territorial history of Wisconsin was Lewis Cass. Some of the most important Indian treaties, at Prairie du Chien, Green Bay and elsewhere, were negotiated by him. In 1820 he undertook an important expedition through Wisconsin to ascertain its resources. He was accompanied by Henry R. Schoolcraft, who wrote an interesting account of the journey and its results. The canoe trip Governor Cass made to St. Louis and back, to obtain military assistance when Wisconsin was threatened with the horrors of a general Indian outbreak, was a memorable one. He traveled 1,800 miles with great celerity, and his promptness undoubtedly prevented the war from assuming great proportions. Governor Cass, while minister to France, obtained copies of manuscripts which have done much to illuminate the history of Wisconsin and the Northwest during the French period.)

six hundred Indians joined the Michigan Fencibles and Mississippi Volunteers, as the companies were called. The Indians were much impressed with the appearance of a brass six-pounder whose mouth

yawned from the prow of one of the bateaux. A bombardier of the Royal artillery was in charge.

It was a pleasant Sunday morning at about 10 o'clock (July 17) when the red coats of the regulars, the gaudy tasseled caps of the Canadians and the paint-bedaubed savage stragglers were espied from the fort. There was great commotion, for their appearance was unexpected. The officers of the garrison were about to depart on a pleasure drive, and the villagers were engaged in their customary peaceful avocations. Some of these latter made haste to seek shelter in the fort, while others fled for the country. Having pitched camp, the British prepared for sterner business. Capt. Thomas Anderson advanced toward the blockhouses, waving a flag of truce. He stopped in front of the strong oaken pickets, ten feet high, which enclosed the fort, and delivered the following message from Lieut.-Col. McKay, addressed to Lieut. Perkins:

"Sir—An hour after the receipt of this, surrender to His Majesty's forces unconditionally, otherwise I order you to defend yourself to the last man. The humanity of a British officer obliges me (in case you should be obstinate) to request you will send out of the way your women and children."

The American commander was equal to the occasion. Without hesitation he sent back this curt reply:

"Sir—I received your polite note and prefer the latter, and am determined to defend to the last man."

The defiant answer was the signal for the commencement of hostilities. The brass six pounder was trained on the American gunboat in the river, while the Indians and the Michigan Fencibles opened a brisk fire on the fort. Sheltered by the buildings of the village, the savages were able to annoy the garrison considerably, their shots cutting down the flag and wounding a couple of the men with bullets that sped through the port-holes. The firing from the fort did little damage.

On the second day the bombardier again played his shot against the side of the gunboat. The garrison within the fort were filled with consternation when they observed the gunboat's cables were cut and that the boat was rapidly drifting away. It finally disappeared behind an island, with a flotilla of canoes filled with Indians in hot pursuit. The pursuers were joined by some of the Canadians and gave chase till the gunboat reached Rock Island, where reinforcements were met. The Americans, overestimating the force of the British, returned down stream and left Prairie du Chien and its garrison to take care of themselves.

Had Lieut. Perkins realized in what straits the British were for ammunition, the desertion of the men on the gunboat would doubtless not have discouraged him. The personal narrative of Capt. Anderson portrays the situation on the third day:

"Our cannon shot were nearly all gone. So I got a quantity of lead from the village and with a couple of brick made a mould and cast a number of three-pound leaden balls. Meanwhile the Indians were bringing in balls which the Americans had by their short shots scattered about the prairie without effect. Our stores of provisions were getting low, our ammunition exhausted."

Reduced to this strait, the British commander decided to send red-hot shot into the fort with a view of setting it on fire. The gun was mounted within a hundred and fifty feet of the oaken pickets, and the balls were heated in readiness to throw into the fort. At this juncture a white flag was displayed by the Americans, and the following message came:

"Sir—I am willing to surrender the garrison provided you will save and protect the officers and men, and prevent the Indians from ill-treating them."

Lieut.-Col. McKay feared that if he accepted unconditional surrender his Indian allies would massacre the entire garrison. They had chafed over the delay and were eager to take scalps. Prompted by motives of humanity he sent back word that he would prefer to have the Americans remain in the fort till 8 o'clock the next morning, when he would allow them to march out with the honors of war. Despite the vehement protests of the Indian allies, the humane Briton gave back to the Americans their weapons and a supply of ammunition, and permitted them to depart for St. Louis. The savages looted the houses in the village, but secured no scalps. The casualties on both sides, as shown by the reports of Col. McKay, were ludicrously few considering the amount of bullets and powder that had been consumed. None of the British were killed, and but few of their red allies were wounded. In the attack on the gunboat five Americans lost their lives and ten were wounded. Three soldiers within the fort were hit by bullets, but there were no fatalities.

Col. McKay did not remain long at the fort. He rechristened it Fort McKay in honor of himself, and a month later made his way back to Michilimackinac, leaving Capt. Anderson in command. Not long after Capt. A. H. Bulger, of the Royal Newfoundland regiment, was sent to take command. Capt. Bulger fared but ill. The Indians were clamoring for supplies, for the war had engaged their time to such an extent that they had raised no corn for food, and they were without ammunition for the chase. Starvation threatened them.

"A vast concourse of Indians of different tribes were assembled at this place when I arrived, and it was really a most distressing sight; men, women and children naked and in a state of starvation," Capt. Bulger wrote to headquarters. "Many of them had been from home all the summer fighting for us, and now, on the

approach of winter, to see them suffering all the horrors of want, without the power to relieve them, was distressing in the extreme."

Despite Capt. Bulger's urgent demand for provisions and gun-powder, these supplies came but grudgingly and in insufficient quantities, and the Indians grew daily more numerous and more clamorous.

Other troubles beset Capt. Bulger. The erratic trader Dickson grew restless under the strict discipline enforced by the captain, and found means to annoy him in numerous ways.

On the last day of the year (1814), a mutiny broke out among the Michigan Fencibles. Capt. Bulger had gone to Ft. McKay suffering from a wound in the breast, and the arduous trip in an open boat had greatly impaired his health. He had therefore delegated the drilling of men to subordinates. The Fencibles grew exceedingly disorderly, and when on parade took turns in laughing and swearing at the sergeant major. Capt. Bulger gave orders to confine the next man guilty of talking or laughing under arms.

Soon matters came to a crisis. One of the Fencibles paid no attention to commands and when he was about to be taken to the guard house, resisted. His companions came to the rescue, and took the offender to the barrack room.

"Who will dare come and take him?" they cried, and with drawn bayonets and knives stationed themselves at the door of the barrack room and swore to kill the first man making the attempt.

Capt. Bulger acted with great promptness and decision. The long roll beat for the garrison to fall in, and the captain declared martial law and summoned a drum-head court-martial. The offender was found guilty and sentenced to be tied to a gun and flogged. Other leaders of the mutiny were confined in a cell on bread and water. A garrison court-martial was assembled to try two men of the guard who had refused to arrest the culprit when ordered. The sentence of 300 lashes each was reduced by Capt. Bulger to half the number, the punishment being inflicted in presence of all the troops and militia. To guard against desertion, Capt. Bulger directed the Indians to bring in the head of the first man attempting to leave.

Rumors of an expedition to recapture Fort McKay came from below, and as the garrison lacked both provisions and gun-powder, Capt. Bulger determined to go to Green Bay after some. The following proclamation which he issued to the traders and inhabitants of the settlement would indicate that the creole population were strongly inclined to mix commercial thrift with patriotism.

"To the Traders and Inhabitants of the Settlement of Green Bay:

"You have now an opportunity of testifying to the world whether you are sincere in your professions of loyalty and attachment to

his Majesty's government. I understand that there is still a considerable quantity of wheat, as well as ammunition, in this place, and I have heard that some of you intend to hoard up those articles in hopes of obtaining an exorbitant price for them. This is ungenerous, ungrateful to that government which protects you. . . . I do not like your charging 5 and 6 dollars a pound for your powder, it does not look well. Such an exorbitant demand will stagger the confidence of government, and will make it be believed that you wish to impose and extort. I know that the powder did not cost you more than 2 dollars and a half at Mackinac and you ought to be satisfied to receive 4 dollars a pound for it," etc.

By dint of persuasion and threats Capt. Bulger secured some supplies and returned to Fort McKay. News of the treaty of peace did not reach the garrison until May, 1815, although the articles had been signed at Ghent five months before (Dec. 24, 1814.) Five weeks before the intelligence reached him, Capt. Bulger was busying himself with the task of keeping his Indian allies in line. On the 18th of April a council was held. At this council many noted chiefs were present. Among those who declared undying hatred of the American Big Knives was Black Hawk, the Sac chieftain who seventeen years later led his band to destruction. The French called him L'Epervier Noir. Taking a war belt in his hand, he said:

"My Father! You see this belt? When my great father at Quebec gave it to me, he told me to be friends with all his red children, to form but one body, to preserve our lands and to make war against the Big Knives who want to destroy us all. My Great Father said: 'Take courage, my children; hold tight your war club, and destroy the Big Knives as much as you can. If the master of life favors us, you shall again find your lands as they formerly were. Your lands shall again be green and the sky blue. When your lands change color, you shall also change.' This, my father, is the reason why we Sacs hold this war club tight in our hands, and will not let it go.

"My Father!—I now see the time drawing nigh when we shall all change color; but, my father, our lands have not yet changed color. They are red—the water is red with our blood, and the sky is clouded. I have fought the Big Knives, and will continue to fight them till they are off our lands. Till then, my father, your red children cannot be happy."

Doubtless the message conveying the news that peace had been declared proved welcome to Capt. Bulger, but it placed him in a trying position. Only a short time before he had used all his power to influence the Indians against the Big Knives. These had gone into the war on the promise that their lands which the Americans had taken were to be restored. Now Capt. Bulger was expected to instill pacific sentiments into the minds of the Indians, though their

demands remained unsatisfied. His orders were to give up the post to the American government, and he received a letter from Gov. Clark of Missouri, asking him not to evacuate the fort until the arrival of the Americans. Capt. Bulger concluded, instead, to leave at once. According to his official report, "great ferment and discontent existed among the Indians in consequence of the report of peace." He wrote to Gov. Clark at St. Louis that "the presence of a detachment of British and United States troops at the same time, at Fort McKay, would be the means of embroiling one party or the other in a fresh rupture with the Indians."

It appears from subsequent correspondence that Capt. Bulger feared to prolong his stay lest he might hazard the lives of his men. The Indians were beginning to gather at the Prairie in great numbers; the trader, Dickson, was intriguing to undermine the commander's authority. Capt. Graham, one of Capt. Bulger's officers, was so affected by Dickson's instigations as to speak disrespectfully to his superior officer. He was ordered into close arrest. The situation was extremely critical, for the Indians were angry and sullen. Every precaution against treachery was taken. When Capt. Bulger went to the council house outside of the fort to meet the Indian chiefs, he told the troops that he might never return; in that event they knew what he expected them to do. It was agreed that if treachery were attempted, the flag over the council house would be lowered. This was to be the signal for turning the guns of the fort upon the Indians.

Fortunately, treachery was not attempted. The council was conducted with great solemnity. Seventy chiefs and warriors were gravely seated on the ground so as to form three sides of a hollow square. The wampun belt which in 1812 had summoned the tribes to war was placed on the ground where all could see it; then it had been red, denoting war; now it was blue, symbolic of peace. After the elaborate ceremonials, the interpreter read the treaty of peace, article by article. The British commander, on conclusion of the reading, took a tastefully ornamented calumet, and after a few wreaths of smoke had curled upwards, passed it to an Indian chief. The peace pipe passed from hand to hand. The reverberation of nineteen guns fired from the fort to announce that the war had terminated came to the ears of the assembled chiefs. They accepted the signal, and the war was at an end.

On the 24th of May, 1815, the union jack disappeared from the flagstaff of Fort McKay. Thus ended foreign domination on Wisconsin soil. For ninety years the fleur-de-lis of France was the emblem of sovereignty in Wisconsin; during the next half century British red-coats ruled the stockades at the extremes of its boundaries. In the year of its semi-centennial, Wisconsin will have been American soil, nominally, 115 years; in fact, eighty-three years.

CHAPTER IV.

YANKEE FUR TRADERS IN WISCONSIN.

CLOSE upon the heels of the American soldiers who occupied the Wisconsin forts, upon conclusion of the war of 1812, came sagacious Yankee traders. Obstacles were encountered which even their keen instinct for driving a shrewd bargain was powerless to overcome. In 1816 Maj. Morgan's four companies of riflemen left St. Louis for the upper Mississippi, and in the month of June erected a fort where they found the ruins of Fort McKay. William H. Crawford was then secretary of the treasury in the cabinet of President Monroe, and his name was given to the cluster of block houses. In July Col. John Miller and his regiment of infantry arrived at Green Bay and built Fort Howard, so named in honor of Gen. Benjamin Howard.

The occupation of these posts was designed to effect the expulsion of the British fur-traders, whose machinations among the Indian hunters had caused the young republic much trouble. The factors whom the government placed in charge were unable to compete with the British agents, whose goods were better and cheaper, and the government trading posts proved unprofitable. It was finally concluded to leave the fur trade to private enterprise.

Chiefly through the influence of John Jacob Astor the government was induced to pass an act excluding foreigners from participation in the fur trade. Astor had several years before this attempted to gain a foothold in the fur country, but British influences were too strong. His celebrated Astoria expedition passed through Wisconsin in 1809, in charge of Hunt and Crooks. Astor controlled the Southwest company, which was merged with his American Fur company, headquarters being established at Mackinaw. It was here that furs were received from Green Bay and Prairie du Chien and packed to New York. The former was the depot of the traders whose operations extended along the Fox and upper Wisconsin. Prairie du Chien was a still more important mart, being considered neutral territory by the Indians. Members of hostile tribes never harmed each other if they met here, though the truce terminated if they chanced upon each other beyond its limits.

With all his sagacity, Astor found many difficulties in the prosecution of the fur trade. The British traders were unwilling to yield the rich fur country to the Americans, and evaded the inhibition against foreigners by taking out licenses in the names of American clerks employed by them. The Indian trade required guns and blankets of a good quality, then obtainable only in Eng-

land. Astor was unable to get them and his inferior articles enabled the British traders to successfully inspire the Indians with contempt for the Americans and their goods. Astor's guns were made in Holland in imitation of those supplied by the British. It did not take the Indians long to ascertain their spurious character. The Indian is improvident, but he is keen enough at a bargain. The factor found his match when he tried to barter his commodities for peltries. An anecdote told of Joseph Rolette, a famous trader of Prairie du Chien, well illustrates the point. A lady who visited Prairie du Chien in the early days of the territory remarked to him:



EBENEZER BRIGHAM.

(During the Black Hawk war the Brigham place near Blue Mounds was a rendezvous for the settlers of the neighborhood. Ebenezer Brigham was the first permanent settler in Dane County. He came to Wisconsin seventy years ago; was a member of the Territorial Council from 1836 to 1841, and member of the Assembly the year Wisconsin became a State.)

"Oh, Mr. Rolette, I would not be engaged in the Indian trade; it seems to me a system of cheating the poor Indians."

"Let me tell you, madame," replied he with great naivete, "it is not so easy to cheat the Indians as you imagine. I have tried it these twenty years, and have never succeeded."

Necessity compelled the government to modify its orders relative to the exclusion of foreigners, licenses being issued to boatmen and interpreters who were able to furnish bonds for good behavior in the Indian country. Thus a large number of French creoles entered the employ of the American Fur company. The following spring (1817) the company brought to the fur country a large number of American clerks, but more than half of them proved so inefficient that they were discharged at Mackinaw.

The great depot of the Indian trade at this period was Mackinaw. It was from this place that outfits were sent as far west as the head waters of the Missouri river. For this trade, and that of the Mississippi, the boats went by way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. At little Kaukalin and at the famous Fox-Wisconsin portage the goods had to be transported by team, while the empty boats were taken up or down the rapids by the voyageurs. Augustin Grignon furnished the teams for this purpose at the former carrying place, and charged 20 cents per hundred pounds. At the Fox-Wisconsin portage, the charge was 40 cents per hundred pounds, and \$10 for each boat.

At Prairie du Chien a stop was usually made for a season of convivial pleasure. It was an unwritten code of those old fur-trading days that on such occasions every trader must broach a keg of excellent wine. When the traders met here in the spring, they would feast right royally. They gave great dinner parties, and carousal was the order of the day.

An account of the early days at the posts from the pen of an eye-witness gives this picturesque view of frontier society, as it then existed: "The traders and their clerks were then the aristocracy of the country; and to a Yankee at first sight presented a singular state of society. To see gentlemen selecting wives of the nut-brown natives, and raising children of mixed blood, the traders and clerks living in as much luxury as the resources of the country would admit, and the engagés or boatmen living upon soup made of hulled corn, with barely enough tallow to season it, devoid of salt unless they purchased it themselves at a high price—all this to an American was a novel mode of living. The traders in this country were a singular compound; they were honest so far as they gave their word of honor to be relied upon, and in their business transactions between themselves seldom gave or took notes for balances or assumptions. It rarely happened that one of them was found who did not fulfill his promises; but when trading in the Indian country, any advantage that could be taken of each other in a transaction was not only considered lawful—such as trading each other's credit—but an indication of tact and cleverness in business. Two traders having spent the winter in the same neighborhood and thus taken every advantage they could of each other, would meet in the spring at Prairie du Chien and amicably settle all difficulties over a glass of wine."

Most of the women at Prairie du Chien were the daughters of Indian traders. Their favorite beverage was tea, and despite its excessive cost, they would forego almost anything rather than miss a cup of tea. Prices of imported commodities were somewhat influenced by the cost of home products. For instance, if flour sold at \$8 per hundred pounds, hyson or young hyson tea was quoted at \$8 per pound. When the price of flour fell to \$6, tea would take a

sympathic tumble to the same figure. The ruling prices were these: Onions, \$9 per bushel; eggs, \$1 per dozen; soap, \$1 per pound; calico, \$2 per yard; clay pipes, 40 cents apiece; common tobacco, \$2 per pound.

The poor engagés, or boatmen, were the ones most affected by the high prices, for they had nothing to exchange. The yearly wage was \$83.33 and an equipment of two cotton shirts, one triangular blanket and a pair of shoes. For the pipes, tobacco and any other necessities which the engagé had to procure in the Indian country, he was compelled to pay the prices the traders charged. Most of them thus became heavily involved in debt, and were unable to leave the country because the only means of transportation to Montreal was in the boats of the traders. In order to keep these men at their mercy, the traders encouraged them to run into debt.

The contracts the boatmen were required to sign were of a cast-iron nature. They bound themselves "not to leave the duties assigned them by their employers or assigns either by day or night, under penalty of forfeiting their wages; to take charge of and safely keep the property put into their trust, and to give notice of any portending evil against their employers or their interests that should come to their knowledge."

When an article was missed, invariably the trader charged it to the account of the engagés, at a good round price.

The method adopted by Astor to monopolize the fur trade in this region was as effective then as it has proved in more recent times in other branches of business. If some venturesome trader attempted to do business, the company would establish a post near by, sell goods at half their value, and when the opposition trader had been driven from the field, prices would shoot up again. One enterprising trader, a former clerk in the employ of the American Fur company, gave the company much trouble. This man, William Farnsworth, established himself at Sheboygan, and the usual tactics of the company failed to dislodge him. The secret of his success was a large supply of ardent spirits, a commodity that was prohibited in the Indian trade. Finally, the company hired a band of Indians to seize Farnsworth's goods and whisky. The Indians came to the house, told Farnsworth they were brave men, and could neither be bribed nor intimidated in the execution of their designs.

"I am brave, too," remarked Farnsworth, "and I'll prove it to you."

As he spoke he rolled a barrel filled with gunpowder into the center of the room, placed it on end and knocked out the head. Taking a lighted candle he inserted it in the powder so that the light was a few inches above the powder, then complacently seated himself beside the keg and lit his pipe.

It was more than the Indians had bargained for. They rushed out of the house, and never threatened Farnsworth after that. The

American Fur company likewise abandoned its fruitless efforts to crush him.

For many years the agents of the American Fur company practically controlled the barter in furs in all the country between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi river. Among their well-known representatives were Ramsey Crooks, one of the leaders of the Astoria expedition; John Lawe, an English Jew who operated in the Green Bay region; Augustin Grignon, grandson of the famous Charles Langlade. The posts of the company, advantageously located at meeting places and commanding sites, punctuated the water courses of the Wisconsin region. In 1821, goods valued at \$15,000 were sent by the company to its Green Bay representatives. The same year the outfit of its agent at Prairie du Chien was valued at \$25,000; goods valued at \$11,000 were sent to the Lake Superior country, and the following year \$19,000 represented the value of the outfits sent there. About 2,000 Indian hunters, supplied with guns and ammunition at these scattered posts, brought peltries to the factors to pay for the advances made to them. It has been estimated that about this time goods for the Indian trade brought to Wisconsin annually amounted to not less than \$75,000 in value.

The influence of the fur trade has been well described by Frederick J. Turner as "closing its mission by becoming the pathfinder for agricultural and manufacturing civilization," for where the posts were located, the leading cities of the state have since been built. "The Indian village became the trading post, the trading post became the city. The trails became our early roads. The portages marked out the locations for canals, at Portage and Sturgeon Bay; while the Milwaukee and Rock river portages inspired the project of the canal of that name, which had an influence on the early occupation of the state. The trader often put his trading house at a river rapids, where the Indian had to portage his canoe, and thus found the location of our water powers."

Among the cities that have been built on the sites of the trading stations and jack-knife posts, as the dependent stations were termed, may be enumerated Milwaukee, La Crosse, Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, Manitowoc, Sheboygan, Eau Claire, Black River Falls, Hudson, Racine, Two Rivers, Kaukauna, Peshtigo, Oconto, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Chippewa Falls, Kewaunee, Portage, Trempealeau, Madison, St. Croix Falls, Shullsburg, Rice Lake, Cassville, Menomonee.

For many years the fur trade was Wisconsin's chief source of wealth. It continued such until the lead mine fever in Southwestern Wisconsin developed a new channel of industry and started the immigration that brought thousands of settlers to the territory.

CHAPTER V.

RED BIRD'S UPRISING.

DIFFERENT tribes of Indians gathered at Prairie du Chien in the summer of 1825 for a grand council, to make a general and lasting peace and to settle boundary disputes. The representatives of the government were Lewis Cass, governor of the territory, and Gen. Clark of Missouri.

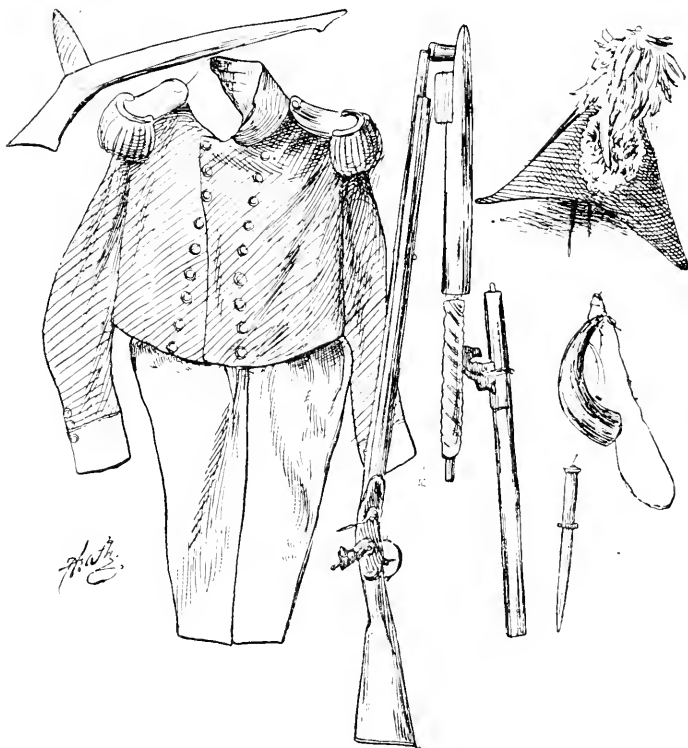
It was but a hollow peace, and signs were soon apparent that the Winnebagoes meditated trouble. About this time there was great excitement in the lead diggings of Southwestern Wisconsin, and prospectors were flocking into the country in great numbers, coming principally from the South. Alarming rumors multiplied, but owing to the presence of troops in the country, it was not believed the Winnebagoes would dare to take the war path. Unfortunately, an order came from Washington directing the garrison at Fort Crawford to abandon the old fort and proceed to Fort Snelling. The commander wasted no time in obeying instructions, leaving a brass swivel and some damaged arms for the defense of the place. The Winnebagoes supposed that the departure of the troops was prompted by fear.

An event occurred in the spring of 1827 that greatly alarmed the people of Prairie du Chien. During the maple sugar season, one of the residents named Methode set up his sugar camp a dozen miles from the village, on the banks of Yellow creek. Prolonged absence of himself and family caused some of his friends to seek his camp, as they feared illness might have prevented their return. Near the mouth of the stream they came upon the body of his dog, riddled with bullets. Where Methode had erected his rude dwelling of logs and boughs, the searchers came upon a mass of charred cinder. The five children, as well as Methode and his wife, had been killed—shockingly mangled—and their bodies thrown upon the blazing pyre. Suspicion pointed to a Winnebago hunting party.

When the American garrison evacuated Fort Crawford, they took with them to Fort Snelling two Winnebago warriors, detained as prisoners on a charge of theft. It began to be rumored among their kinsmen that the prisoners had been compelled to run the gauntlet and had thus lost their lives. The rumor was false, but led to serious consequences.

There was just enough basis for the story to make trouble. During the latter part of May, 1827, Flat Mouth's band of Sandy Lake Ojibwas encamped within musket shot of the high stone walls of the fort. Here they entertained at a feast of meat and corn and sugar a few Dakota Indians, led by Toopunkah Zeze. The latter,

after smoking the peace pipe, rose to depart and treacherously fired their guns at their hosts. The soldiers pursued the assailants and captured some of them. Two of the Dakotas were turned over to the Ojibwas to be dealt with according to tribal custom. They were given a fair start and told to run for their lives. At a given signal the avengers started in pursuit. Fleet as the fugitives were, they



BLACK HAWK WAR RELICS.

IN POSSESSION OF STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

(The uniform worn by Henry Dodge, shown in the group, is one of the interesting relics in the Museum at Madison.)

could not escape the bullets of their pursuers, and both sank to the ground riddled with bullets.

Located on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi river, in the vicinity of Trempealeau, was the village of a Winnebago chief named Red Bird. This Indian was well-known at Prairie du Chien, and was regarded as friendly to the whites. One night runners came to his wigwam to tell him that the two Winnebagoes at Fort

Snelling had been executed. From this time Red Bird was the implacable enemy of the Americans. He at once prepared for vengeance. The law of the tribe was that for every life taken, two enemies must be slain before vengeance was satisfied. With a companion called Wekau (the Sun) he paddled down stream in his canoe till he came to Prairie du Chien. After entering the house of Judge Lockwood and frightening the women, Red Bird and Wekau repaired to the house of a farmer named Registre Gagnier, brother of the village blacksmith. Here the kettle was boiling over the fire, and the hospitable farmer invited the two Indians to join the family at the table. With murder in their hearts the Winnebagoes partook of the meal, and while meditating treachery smoked the pipe of peace with Gagnier. At an auspicious moment, Red Bird gave a signal and Gagnier fell dead as he received the contents of Red Bird's gun in his breast. An old soldier named Solomon Lipcap was hoeing weeds in the garden. A shot ended his career, also. Mrs. Gagnier seized a gun, leveled it at Wekau, and held him at bay while she escaped through a rear window with her 3-year-old boy tightly clinging to her back. She had to leave her infant daughter behind. This child Wekau scalped and left for dead.

Great excitement was created by Mrs. Gagnier's startling news when she reached the village. A rescue party at once hurried to her house, only to find the mangled bodies of Gagnier, Lipcap and the little girl. The latter was alive, and survived her terrible wounds. She grew to womanhood, and some of her descendants yet live in Prairie du Chien.

The alarm created by the savage work of Red Bird and Wekau was intensified when two keelboats arrived with the news of a fierce attack made on them the day before at the mouth of the Bad Ax river. Aboard were three dead men and four wounded boatmen. The sides of the boats were honeycombed with bullet perforations, more than 500 shots having penetrated bow and sides. These boats had but a short time before left Prairie du Chien with supplies for the garrison at Fort Snelling. On their way up Indians had gone aboard, but had not molested the crew. When the keelboats returned, war yells greeted them on both sides of the stream, but no attack was made till they reached the Bad Ax. On an island toward which the boats had to drift in making the channel were gathered some of Red Bird's warriors engaged in the war dance over the three scalps brought by their chieftain.

There was a strong east wind that carried the first keelboat rapidly towards the place where the Indians were. Unsuspicious of danger the steersman had lashed his steering oar, while the force of the sweeps sent the craft straight to the point of ambush. A volley of shots and the accompaniment of war-whoops apprised the boatmen of the danger, and they threw themselves flat upon the deck to avoid the hail of bullets. A little negro boy named Peter had his

leg shattered, but managed to crawl below. Under cover of the fusilade, two Indians swam to the boat, mounted the roof and tried to ground the vessel on a sandbar. One of them was peppered at till he fell into the river. A timely bullet hit the second Indian, and he fell into the boat. By this time the keelboat was perilously near the sand bank. An act of heroism saved the crew from the destruction that seemed inevitable.

Observing the danger and realizing the necessity for prompt action a sailor who went by the sobriquet of Sancy Jack leaped to the bow, oar in hand, and moved the boat off into the current of the channel. Bullets whistled by his ears, but he kept his place till his pole had pushed the boat afloat. It was a marvel that he was not riddled, but not a bullet struck the brave sailor.

A contemporary summary of the casualties states that thirty-seven Indians were engaged in this fight, of whom seven were killed and twice that number wounded. Nearly 600 of their bullets penetrated the boat. But six of the crew were hit, two being killed outright and two mortally wounded. But for the courage of Jack Mandeville, the sailor, doubtless all of them would have been massacred.

The second keelboat was fired upon, but its crew escaped injury. The arrival of the boats at Prairie du Chien threw the inhabitants into a panic. The old fort and blockhouses were in a state of disrepair, but the people hastened to strengthen the defenses. The old wornout muskets, left by the garrison, were turned over to the blacksmiths to put into as good condition as possible, while men and women piled a bank of earth around the rotten logs of the fort, and filled barrels with water in case an attempt was made to fire the fort. Ninety men and women capable of handling a musket were drilled for emergencies, and were divided between the blockhouses. By sunset all the families had removed to the fort with their goods and chattels. A couple of couriers were dispatched to Fort Snelling to ask for help. One of the couriers was J. B. Loyer, an old voyageur. He was furnished with a horse and promised \$50. His companion, Duncan Graham, was also given a horse and the promise of a reward of \$20.

In the region of the lead diggings the alarm was greater than in the immediate vicinity of hostilities.

"A scene of the most alarming and disorderly confusion ensued," says the account of Col. Daniel M. Parkinson, an eye-witness. "Alarm and consternation were depicted in every countenance, thousands flocking to Galena for safety, when in fact it was the most exposed and unsafe place in the whole country. All were without arms, order or control. The roads were lined in all directions with frantic and fleeing men, women and children, expecting every moment to be overtaken, tomahawked and scalped by the Indians. It was said, and I presume with truth, that the encamp-

ment of fugitives at the head of Apple river, on the first night of the alarm, was four miles in extent, and numbered 3,000 persons."

At this time Wisconsin was part of Michigan territory, and Lewis Cass was governor. Rumors of impending trouble having reached the governor, he made the trip to Prairie du Chien in a canoe, arriving there on the Fourth of July. With the energy that characterized this rugged old frontier governor, Cass organized a volunteer company for the emergency, reëntered his canoe and went on to Galena. Thence he dispatched another force to the assistance of Prairie du Chien, and continued on to St. Louis to enlist the aid of Gen. Atkinson, who was in charge of Jefferson barracks. Atkinson promptly departed for the upper Mississippi.

In the meantime, Col. Snelling had arrived with his men from the Minnesota country and Col. Henry Dodge had raised a volunteer force of lead miners to carry the war into the enemy's country. These volunteers were mounted, and while they scouted along the banks of the Wisconsin river, Gen. Atkinson's force ascended in boats. At Green Bay, also, word had been received of the difficulties below, and Maj. Whistler was ascending the Fox with a volunteer force of Oneida and Stockbridge Indians. Whistler's forces encamped on a high bluff, where the ensuing year Fort Winnebago was constructed.

Ferreted from their hiding places by Dodge's mounted volunteers, and driven before them in frantic endeavors to escape, the Winnebagoes found themselves hemmed in between the forces of Whistler and Atkinson, and concluded to surrender. At midday an Indian came to Whistler's camp and seated himself on the ground beside one of the tents. Being asked the purpose of his coming, he pointed to the sky. "Do not strike," he said. "When the sun is there to-morrow," looking up to the place indicated by his uplifted hand, "they will come in."

"Who?"

"Red Bird and Wekau."

Wrapping his blanket around him, the Indian departed as quietly as he had come.

The incidents connected with the surrender of Red Bird are graphically narrated by Col. Thomas L. McKenney, an eye-witness. This is the narrative in condensed form: "At about noon of the day following there were seen descending a mound on the Portage, a body of Indians—some were mounted and some were on foot. Three flags were borne by them—two, one in front and one in the rear, were American, and one in the center was white. They bore no arms. On a sudden we heard a singing. Those who were familiar with the air said: 'It is a death song.' When still nearer some present who knew him said: 'It is the Red Bird singing his death song!'"

"The moment a halt was made on the margin of the river, preparatory to crossing over, two scalp yells were heard. The Menomonees and other Indians who had accompanied us were lying carelessly about on the ground, regardless of what was going on, but when the scalp yells were uttered they sprang as one man to their feet, seized their rifles and were ready for battle. They were at no loss to know that the yells were scalp yells; but they had not heard with sufficient accuracy to decide whether they indicated scalps to be taken or given, but doubtless inferred the first.

"Barges were sent across to receive, and an escort of military to accompany them within our lines. The white flag which had been seen in the distance was borne by the Red Bird. In the lead was Car-i-mi-nie (Walking Turtle), a distinguished chief, who said:



BLACK SPARROW HAWK.

From a Painting in Possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

(While Black Hawk was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, R. M. Sully, the well-known artist, painted his portrait. The portrait in the rooms of the Historical Society is a replica of the original.)

"They are here—like braves they have come in—treat them as braves—do not put them in irons."

The rest of the story is told in a letter to secretary of War James Barbour: "All eyes were fixed on Red Bird, and well they might be—for of all the Indians I ever saw, he is without exception the most perfect in form, in face and gesture. In height he is almost six feet, straight, but without restraint. His proportions are those of the most exact symmetry.

"His face was painted—one side red, the other intermixed with green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, which was sewn on to a piece of cloth, the width of the wampum being about two inches—whilst the claws of the panther, or wildcat, distant from each other about a quarter

of an inch with their points inward, formed the rim of the collar. Around his neck were hanging strands of wampum of various lengths, the circles enlarging as they descended. He was clothed in a Yankton dress—new and beautiful. The material is of dressed elk or deerskin, almost a pure white. Blue beads were employed to vary and enrich the fringe of the leggings. On his feet he wore moccasins.

"A piece of scarlet cloth of about a quarter of a yard deep, and double that width, a slit being cut in its middle, so as to admit the passing through of his head, rested, one-half on his breast beneath the wampum and claws, and the other on his back. On one shoulder, and near his breast, was a beautifully ornamented feather, nearly black, near which were two pieces of thinly-shaven wood in the form of two compasses, a little open, each about six inches long, richly wrapped around with porcupine's quills, dyed yellow, red and blue. On the tip of one shoulder was a tuft of horsehair, dyed red and a little curled, mixed up with ornaments. Across the breast, in a diagonal position and bound tight to it, was his war-pipe, at least two feet long, brightly ornamented with dyed horsehair, the feathers and bills of birds. In one of his hands he held the white flag, and in the other the calumet or pipe of peace."

It was an interesting scene. "There he stood. Not a muscle moved, nor was the expression of his face changed a particle. He appeared to be conscious that according to Indian law and measuring the deed he had committed by the injustice and wrongs and cruelties of the white man, he had done no wrong. The law which demanded an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth so harmonized with his conscience as to secure its repose. As to death—he had been taught to despise it. His white jacket, having upon it but a single piece of red, appeared to indicate the purity of his past life, which had been stained by only a single crime; for all agree that the Red Bird had never before soiled his fingers with the blood of the white man, or committed a bad action. His war-pipe, bound close to his heart, seemed to indicate his love of war, in common with his race, which was no longer to be gratified."

As the band struck up a hymn, Red Bird sat down next to the miserable-looking Wekau, a diminutive and misshapen specimen of ugly humanity. Taking some tobacco from an otter-skin pouch, he filled the bowl of his calumet and calmly began to smoke. His companions then addressed the military officers, saying they had surrendered the murderers to appease the wrath of the white men, and offered twenty horses in compensation for the three lives that had been taken. They asked that their kinsmen might not be put in irons. They were assured their request would be granted.

Red Bird next stood up and stepped forward.

"I am ready," he said simply. Then he paused, advanced a few steps and with great dignity added: "I do not wish to be put in

irons. Let me be free. I have given away my life—it is gone—like that.”

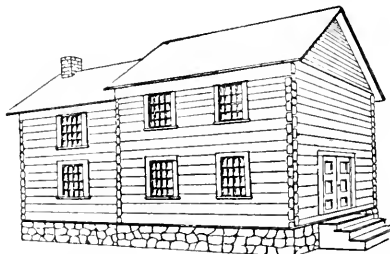
He stooped as he spoke, took some dust between his thumb and forefinger, blew it into the air and watched it melt from sight.

“It is gone—like that,” he repeated. He paused a moment, and added: “I would not take it back.”

To show that he left all things behind him and in token of submission, Red Bird threw his hands behind his back and marched up to Maj. Whistler. Escorted by a file of men, he was marched to a tent, with Wekau, and a guard was set over him. The rest of the Winnebagoes were given tobacco and provisions, and departed.

When Gen. Atkinson's troops and Col. Dodge's mounted volunteers came to the portage, the prisoners were turned over to them, and taken to Prairie du Chien. Here Red Bird died in prison. Wekau and another Indian named Chic-hon-sic were tried for murder and convicted. Preparations were made to hang them on the 26th of December. On Christmas day a pardon from the president reached the authorities. President Adams had signed the pardon Nov. 3.

There is no doubt that but for the prompt measures taken by Gov. Lewis Cass, the uprising of Red Bird and his people would have led to disastrous consequences. The feeling of unrest among the Wisconsin Indians at this time was universal, and the Pottawattomies were on the point of joining the revolt. Had Gov. Cass been less energetic, doubtless they would have done so, and a general Indian war would have occurred in the Northwest. Gov. Cass was a man cast in heroic mould. When he heard of the threatened outbreak he at once went to Green Bay, took a canoe with twelve voyageurs, ascended the Fox, portaged to the Wisconsin river, went to Prairie du Chien, thence to Galena and on to St. Louis. It was a hazardous journey, of more than a thousand miles. Had he not stirred the authorities to prompt action in dispatching succor to Prairie du Chien, no doubt all of its inhabitants would have shared the fate that befell the occupants of the isolated farmhouse visited by Red Bird on his mission of revenge.



FIRST NORWEGIAN CHURCH IN WISCONSIN.
Muskego, 1844.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN THE DIGGINGS.

WITH the keen scent of birds of prey, gamblers and other adventurers flocked to the lead diggings of Southwestern Wisconsin during the great mining excitement that occurred in the early 20's. As was the case later in California, gambling dens and grog shops were constructed in the midst of the cabins of the miners, and the fruit of the prospector's thrift often went into the coffers of the card shark. During the years when the lead mines were being developed the aggregation of cabins that dotted the region were the typical frontier camps of a mineral country, with their swagger and utter disregard of any law but their own—prototypes of the later gulch towns of the far West. Their names were characteristic, too, and some of them yet retain a place on the map of Wisconsin. Among them were Hardscrabble Diggings, Buncome, Snake Hollow, Shake-the-Rag-Under-the-Hill, Rattle Snake Diggings, Big Patch and other places with more euphonious, if less descriptive, names.

It was about 1822 that the so-called discovery of the lead diggings in Southwestern Wisconsin occurred. For nearly two centuries the existence of the ore in that region had been known to white men, but the Indians were unwilling to let them penetrate to the mines. This was especially the case when the pushing Americans began to travel from the Southern States to the upper Mississippi in quest of fortune. Before this Frenchmen had been given permission to work the mines to some extent, for the Indian was ever wont to fraternize with the representatives of this volatile race, but Americans were rigidly excluded. The introduction of firearms among the Indians had taught them the value of the lead as an article of barter. It was stated in a letter written to the secretary of war in 1810 by Nicholas Boilvin, agent at Prairie du Chien, that the quantity of lead exchanged by Indians for goods during the season was about 400,000 pounds.

Doubtless none but Frenchmen had been at the mines previous to the war of 1812, but in 1816 a St. Louis trader named John Shaw succeeded in penetrating to the mines of the Fever river district by passing himself as a Frenchman. He was one of the traders who made periodical trips to Prairie du Chien, propelling the boats by means of poles and sails. It required from two weeks to a month to make the trip up the river, while the return journey occupied from a week to ten days. The boats carried miscellaneous supplies to Prairie du Chien, and their return cargo consisted principally of lead.

Shaw saw about twenty smelting places, the mineral being smelted in the crudest way imaginable. This was Shaw's descrip-

tion of the process: "A hole or cavity was dug in the face of a piece of sloping ground, about two feet in depth and as much in width at the top; this hole was made in the shape of a mill-hopper, which was about eight or nine inches square; other narrow stones were laid across grate-wise; a channel or eye was dug from the sloping side of the ground inwards to the bottom of the hopper. This channel was about a foot in width and in height, and was filled with dry wood and brush. The hopper being filled with the mineral, and the wood ignited, the molten lead fell through the stones at the bottom of the hopper; and this was discharged through the eye, over the earth, in bowl-shaped masses called plats, each of which weighed about seventy pounds."

Glowing notices of the richness of the lead mines of the Upper Mississippi appeared in St. Louis newspapers in 1822, and started a migration thitherward. In order to overawe the Indians, who would not let white men enter the district, the government dispatched detachments of troops from Prairie du Chien and the Rock Island forts. Finding that resistance would be futile, the Indians quietly submitted to the invasion of their mineral territory. Thus began, a few miles south of the present border of the state, what at one time was the leading industry of Wisconsin, as the fur trade had been up to that period. The newcomers were mainly from the Southern states and territories, and thus the first seeds of American origin in Wisconsin were the planting of men from Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri. They came by boat and in caravans on horseback. Soon the prospector's shovel was upturning the sod on the hillsides of Southwestern Wisconsin, the Indian occupants in sullen resentment biding their time for mischief. Galena became the center of the mining region.

Some of the adventurers who came in the expectation of acquiring sudden wealth were doomed to disappointment. There were some who sought to avoid the rigors of a Northern winter by coming in the spring and returning to their genial Southern climate when snow began to fly. These tenderfeet were denominated "suckers" by the hardier miners, an appellation that was later transferred to the state of Illinois. Their superficial workings were called "sucker holes."

Despite muttered threats from the Indians, and other disheartening circumstances, population rapidly increased. Red Bird's disturbance caused a temporary exodus, but the frightened miners soon returned. How busily pick and shovel were plied may be gathered from the reports of lead manufactured. It was soon seen that negro labor could be well utilized, and some of the Southerners brought slaves to do the work. The population rapidly increased. In 1825 it was estimated that there were 200 persons; three years later fully 10,000, one-twentieth being women and about 100 free blacks.

The lead product had increased in the same period from 439,473 pounds to 12,957,100 pounds.

Most of the miners followed the Indian plan of smelting in a log furnace. It was a crude device, and there was much wastage. They likewise imitated the Indian mode of blasting—heating the rock and then splitting it by throwing water on it. "I saw one place where they (the Indians) dug forty-five feet deep," says the account of Dr. Moses Meeker, a pioneer of the period. "Their manner of doing it was by drawing the mineral dirt and rock in what they called a mocock, a kind of basket made of birch bark, or dry hide of buckskin, to which they attached a rope made of rawhide. Their tools were a hoe made for the Indian trade, an axe and a crowbar made of an old gun barrel flattened at the breech, which they used for removing the rock. Their mode of blasting was rather tedious, to be sure; they got dry wood, kindled a fire along the rock as far as they wished to break it. After getting the rock hot they poured cold water upon it, which so cracked it that they could pry it up. At the old Buck Lead they removed many hundred tons of rock in that manner, and had raised many thousand pounds of mineral or lead ore."

During this period there came to Wisconsin some of the men who became most notable in its territorial history. Among them were Henry Dodge, afterwards governor, who brought with him from Missouri a number of negro slaves; Ebenezer Brigham, pioneer of Blue Mounds; Henry Gratiot and Col. William S. Hamilton. The latter was a son of Alexander Hamilton, who was killed by Aaron Burr, in a duel.

Some of the miners realized what in those days were considered great fortunes. One man sank a shaft near Hazel Green on the site of an old Indian digging. "At four and a half feet he found block mineral extending over all the bottom of his hole," in the language of Dr. Meeker's narrative. "He went to work and cut out steps on the side of the hole, to be ready for the next day's operations. Accordingly, the next day he commenced operations. The result of his day's work was seventeen thousand pounds of mineral upon the bank at night."

After raising about a hundred thousand pounds, the digging was abandoned. Another prospector took possession and secured more than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Most of the lead that was smelted went to Galena, to be transported thence to St. Louis and New Orleans. Long caravans of ore wagons, some of them drawn by as many as eight yoke of oxen, wore deep ruts into the primitive road that went by way of Mineral Point and Belmont to this metropolis of the mines. About \$80 a ton was obtained for the ore. About 1830 tariff agitation seems to have caused a great drop in prices. At this period the

federal government exacted from the miners what was known as a lead rent. The miners addressed a memorial to the secretary of war, whose department had control of the collection of the mineral rents, complaining of excessive taxation. The claim was made by them in their memorial "that they have paid a greater amount of taxes than any equal number of citizens since the settlement of America!" The smelters were required to pay 10 per cent. of all lead manufactured and had to haul the rent lead a distance of fifty to sixty miles to the United States depot. It was not until 1846 that congress abandoned the leasing system.

Doubtless the typical mining camp in Wisconsin when the lead excitement was in its heyday was Mineral Point. Its straggling lines of huts were ranged along a deep gorge, and at all hours the sound of revelry could be heard emanating from the saloons and gambling houses. Dancing and singing, with the accompaniment of rude music, and drinking and gambling furnished the entertainment for the wilder spirits. The town bore the appellation of the Little Shake-Rag, or Shake-Rag-Under-the-Hill. The origin of the peculiar name is explained by an early-day traveler in this wise:

"Females," says this account of sixty years ago, "in consequence of the dangers and privations of the primitive times, were as rare in the diggings as snakes upon the Emerald Isle. Consequently the bachelor miner from necessity performed the domestic duties of cook and washerwoman, and the preparation of meals was indicated by appending a rag to an upright pole, which, fluttering in the breeze, telegraphically conveyed the glad tidings to his hungered brethren upon the hill. Hence this circumstance at a very early date gave this provincial sobriquet of Shake-Rag, or Shake-Rag-Under-the-Hill."

About the time that Wisconsin became detached from Michigan, a well-known English geologist named George Featherstonhaugh visited the lead region. On his return to England he published a book of travels, wherein he gives an amusing account of his trip. It is interesting as showing the conditions that existed in Wisconsin at the time. The Englishman went to a tavern and was amazed to find that all the Southern gentlemen who had been attracted to the diggings were "ginnerals, colonels, judges or doctors." The tavern was full, so the postmaster invited him to sleep at his house. There was no extra bed, and he slept on the floor.

"On awakening the next morning," Featherstonhaugh remarks in his book, "I found it exceedingly cold, and asked permission to have a fire lighted, which was very obligingly granted. Some wood was accordingly brought in, and just as I had got it nicely burning and was preparing to make my toilet, a dirty, unshaven but con-

fidant-looking fellow walked into the room with nothing but his nether garments on, and immediately turning his back to the fire, engrossed it all to himself. His free-and-easy way was not at all to my taste, and threatened to interfere very much with my comfort. Under other circumstances I should not have hesitated to turn him out; but situated as I was, it was far from a safe proceeding, or, indeed, a justifiable one. It was certainly very cold, and I should have been glad to have had the fire to myself; but I had been treated hospitably, and the least I could do was to be hospitable to others; besides, my barefooted friend had an air about



him that imported something beyond the low swaggerer, something that smacked of authority. This might be the governor, or some great man en dishabille, so I thought it best to meet him in his own manner, by slipping a pair of pantaloons on, and then addressing him in a friendly manner. It was most fortunate that I acted just as it became me to do, for he soon let me know who he was. He was no less a personage than 'the court,' for so they generally call the presiding judge in the United States, and was beyond all question the greatest man in the place. He was, in fact, the personage of the locality for the moment, and it turned out that the postmaster had given him up his only bedroom, and that he had good-naturedly given it up for me for one night, and had taken the majesty of the law to sleep behind the counter in a little shop

where the postoffice was kept, with blankets, crockery, cheese and all sorts of things around him, and had, very naturally, come to warm himself in his own quarters."

One night behind the counter with the cheese and crockery was all the court was willing to endure, and the traveler was compelled to go to a tavern. The meals were not to the taste of the Englishman, but as Mineral Point depended for all supplies on what was brought from a great distance by wagon, the bill of fare was necessarily restricted. Flour, which in the Atlantic states sold at \$5 or \$6 a barrel, was \$14 in Mineral Point. Fresh meat was not obtainable, and everybody was too busy with pick and shovel to raise garden produce. Sleeping accommodations were likewise limited, each room being provided with five or six beds. A characteristic incident of the mining country is told in Featherstonhaugh's narrative. Being obliged to pass the night at a tavern frequented by miners and gamblers, and knowing their habits of gambling until a late hour, he went as soon as he had supped to the only bedroom there was in the house, and selected one of the beds. Toward morning he was awakened by some one turning the bedclothes down with the evident purpose of turning in. Aware that no time was to be lost, he gathered the clothes up, assumed a boxing attitude and told the intruder that if he wanted that bed he would have to fight for it. The man was nonplussed at this unusual reception.

"Stranger," he remarked, "you sartin don't kalkerlate on keeping all that are bed to yourself?"

"Yes I do, and that you sha'll find."

"Waal, then, if you are so almighty pertiklar, I swar I'll be as pertiklar as you, and I'll turn in 'ere." With that he went into a bed where three of his companions had turned in before him.

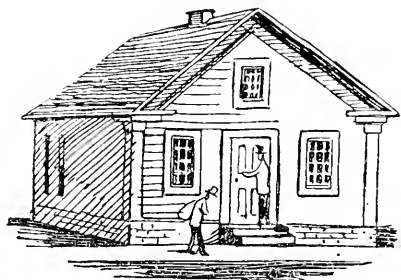
The leading industry of Wisconsin flourished until the gold discovery in California proved a stronger magnet; unfriendly tariff legislation also influenced a decline of its importance. Inadequate transportation facilities also operated to prevent the successful prosecution of lead mining. In this age of myriad ribbons of steel radiating from every commercial center, it is hard to appreciate the difficulties encountered by the pioneers in transporting commodities. There were then no railroads in the Northwest, and the great transportation projects all centered in canals. The lead industry and its transportation necessities influenced many of the early canal schemes which played a large part in the early politics of the territory. The Fox-Wisconsin route, as well as that of the greater Mississippi river highway, was used for the shipment of ore to a considerable extent.

Observing that shot towers in Missouri were successful ventures, a Green Bay merchant named Daniel Whitney believed a

similar enterprise could be made financially profitable in Wisconsin. He organized a company, and they built their shot tower at Helena, on the Wisconsin river. This was in 1831. The tower was not completed till two years later. It was built on the summit of a bold escarpment fronting Pike creek.

A contemporary description of the tower gives these interesting details: "One hundred feet from the base of the rock there is a ledge or landing place; on this ledge rises the shot tower, of frame, eighty feet to the roof; of course the depth from the top of the tower to the base of the rock is 180 feet. A well or shaft has been sunk through the rock, which is of sandstone, 100 feet, and a lateral drift or entrance, ninety feet in length, seven feet high and six feet wide has been cut from the bank of the creek to the perpendicular shaft."

The daily output made by six hands was 5,000 weight of shot. The melted lead was converted into shot in this wise, as described by Clark Hickox of Dodgeville: "At the edge of the cliff stood the melting house, with two kettles in which mineral was prepared for dropping. A little to the east of this were an arch and a large kettle protected by a small roof. Here the lead was tempered by the addition of arsenic, and run into pigs for further use, and here also the imperfect shot was remelted. The pigs thus obtained were used to give the requisite brittleness to the lead from which the shot was made. A small portion would suffice to temper a kettle holding 1,000 pounds of lead. The dropping ladle was perforated with holes of varying size, and when partly full of melted lead would be tilted gently sidewise, forcing the metal out in drops to form the shot, which falling 180 feet would assume a spherical shape and at the same time be cooled. At the bottom of the shaft the shot fell into the shot-cistern, filled with water, which served both to break the fall and cool the shot."



FIRST NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN WISCONSIN.
Green Bay, 1836.

CHAPTER VII.

BLACK HAWK'S WAR.

INTRUSION by squatters upon hunting grounds assured to the Indians by the federal government was the main cause of the Black Hawk war in 1832. But for the craven cowardice of Illinois volunteers, the disturbance would have ended shortly after its commencement, without serious consequences. During the fierce pursuit across Wisconsin, the Sac warriors were hunted with relentless fury; women and children were remorselessly massacred; the flag of truce was disregarded, and starving men, willing to surrender, were shot and bayoneted, and even scalped. Black Hawk's band of a thousand people was annihilated in the end, less than two hundred of them surviving the war. The lives of nearly three hundred frontier rangers, and of women and children in the exposed fringe of settlements, was the price paid for the victory.

"I liked my town, my cornfields and the home of my people. I fought for them," Black Hawk said simply in after years.

Long before actual hostilities began, trouble had been brewing between Black Hawk's Sacs and white intruders upon their territory. By the terms of a league of peace and amity established more than a quarter of a century before (1804), the chiefs of the great Sac and Fox confederacy had yielded to the government nearly all their land possessions east of the Mississippi river. The right of occupancy for hunting and cultivation had been given them until the government saw fit to place the lands on the market. Pursuant to this agreement, the Sacs under Black Hawk occupied a fertile tract at the foot of the Rock River rapids. On the sides of a bluff, comprising about 800 acres, were the tribe's fields of corn, beans, pumpkins and squashes. Black Hawk's village was one of the largest Indian settlements on the continent, and was ideally located. Excellent pasturage for their horses was afforded by the blue grass herbage; in the rapids of the river fish abounded; springs gushed forth from the bluffs. For a century, almost, the Sacs had made this spot their home. The graves of their forefathers were here, and made the soil doubly sacred.

Covetous squatters began encroaching here. Land was plenty elsewhere, and the border was two score miles eastward yet, but the restless frontiersmen were pushing ahead of the regular line of advance. The growing crops and the splendid situation tempted their cupidity. With cool disregard of Indian rights, the whites began to fence in the cornfields and even to occupy the lodges. Upon returning from a hunt Black Hawk found a white man's family comfortably occupying his own wigwam. For some time

enmity was confined to muttered threats, but soon trouble ensued. Indian women were averse to climbing white men's fences, and left the rails down, and this led to personal encounters.

In order to secure redress, Black Hawk went to Rock Island to present his grievances, but received scant comfort. He was advised to remove his band across the Mississippi river. This he refused to do. When he returned, after an absence of one moon, affairs at the village were in worse condition than ever. Before returning he had sought the counsel of the Winnebago prophet, White Cloud, whose village was located some thirty miles up the Rock river.

"Never give up your village," this crafty medicine man had warned him, "or the bones of your people will be ploughed up and scattered."

The whites having appealed to the government, it was determined to make a military display that would awe the Indians into compliance with the demand for removal. Gen. Gaines and a detachment of regulars appeared on the scene and commanded the Indians to move across the river. Black Hawk, who had not been consulted when the other chiefs of the confederacy signed the treaty that gave their lands to the government, stubbornly resisted the mandate at a council that was held.

"We have never sold our country," he declared, "and we are determined to hold our village."

"And who is Black Hawk?" angrily demanded Gen. Gaines.

"I am a Sac! My forefather was a Sac, and all the nations call me a Sac!" proudly replied the chief.

"I came here neither to beg nor to hire you to leave your village," retorted the officer. "My business is to remove you—peaceably if I can, forcibly if I must."

This broke up the council. During the night of the last day given him to comply with the order, Black Hawk removed his band to the west shore of the Mississippi, and touched the goosequill that betokened a treaty of peace.

While Black Hawk was smarting from the indignities to which his people had been subjected, there arrived at his village a bearer of tidings from the British agent at Fort Malden. Ne-a-pope, another chief of the Hawk's tribe, was the messenger. This chief, like the Hawk, had British affiliations. On his way back from Malden he had tarried at the Winnebago village of the Prophet, whose hatred of the Americans was intense. Ne-a-pope and White Cloud together fabricated a tale meant to stir Black Hawk to active hostilities. This false story Ne-a-pope now poured into the receptive ear of the Hawk. He said that "their British father would send them guns, ammunition, provisions and clothing early in the spring; the vessels were to bring them by way of Mil-wa-ke. The Prophet had also received wampum and tobacco from the different nations

on the lakes—Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawatomies; and as for the Winnebagoes, he had them all at command; that all these tribes would fight for them, if necessary, and the British would support them.”

Lured by these false promises of aid, Black Hawk determined to attempt the rescue of his village in the spring. Before this he sought to arrange an interview with the Great Father at Washington to secure a peaceable adjustment, but his efforts were repulsed. He sought to enlist Chief Keokuk in his contemplated invasion, but the latter was friendly to the Americans, and declined his overtures.

Hoisting a British flag, Black Hawk's people crossed the Mississippi early in April, and began a march toward the village of the Prophet. His five hundred warriors bestrode their horses, while the women, children and old men carried provisions and equipage in a flotilla of canoes. Messengers came to them from Gen. Atkinson, at Rock Island, ordering their return. Defiant answers were sent back, and the party proceeded on to the Prophet's town on the Rock river of Illinois.

Before going very far, Black Hawk realized that he was the victim of Ne-a-pope's deception. The allies who had been represented as eager to take the war path failed to appear. Instead word reached Black Hawk that a considerable force of Illinois volunteers was hot on his trail. He determined to send a flag of truce and ascertain whether he would be permitted to descend the Rock river and return to the west side of the Mississippi river. While he was spreading his medicine bags regaling a visiting deputation of Pottawattomie chiefs at a dog feast, word came that several hundred horsemen were encamping in a grove several miles distant. Accordingly he dispatched three of his young men with a flag of truce to conduct the rangers to his camp. He sent five warriors to follow the truce messengers.

The rangers had encamped in a clump of woods. They had partaken quite liberally of whisky, and were in the mood to wipe the entire race of red men off the face of the earth. When they observed the truce messengers approaching, some of them jumped on their horses and took the three Indians prisoners. Then, observing the five braves who were watching events from some distance away, about twenty of the horsemen galloped madly in pursuit. Two of the Indians were overtaken, shot and scalped. Their three companions reached Black Hawk's camp with the news. When the chief heard the treatment accorded his messengers, who had borne a flag of truce, he raised the war yell of the Sacs, and in an impassioned harangue urged his braves to seek revenge for the cowardly attack. Most of his young men were absent, some ten miles away, but forty braves responded by seizing their weapons and giving an answering war yell.

When the bearers of the flag of truce were taken prisoners, they delivered the message sent by Black Hawk. Several horsemen at this juncture returned from the pursuit of the other five braves. They cocked their guns and fired at the three prisoners. One of them was killed; his two companions rushed through the crowd and hid in the brush. They were pursued. One white man who ventured too near their ambush was brained by a flying tomahawk. The Indian scalped him, mounted his horse and escaped.

Having had a taste of warfare, the Illinois rangers concluded to finish the day by destroying Black Hawk's encampment. They moved upon it at full gallop. The forty Indians saw several hundred mounted rangers advancing upon them, and determined to die bravely. With a yell, they charged and fired, as the enemy halted some distance from them. To the intense astonishment of the Indians, who had made a rush with every expectation that not one of them would live to tell of it, their fire was not even returned. The cowardly horsemen, in frantic confusion, turned their horses' heads and madly galloped away in helter-skelter fashion. Their dead and wounded were left upon the ground to the tender mercy of tomahawk and scalping knife. It was a spectacle most humiliating in all the annals of border warfare—twenty-five painted warriors hotly pursuing more than three hundred well-mounted and armed white men.

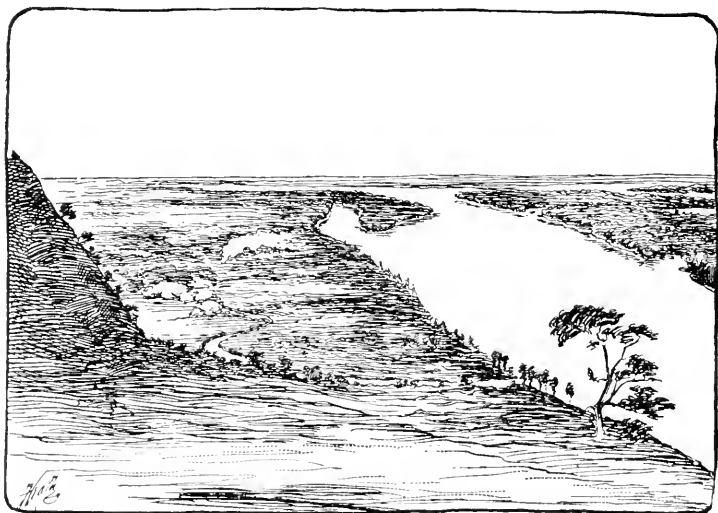
"Never was I so much surprised in my life as I was in this attack," Black Hawk afterwards stated in an autobiography that he dictated while a prisoner in Jefferson barracks. "An army of three or four hundred, after having learned that we were suing for peace, to attempt to kill the flag-bearers that had gone unarmed to ask for a meeting of the war-chiefs of the two contending parties to hold a council, that I might return to the west side of the Mississippi; to come forward with a full determination to demolish the few braves I had with me; to retreat when they had ten to one, was unaccountable to me."

It was a complete rout. The rangers were utterly panic-stricken. Had a handful of them made a stand at their camp in the woods, they could easily have repulsed their few pursuers. None of them stopped there, but madly went on towards the border settlements, scattering fear in all northern Illinois. Their exaggerated accounts created tremendous consternation, and the governor of the state energetically prepared to raise a large force of men to join the regulars from Rock Island.

The disastrous encounter with Black Hawk's band has become known as Stillman's defeat, from the name of the commander of the corps. It occurred May 14, 1832. Eleven whites were killed, the Indian loss being limited to the three braves who were treacherously shot. Black Hawk secured much needed plunder in the deserted

camp, and his warriors were inspired to believe that they could conquer any force of whites. Guided by friendly Winnebagoes, they moved towards Lake Koshkonong, in the impenetrable marshes of which their chieftain believed himself secure from attack. Before proceeding thence they attacked a fort on Apple river and raided isolated frontier cabins, adding a number of scalps to the eleven secured in their first encounter.

In the mining camps of Wisconsin the Black Hawk raid caused tremendous excitement. Families in exposed places hurried to the centers of population, and the leading spirits of the community took energetic measures for defense. Henry Dodge, afterwards governor of the territory, was one of the men who went actively to the front,



BAD AX, SCENE OF INDIAN ATTACK ON KEELBOATS.

urging the people to arm and gather for defensive purposes. Soon the following forts, as they were called, consisting of one or more block-houses and stockades, had been erected and equipped:

Fort Union—Col. Henry Dodge's residence, near Dodgeville.

Fort Defiance—At the farm of Daniel M. Parkinson, five miles southeast of Mineral Point.

Fort Jackson—At Mineral Point.

Fort Hamilton—At Hamilton's lead diggings, afterwards called Wiota.

Mound Fort—On a high plain a mile and a half south of the residence of Ebenezer Brigham at Blue Mounds.

Parish's Fort—At the farm of Thomas J. Parish, later called Wingville.

De Seelhorst's Fort—At the farm of Justus De Seelhorst, near Elk Grove.

Stockades were also erected at Platteville, White Oak Springs, Old Shullsburg, Gratiot's Grove and John B. Terry's farm, Diamond Grove. Fort Union was headquarters, and here several hundred mounted volunteers assembled upon receipt of information that an attack upon Fort Mound was expected. The settlers in the mining country greatly feared that the Winnebagoes would join the Sacs, as it was known they were disposed to aid the band that was now creating a reign of terror along the border. Black Hawk's plan of campaign was to send out detached parties to raid exposed places, the bands thereupon making for the marshes of Koshkonong; there they considered themselves safe.

Three thousand volunteers gathered at Beardstown in response to the call of the governor of Illinois. In Wisconsin, Col. Dodge was energetically gathering his volunteers. On the 16th of June occurred what became known as the Battle of Pecatonica. Though few men were engaged on either side, the fight was notable on account of the great loss of life in proportion to the number of combatants. Seventeen Sacs who had massacred five men working in a cornfield were pursued by Dodge and twenty-eight followers. The Indians were overtaken on the banks of the Pecatonica, where they had sought the ambush of thickets and sand banks. As Dodge and his men were fording the river, the Indians fired a volley that killed three of the men and wounded another. Before they could reload, the volunteers were upon them. Every Indian was killed, the combat lasting but a few minutes.

Arrangements were now made to join the forces from Illinois with those from Wisconsin, to corral Black Hawk in his lurking place at Koshkonong. Gen. Atkinson was in command, his force comprising a thousand men under Posey and Alexander; 1,200 under Col. Henry; 150 volunteers under Dodge; 450 regulars under Maj. Zachary Taylor.

While plans were maturing to entrap Black Hawk at Koshkonong, the chieftain and his band had quietly departed. The marshes and swamps of the region were inaccessible to their pursuers, but were not tenable for any great length of time on account of the scarcity of game. In order to satisfy their hunger, the squaws dug roots, and finally the bark of trees was used for food. Black Hawk concluded that safety could not be secured east of the Mississippi river. Fearing that his encampment would be surrounded by the army in motion against him, he determined to reach the Wisconsin and proceed thence to the Mississippi.

But for an unlooked-for mischance his plans would have succeeded. Gen. Atkinson had dispatched Cols. Henry, Dodge and Alexander to Fort Winnebago to secure provisions. While returning

they came upon the fresh trail of the fugitives leading westward towards the Wisconsin river. Henry and Dodge took up the pursuit with celerity and came upon the band at Wisconsin Heights. The women and children were being transported to an island in the river, and to cover the retreat Black Hawk and his warriors made a stand. Firing began at once. Rain was falling, and it was found impossible to follow the Indians through the wet high grass of the bottoms. At sunset firing ceased.

During the night Black Hawk's people escaped. Many of their old men, women and children were placed on a raft and in a few canoes in the hope that they would be allowed to drift past the guns of Fort Crawford, as non-combatants, without harm. It was a vain hope. When the miserable squaws and their children came within range of the guns, a volley of bullets tore through their midst. Nearly a score of the Indians were killed; another score met death in the rapid current of the river as they sought to escape to the shore. Some of the fugitives reached the woods and either starved to death or fell beneath the tomahawks of a party of Menomonees who had allied themselves with the Americans.

The pursuit of Black Hawk to the Mississippi, after the conflict at Wisconsin Heights, was resumed with redoubled vigor. The trail of the fleeing Indians was marked by dead bodies—victims of wounds and of starvation. The night of the battle a loud voice had been heard from one of the hills, addressing the militia in the Winnebago tongue. It was Ne-a-pope asking the Americans to accept the surrender of their vanquished foes and pleading the privilege of being permitted to cross the Mississippi. He was not understood, and in despair the Sacs resumed their disheartening retreat.

The entire army of Gen. Atkinson was in full cry close upon the heels of their harried prey, but not until the Sacs came to the Mississippi were they overtaken. Here ensued the bloodiest conflict of the war, in the first days of August. Below the mouth of the Bad Axe river, the Indians began to cross. They had but a few canoes, and it promised to be a work of some time to transport the band across. While so engaged there came up the river the steamer *Warrior*, having on board a number of men from Fort Crawford. Black Hawk waved a white flag from the shore in token of surrender. The only reply was a shot from the boat's six-pounder, and a fusillade from the small arms. The despairing Indians answered in kind, but the men on the boat were amply protected. But one of the Americans was wounded, while more than a score of the Indians were killed.

Perceiving the hopeless situation of his people, Black Hawk determined to seek personal safety in the wild recesses of the Wisconsin dalles. A few faithful companions went with him. The fallen chief was seized with remorse at the thought of deserting his people,

and he returned to share their fate. He arrived just in time to witness the dreadful slaughter now known as the battle of Bad Axe, but in reality more a massacre than a battle. The militia and regulars had reached the river long before the few canoes possessed by the Indians could carry more than a few of them across. The story is best told in the words of Black Hawk:

"Early in the morning a party of whites, being in advance of the army, came upon our people, who were attempting to cross the Mississippi; they tried to give themselves up; the whites paid no attention to their entreaties, but commenced slaughtering them. In a little while the whole army arrived; our braves, but few in number, finding that the enemy paid no attention to age or sex, and seeing that they were murdering helpless women and little children, determined to fight until they were killed. As many women as could commenced swimming the Mississippi, with their children on their backs; a number of them were drowned, and some shot, before they could reach the opposite shore."

On an island in the river some of the warriors, who had reached it by swimming, made a final stand. The cannon of the Warrior sent a raking fire through their midst, and a hundred and fifty regulars who were transported to the island in the Warrior's boats, finished the work with their bayonets.

The Indian loss by drowning was doubtless greater than by bullets—about three hundred in all. Those who had succeeded in crossing the river, about three hundred, and two score women and children who were taken prisoners, alone survived of Black Hawk's people. But a few months before they had counted a thousand warriors, women and children. The wretched fugitives had more woe in store for them. Their old-time enemies, the Sioux, fell upon them on the western banks where they had hoped to find shelter. Less than half the number of those who had crossed reached the villages of their kinsmen.

The wretched chieftain of the vanquished Sacs fled after witnessing the awful slaughter at Bad Axe.

Treacherous in their instincts, the Winnebagoes proved renegades to their Sac allies when the fortune of war turned against them. They had secretly leagued with Black Hawk when the struggle began, and at one time Gen. Dodge's volunteers would have been ambuscaded and doubtless cut to pieces in following a Winnebago guide, but for a mere accident that led to a change of route. The Winnebagoes now hastened to prove friendly to the whites, and to prove it brought Black Hawk a prisoner to Prairie du Chien. One-eyed Dekora and a companion named Chaetar brought the prisoner, who wore a dress of white-tanned deer-skins.

The one-eyed captor addressed the general in this fashion, as he pointed to Black Hawk and his fellow prisoner, the evil-minded

Prophet: "You told us to bring them to you alive; we have done so. If you had told us to bring their heads alone, we would have done so—and it would have been less difficult than what we have done.

"My Father!—We deliver these men into your hands. We want you to keep them safe. If they are to be hurt, we do not wish to see it. Wait until we are gone before it is done.

"My Father!—Many little birds have been flying about our ears of late and we thought they whispered to us that there was evil intended for us; but now we hope these evil birds will let our ears alone."

Chaetar was more to the point. He said:

"My Father!—Soldiers sometimes stick the end of their guns (bayonets) into the backs of Indian prisoners. I hope this will not be done to these men."

Maj. Zachary Taylor responded with assurances to relieve their minds:

"My Children!—I will keep them safe and will do them no harm. I will deliver them to the great chief of the warriors, and he will do with them and use them in such manner as shall be ordered by your Great Father, the president."

Black Hawk was taken to Jefferson barracks, and then on a tour of the East, to impress him with the futility of Indian resistance to the power of the whites. Finally he was turned over to the custody of his hated rival Keokuk. He felt the humiliation keenly, but the feathers of his wings had been plucked; the Hawk flew no more.

The Black Hawk war was notable on account of the many noted men who took part in the events, among them Abraham Lincoln, who served as a "private horseman" in a company of rangers; Zachary Taylor, in command of the regulars; Lieut. Jefferson Davis, afterwards president of the Southern confederacy; Charles Dunn, who afterwards became chief justice of the territorial Supreme court; William S. Hamilton, son of Washington's famous secretary of the treasury; Henry Dodge, first governor of Wisconsin territory, and first United States senator from the state; Henry Gratiot, one of the prominent pioneers of Wisconsin.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE DAYS OF THE TERRITORY.

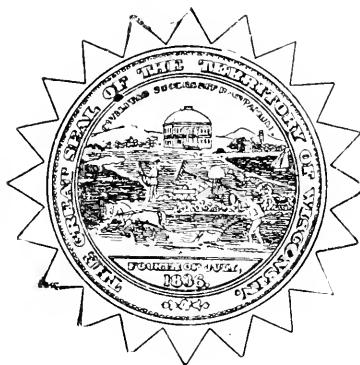
LONG caravans of prairie schooners made the Wisconsin country their destination soon after the Black Hawk war. That struggle had advertised its fertile prairies and valleys in the East, and intending settlers eagerly purchased the thousands of guide books and pamphlets printed by enterprising publishers, purporting to describe the natural attractions of the Western territory. The march of the volunteers across the region beginning at Koshkonong and terminating at the mouth of the Bad Axe on the Mississippi had disclosed the productive richness and sylvan attractiveness of Wisconsin, and hardy immigrants from New England and New York soon arrived in great numbers.

Many of the soldiers in the Black Hawk war were sons of farmers, and as they crossed the state in the chase after the Sac warriors they mentally staked out farms in the fertile valleys and uplands. Previous to this time it had been the general impression that Wisconsin was a mere maze of morasses—another Great Dismal Swamp. Long before, it had been planned to convert Wisconsin into a great Indian territory. As early as 1822 a contingent of Brothertown and Oneida Indians were transported hither from New York. There was even a plan to found a great Indian empire, but the man who conceived it, Eleazer Williams, was an erratic individual and his scheme came to naught.

The immigration from the East was the second great influx of inhabitants; the first had been attracted to the mining camps of Southwestern Wisconsin—men from Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee. The second migration scattered agricultural communities in the southeastern part of Wisconsin, and along the lake shore. The third comers did not begin to arrive till nearly a decade later, when hardy Swiss and Germans, Scandinavians, Belgians and Dutch sought in this part of the new world homes for themselves and their children. These became the three elements whose distinctive impress remains at this day; French influences vanished long ago, and survive only in the names borne by some of the streams and towns.

Previous to the year 1836, Wisconsin had been a neglected section, successively, of the territories of the Northwest, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. As early as 1824, Judge James Duane Doty, who represented the judicial authority of Michigan territory in the region west of the lake, had begun an agitation to secure separate territorial government for Wisconsin. He addressed a petition to Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, urging congressional action.

He represented that the seat of government (Detroit), being six hundred miles distant, totally inaccessible during the winter season and nearly so by land at all periods of the year, the people regarded it as little more than the capitol of a foreign government; that their votes for representatives could not be forwarded in time to be counted; that this being the home of some of the most numerous



TERRITORIAL SEAL.



TERRITORIAL SEAL.

and warlike nations of Indians within the United States, the people ought to have better facilities for protection, etc., etc. Judge Doty proposed to call the territory Chippewau, and included in the boundaries which he suggested the northern peninsula of Michigan, and large sections of the present states of Illinois and Minnesota. He gave this interesting summary of the settlements then scattered

over this territory, all but two of them begun while the country was under the dominion of France:

Pauwayteeg, or the Sault de Ste. Marie, is situated north of Detroit, which is the seat of government of Michigan, and the distance between them is 400 miles.

Mackinaw island is 90 miles from the Sault.

Pointe Ste. Ignace, the site of the Jesuit's establishment in 1678, is three miles from Mackinaw.

Mouth of the Munnomonee river is 180 miles from la Pointe Ste. Ignace (Maca).

Green Bay Settlement, at the mouth of the Fox river, is 60 miles from Munnomonee river, and 600 from Detroit. This settlement is six miles square.

Milwaukee is 90 miles from Green Bay.

Grand Kaukaunnah is 18 miles from Green Bay.

La Butte des Mortes is 70 miles from Green Bay.

Portage, from the Fox river to the Mississippi river, is 220 miles from Green Bay. This is a portage one mile and a quarter.

Prairie du Chien, or Mindoty, on the Mississippi near the mouth of the Wisconsin, is 180 miles from the portage—100 from Green Bay and 940 from Detroit. It is the seat of justice for Crawford county. It is 9 miles long and 2 broad. By a cession made to Gen'l Pike in 1805, the U. S. have a right to claim 9 or 10 miles square at the mouth of the Wisconsin.

Galena, on Fever river, is 90 miles from Prairie du Chien.

St. Peters is 300 miles above Prairie du Chien and 7 below the falls of St. Anthony.

Pembinau is on the Red river near the 49° of latitude.

To these may be added the permanent trading establishments on Lake Superior of The Bay, Montreal island and Fond du Lac; and of Lac du Flambeau, Lake St. Croix, Sandy Lake and Leech Lake in the interior.

Judge Doty's estimate of the population within these settlements was "between six and seven thousand souls."

Despite the earnestness with which Judge Doty pressed his territorial hobby, it was not until twelve years after he began the agitation that the enabling act passed congress. During this long period of agitation, various names were suggested for the proposed territory, among them Chippewau, Huron, Superior and Wisconsin. Judge Doty was partial to the last-mentioned rendering of the euphonious French Ouisconsin; it was not till 1845 that the legislature decided the official spelling of it as W-i-s-c-o-n-s-i-n.

It is probable that Wisconsin would have had to wait longer before donning long clothes had not Michigan at this time (1836) had statehood conferred upon it. This left a large section of country west of Lake Michigan unorganized, and so what is now Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and a part of Dakota was put into one territorial lump and called Wisconsin.

The governmental history of Wisconsin up to this time embraces one hundred and sixty-six years, during which the French were in control ninety years; the English thirty-six, and the Americans forty—at least nominally. During all but a quarter of a century of this period, the seat of government was so remote that this distant province was practically under no civil jurisdiction, although at times military rule prevailed in the centers of

population. From the year 1671, when St. Lusson with spectacular pomp took possession of the Wisconsin region, till in 1660 the fleur-de-lis was lowered in the forest stockades, twelve French governors had exercised jurisdiction:

1. Daniel de Remy de Courcelle (Knight), 1671-1672.
2. Louis de Buade, Count de Paluan and de Frontenac, 1672-1682, and again 1689-1698.
3. La Febvre de la Barre, 1682-1685.
4. Jacques René de Brisay, Marquis de Denonville, 1685-1689.
5. Louis Hector de Callière (Knight), 1699-1703.
6. Phillip de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, 1703-1725.
7. Charles le Moyne, Baron de Longueuil, 1725-1726, and again in 1752.
8. Charles Marquis de Beauharnois, 1726-1747.
9. Rolland Michel Barrin, Count de la Galissonnière, 1747-1749.
10. Jacques Pierre de Taffanel, Marquis de la Jonquière, 1749-1752.
11. Marquis Duquesne de Menneville, 1752-1755.
12. Pierre Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil-Cavegnal, 1755-1760.

From the occupancy by the British of the tumble-down Fort St. Francis at Green Bay, rechristened Fort Edward Augustus by them, till Jay's treaty compelled British evacuation in 1796, the governors of this region followed each other every few years in this order:

1. Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, 1760-1763.
2. Gen. James Murray, 1763-1766.
3. Palus Emeline Irvine (three months), 1766.
4. Guy Carlton (lieutenant-governor), 1766-1770.
5. Hector T. Cramahe (president council), 1770-1774.
6. Guy Carlton, 1774-1778.
7. Gen. Frederick Haldimand (lieutenant-governor), 1778-1784.
8. Henry Hamilton (lieutenant-governor), 1784.
9. Henry Hope (president council), 1785.
10. Guy Carlton, Lord Dorchester, 1785-1792.
11. John Graves Simcoe (lieutenant-governor), 1792-1796.

The evacuation of this region left an immense territory to be governed by the United States as a national domain. Under the celebrated ordinance of 1787, provision was made for its government. Though constructively under the jurisdiction of American governors, what is now Wisconsin was actually ruled (if it could be said to have been governed at all) by foreign officers till 1796. In fact, until some time after the war of 1812, the scattered inhabitants of Wisconsin did not know, and doubtless did not care, under what governmental jurisdiction they were. At Green Bay and Prairie du Chien two pompous functionaries claimed to hold commissions as justices of the peace; this was the extent of government representation for many years. It would doubtless have puzzled even these commissioners of the law had they been asked to tell the name of the governor. Until given separate territorial rights, Wisconsin was an orphan in the neglectful charge, first of the Northwest territory, then of the territories of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. These were the American territorial governors:

1. Arthur St. Clair, Northwest territory, 1787-1800.
2. William Henry Harrison, Indiana territory, 1800-1809.
3. Ninian Edwards, Illinois territory, 1809-1818.
4. Lewis Cass, Michigan territory, 1818-1831.
5. George B. Porter, Michigan territory, 1831-1834.
6. Stevens T. Mason, Michigan territory, 1834-1836.
7. Henry Dodge, Wisconsin territory, 1836-1841.
8. James Duane Doty, Wisconsin territory, 1841-1844.
9. Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, Wisconsin territory, 1844-1845.
10. Henry Dodge, Wisconsin territory, 1845-1848.

Congress passed the act creating the territory of Wisconsin April 20, 1836, to take effect July 3 of the same year. Andrew Jackson was president of the United States, and he commissioned Henry Dodge, who was a Democrat, as the first governor of the new territory; Charles Dunn as chief justice, and William C. Frazer and David Irvin as associates. George W. Jones was elected congressional delegate, and a legislature was chosen consisting of thirteen members of the council and twice that number of representatives. Their first session was held at Belmont, in Iowa county, beginning Oct. 25.

The session of the legislature attracted to the little cluster of houses known as Belmont all the politicians of the territory. The total population of the territory at this time, including Iowa, was but 22,218; there were important matters to be determined, however, and the interest in the session was great. At this time not a rail had been laid in the territory; instead of riding to the capitol in a parlor car, with a bundle of passes in his pocket, the legislator came on horseback, or in any sort of conveyance most convenient. It was a picturesque crowd of men, and some of the speeches that were made were picturesque too, judging from a specimen that has been preserved:

"Mr. Chairman: I have waited patiently till the doctors and lawyers got through, to make a speech on the location of the seat of government. I was raised in the wiles of Ellinois, and 'ust to wear a leather huntin' shirt and sleep under a buffalo rug. I war edicated in the woods. The yearly part of my life was spent in trackin' Ingens; but it is harder tracken these gentlemen. We have envited the gentlemen to come up to the troft and argy the question on its merits, but as the Yankee said, they squerm and won't come up to the rack."

Naturally, the legislation of greatest interest at the first session was the location of the territorial capitol. Land boomers were on hand with attractive plats of cities that existed on paper only, urging the selection of their townsites. A great scramble by rival towns ensued, and local feeling was wrought up to a great pitch of excitement. A list of the rival claimants included Belmont, Bellevue, Cassville, Dubuque, Fond du Lac, Green Bay, Helena, Madison, Mineral Point, Milwaukee, Koshkonong, Racine, Wisconsin City,

Portage, Wisconsinapolis, Peru and Prairie du Chien. The points that were pushed most vigorously were Madison, Belmont, Fond du Lac and Cassville.

By a vote of 7 to 6 the council determined upon Madison as the seat of government after a long and exciting struggle, and the house of representatives ratified the choice by a vote of 16 to 10. Ugly rumors were in circulation as to the arguments that proved most potent in the selection of the capitol.

"On the adjournment of the legislature," says a contemporary account, "quite a number of gentlemen—I never learned how many



MADISON IN 1836.

Showing the Log Cabin in Which Vinnie Ream, Sculptress, Is Said to Have Been Born.

—belonging to that body, went to their homes the owners of sundry corner lots in a new town, and the seat of government of Wisconsin was permanently located at Madison."

It was the influence of James Duane Doty that located the capitol in the virgin forest between Lakes Mendota and Monona. He controlled about a thousand acres purchased by himself and the governor of Michigan, and he determined that this place should be selected for the capital of the state. Accordingly he hired a surveyor to accompany him, and they made the trip from Green Bay on horseback. The surveyor carried his compass and chain, and Doty a green blanket and a shotgun. The shotgun was an important part of the outfit, for upon it the two travelers depended for their forage. On the site of the future city they found a little

log cabin. From this nucleus the surveyor drew plans that dazzled the legislators with the magnificence of the future city for which they voted.

No sooner had Madison been decided upon as the location of the capitol than the owners of the site started a boom that was intended to speedily build a city there. Elaborately engraved plans showing houses and costly public edifices were shown on these plans, and descriptions were given of seven cities located near each other in the region of the Four Lakes. Madison City was represented to be the metropolis; adjacent was the City of the Four Lakes; a short distance beyond and near each other, the maps and plans located the cities of North Madison, East Madison, West Madison, South Madison, City of the First Lake and City of the Second Lake. There was a splendid engraved plan of each of these cities, with all its "squares, streets, institutions and temples."

Travelers who were attracted to the Four Lakes by these alluring pictures were greatly astonished to learn that these seven cities had shrunk by the time of their arrival to one small log cabin in the woods.

"This was Madison City," says the amusing account of one of these travelers who sought to find the seven cities and found a hastily patched-up log hut consisting of one room about twelve feet square. "Humble as it was, it concentrated within itself all the urban importance of the seven cities we had come so far to admire. and to which—according to our engraved plans—Ninevah of old, Thebes with its hundred gates, and Persepolis were but baby-houses. Not another dwelling was there in the whole country, and this wretched contrivance had only been put up within the last four weeks."

During the twelve years of Wisconsin's territorial era, the chief incidents were as follows:

1836—Seventh territorial legislature of Michigan met at Green Bay for the first and only time, and memorialized congress to form a separate territory west of Lake Michigan. The territory of Wisconsin established to take effect July 3: Henry Dodge, governor; Charles Dunn, chief justice; John S. Horner, secretary. Meeting of first legislative assembly at Belmont. Gold excitement at Kewaunee. First school in Milwaukee opened. Publication of Milwaukee Advertiser begun. Land office established in Milwaukee. Three banks incorporated, one at Milwaukee, one at Dubuque and one at Mineral Point, all of which subsequently became bankrupt. Four million acres of land ceded by the Menomonee Indians by treaty.

1837—Five postoffices established: at Chase's Point, Moundville, Madison, Elk Grove and Cassville, and one during the summer at Watertown. Laying of the capitol corner stone at Madison in July. Second legislative session held at Burlington (now Iowa). Nov. 6. Milwaukee and Rock River Canal company incorporated. Imprisonment for debt abolished.

1838—Census taken, showing population of 18,149 in that part of Wisconsin east of the Mississippi river. James Duane Doty elected delegate to congress, defeating George W. Jones and Thomas P. Burnett. State bank incorporated. Legislature met in Madison for the first time. Congressional appropriation for a

railroad survey from Milwaukee to Prairie du Chien. Eighty postoffices in operation in the territory (twenty-seven have since been discontinued or have different names.)

1839—Doty reelected delegate to congress, defeating Byron Kilbourn and Thomas P. Burnett. Great Indian battle in Northern Wisconsin between Sioux and Objibwas, 200 being killed. Fire and Marine Insurance company's bank (Alexander Mitchell's) opened in Milwaukee. First political state convention (Democratic) held at Madison, in June.

1840—A population of 30,747 shown by the federal census. First divorce granted by the legislature. First brew of beer at Milwaukee. "Bridge war" at Milwaukee.

1841—Gov. Dodge removed from office by President John Tyler, and James Duane Doty appointed in his place. Bank of Mineral Point robbed by its officers, and about \$200,000 loss sustained by depositors. Whig state convention held at Madison, in February, for organization. Henry Dodge, Democrat, elected as a delegate to congress, defeating Jonathan E. Arnold, Whig.

1842—During a debate in the legislature James R. Vineyard shot Charles C. P. Arndt dead; tried for manslaughter and acquitted. Another census taken, showing a population of 46,678. Gov. Doty refused to recognize the legislature, and congress appealed to. Proclamation of Gov. Doty asking for a vote on "the formation of a permanent government for the state of Wisconsin"; for, 619; against, 1,843. Divorces refused for the first time in the history of Wisconsin legislation.

1843—Henry Dodge elected to congress as a Democrat, defeating George W. Hickox, Whig candidate. Congress requested by the legislature to remove Gov. Doty for refusing to recognize them.

1844—Nathaniel Tallmadge appointed governor in place of Doty. The Wisconsin Phalanx (a commune) established near the site of the city of Ripon (Ceresco Valley). Unsuccessful attempt in the legislature to restrict negro suffrage. Belligerent nullification resolutions adopted and sent to congress, on account of boundary disputes.

1845—Henry Dodge again appointed governor. Resolution adopted by the legislature that the name of the territory should be spelled "Wisconsin." Morgan L. Martin elected delegate to congress, defeating James Collins, Whig, and Edward D. Holton, Anti-Slavery candidate. Mormon colony at Voree in Walworth county established by James Jesse Strang.

1846—Vote taken in April to form a state government, and the proposition carried by a large majority. A census taken showing a population of 155,217. Constitutional convention held. Congress authorized a state government, August. Conflict between whites and Indians at Muscoda; four Indians shot. Enlistment of Wisconsin men in Illinois companies for the Mexican war.

1847—Constitution submitted to the people and rejected. Second constitutional convention. A population of 210,546 shown by census. Milwaukee & Waukesha Railroad company chartered (first in Wisconsin).

1848—Constitution ratified by a majority of 10,000. Wisconsin admitted to statehood, May 29.

Some of the episodes that occurred during Wisconsin's territorial history excited great interest outside the immediate locality, among them: The founding of a Mormon stake of Zion at Voree; the establishment of the Wisconsin Phalanx at Ceresco—a sort of Brook Farm experiment; the adoption of resolutions by the legislature declaring that if congress did not restore Wisconsin the boundaries guaranteed by the organic act governing the Northwest, it would become "a state outside the Union."

CHAPTER IX.

A MODERN UTOPIA.

OUT of a literary society's debate in the young village of Southport (now Kenosha) grew an interesting experiment in communism, that flourished for five years in Wisconsin. About the year 1843 a wave of what was called Fourierism swept over the country. Men of keen intellect were attracted by the Utopian plan of speculative writers who urged the formation of communities where perfect democracy would prevail. Horace Greeley's *Tribune* took up the attempt to "spiritualize washtubs and to put the pitchfork in the hand of philosophy." Among those who read the articles were a number of New England and New York pioneers who had made their home in Southport. They were people of intelligence and of thrifty character. The question was discussed at a meeting of the Franklin lyceum, whose membership included Charles Durkee, the first Free-Soil member of the United States senate; Louis P. Harvey, one of Wisconsin's war governors; Warren Chase, a conspicuous character in the early politics of the state; Lester Rounds, and many others who became well known in the subsequent history of the state.

"Does the system of Fourier present a practical plan for such a reorganization of society as will guard against our social evils?" was the topic of debate at a meeting of the Lyceum held one evening in November, 1843.

Fourier was a Frenchman who had conceived a scheme for dividing mankind into groups, destined eventually to come under a unitary government with but one language, and one system. Each association, or phalanstery, according to his plan, was to comprise 400 families, or 1,800 persons, which number he had figured out included the entire circle of human capacities. "These should live in one immense edifice, in the center of a large and highly cultivated domain, and furnished with workshops, studios and all the appliances of industry and art, as well as all the sources of amusement and pleasure."

The plan of Fourier contemplated this division of resources and product: Five parts to labor, four to capital and three to talent.

This, in brief, was the Utopian scheme that appealed to the good people of Southport the beginning of the year 1844. A few leading men drew up a plan of organization, styled the association "The Wisconsin Phalanx" and found no difficulty in disposing of a large number of shares at \$25 each. Ebenezer Childs of Green Bay was employed to select a spot suitable for the home of the Phalanx, and he recommended to the visionaries the purchase of a tract of

land in the valley of Ceresco. It seemed as if this place had been designed especially for such a community. Its sylvan attractiveness appealed to the artistic sense and love of nature, its fertile soil gave promise of splendid harvests, its water facilities and timbered hills invited the erection of mills and factories.

With the sum of \$800 ensconced in a wallet, Warren Chase went to Green Bay and entered several quarter sections of the lands in the snug valley of Ceresco.

In the meantime the Southport communists had been actively preparing to go to the land of promise. Tents had been secured, and provided with provisions, tools and cattle, the vanguard left Southport one Monday morning, with a parting cheer from



RUINS OF THE PHALANX LONG HOUSE AT RIPON.

From a Recent Photograph.

their comrades. One Saturday evening the twenty persons who formed this advance guard—nineteen men and one boy—came to the banks of Silver creek and pitched their tents. They were on the site of the future city of Ripon. The next morning was Sunday, May 27, 1844, a date memorable in the annals of the Phalanx, for on this day they entered the valley destined to become their home.

The season was well advanced, and early the next morning the pioneers of the new idea energetically began their settlement. While some of them broke ground for planting, others dug cellars and reared the skeletons of frame dwellings for housing the families that were soon to come. A frost destroyed their growing vegetables, but undaunted they replanted corn and potatoes, beans, buckwheat and turnips. In their three tents they made shift to sleep with as

much comfort as beds on the ground would permit, and they ate in the open air the meals cooked for them by an old Scotch sailor. The rough boards on which the viands were served was beneath the shade of spreading branches, and answered well enough for the purpose except when it rained; but they cheerfully accustomed themselves to eat in a standing position when it rained, because "they could thus shed the rain easier."

The stars and stripes fluttered from a high liberty pole on the Fourth of July, and the little community celebrated the day with much enthusiasm. By this time about twenty families were occupying the half-finished houses. They ate at a common table, the basement of one of the houses serving for kitchen and dining hall. A sawmill was constructed on the bank of Silver creek, and a dam was thrown across the stream, but winter set in before the mill could be operated. The oak boards for their houses and the shingles for the roof had all been made by hand.

While the members of the Phalanx were shivering in their winter-bound valley homes, their leader was in Madison lobbying for a charter. The territorial legislators were somewhat nonplussed at being asked to grant a charter of such an unusual sort, but finally granted it, substantially as the Phalanx had agreed. These were the salient features:

Property to be held in stock, numbered in shares of \$25 each.

Quantity of land limited to forty acres for each person belonging to the corporation.

No person permitted to join except by unanimous vote of the Board of Managers (president, vice-president and nine council-men).

Annual settlements of profits made on the following basis: One-fourth credited as dividend for stock; remaining three-fourths credited to labor.

Free public schools to be maintained nine months of the year, capital paying three-fourths of the cost, and labor one-fourth.

Toleration of religious opinion, no member to be taxed, unless voluntarily, for the support of any minister of religion.

Protected by a charter, the Phalanx proceeded to exemplify the principles of Fourier. The "long house" was constructed, described as being 400 feet in length and consisting of "two rows of tenements, with a hall between, under one roof." This was the common dining hall, the place of amusement and the seat of culture. The families took their meals at the common table, but retired to their individual cabins when they pleased. Board at the phalanstery was reduced in cost to 63 cents per week. The "class of usefulness" was divided into three groups—agricultural, mechanical and educational. These were subdivided as necessity or convenience dictated. All labor was voluntary, but of course credit was given to each in proportion to actual work accomplished. An exact account of labor was kept.

There was a weekly programme for dividing the evenings between business and recreation:

Monday evening—Business of the council.

Tuesday evening—Meeting of the Philolathian society, with discussion on current topics, and reading of "The Gleaner."

Wednesday evening—Singing.

Thursday evening—Dancing.

Friday—No meeting.

Saturday evening—Hearing of detailed reports from the foremen.

"The Gleaner" was a paper, bearing this motto: "Let the gleaner go forth and glean and gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

Enthusiasm and industry brought great prosperity—for awhile. Applications for membership poured in, but few were admitted. By the close of the second season thirty families were enrolled, and the property of the Phalanx was valued at \$27,725.02. One hundred acres of wheat had been harvested, besides sixty of corn, fifty-seven of oats and other crops in proportion. Ceresco had been well named; Ceres, patroness of agriculture, smiled upon her own. The appraisal the year following gave a valuation of \$32,564.18, and net profit of the year was \$9,029.73. This gave a dividend to stock of 7¼ per cent. and of 7.3 cents per hour to labor.

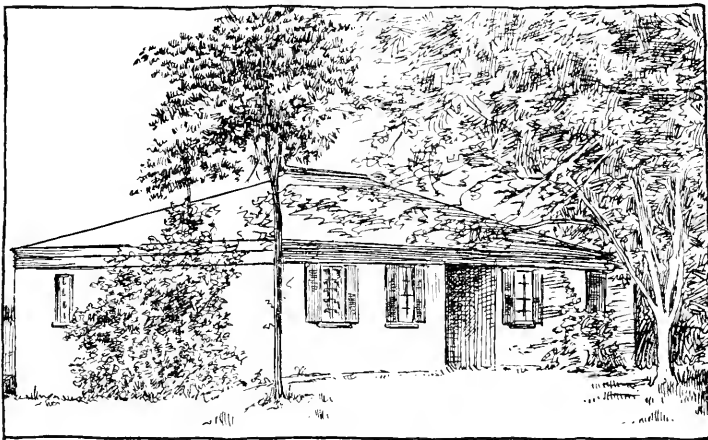
"There was a faithful attempt to carry out the complicated plan of Fourier with regard to the personal credits and the equalization of labor by reducing all to what was called the class of usefulness," says an account by Everett Chamberlain. "Under this arrangement, some of the more skillful workmen were able to score as many as twenty-five hours' labor in one day—a paradox in time-keeping which was exceedingly amusing to the skillful ones, and correspondingly perplexing to the unskillful, since everybody drew stock or cash on settlement day in proportion to his credit on the daily record."

In his first annual report, the president noted that the Phalanx workers had performed in all one hundred and two thousand, seven hundred and sixty hours of labor, and found time besides to cultivate vocal and instrumental music, and "our young ladies and gentlemen have occasionally engaged in cotillions, especially on wedding occasions, of which we have had three the past summer."

While seemingly the experiment of the Phalanx was a proven success, the seeds of disintegration had been sown. Although the cost of board never exceeded 75 cents per week, the common table soon lost many of its diners, the families preferring to do their own cooking at home. The settlement of the lands adjacent awoke the spirit of land speculation in some of the thrifty members of the Phalanx; a couple of free love devotees came to the community and made a few converts, as did a lecturer on spiritualism. The com-

munity also got into a tangle with the founders of Ripon, and the acute angles of that city's streets, with their three-cornered buildings yet attest the existence of this rivalry. In the end Ripon triumphed by using political influence and wresting the postoffice from Ceresco, the mail bags being carried in triumph to the newer settlement. There were other internal troubles—a difference of opinion as to the proper apportionment of work and emoluments.

The end came in 1850, when authority was received from the legislature to disband. This was done, and nearly \$40,000 was distributed among the members.



GOV. DOTY'S RESIDENCE AT SHANTYTOWN.

(James Duane Doty was doubtless the ablest of Wisconsin's Territorial Governors, though by no means the most popular. He was a New Yorker and came West with Lewis Cass, whose secretary he was. In 1829 he made Green Bay his home. He was Governor of Utah Territory at the time of his death in 1865.)

Another experiment in socialism that came to grief in Wisconsin was the Utilitarian association, located in Waukesha county. Its origin was in overcrowded London, where in 1843 a bookbinder named Campbell Smith urged the formation of communities to colonize tracts of land in the new world. All members were to contribute equally and live at common expense. A 200-acre farm located near Mukwonago was purchased, and Smith led his band thither in 1844. To these Londoners who had breathed the aid of crowded tenement houses, the idea of riding around a farm as large as Regent's park was inspiring, and they came with high hopes and happy hearts. The community lasted about a year, and then disbanded. This is the reason given by George Campbell, one of the communists:

"The members were dissatisfied. There was no head to the concern, and everyone wanted to do as he chose. According to the

by-laws a meeting was held every evening after supper to decide what work should be done the next day. They did no good. I remember how Campbell Smith used to sit in his chair, smoking his pipe and say: 'Well, I guess we had better hoe the potatoes tomorrow; they need it,' and the others would sit still and never say a word. The result was that next morning the potatoes remained among the weeds. One would do this and another that. After awhile we realized that we couldn't farm, so we sold the tract, and everyone went his own way."

Somewhat similar in scope to the Wisconsin Phalanx, though not as successful nor as long-lived, was the Spring Farm association. It had its origin in the village of Sheboygan Falls in the year 1845, and was a reflex of the same wave of socialism which brought into being the community at Ceresco. After a good deal of discussion on the subject of socialism, ten families agreed to try the plan of Fourier, and formed an association. There were differences of opinion at the start. Some of the members insisted on settling on the shore of Lake Michigan; others wanted to get away from civilization, and picked out a tract twenty miles inland. Being unable to reconcile their differences, the communists split. The lake shore association had a fitful existence and gave up the struggle. The Spring Farm association adopted the motto, "Union, Equal Rights and Social Guarantees," and planted its standard in a wooded spot whose springs of water gave to the community its name of Spring Farm association. The six families kept together for three years. Among them were farmers, blacksmiths and carpenters. They constructed a unitary building twenty feet by thirty in dimensions, and comprising two stories. They had thirty acres of land under cultivation.

"We dissolved by mutual agreement," one of the members explained in accounting for the dissolution. "We were not troubled with dishonest management, and generally agreed in all our affairs. The reasons for failure were poverty, diversity of habits and dispositions, and disappointments through failure of harvest."

Manitowoc county is at the present day the home of a communistic enterprise, started many years ago by a Catholic priest from Baden. It flourished for many years under his supervision, as he practically controlled its affairs and his people obediently followed his counsel in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. Since his death the principles of communism have been considerably modified.

Of the numerous experiments in America on the pattern prescribed by Fourier and Owen, the Wisconsin Phalanx had the longest life, with but two exceptions. In material prosperity, it was exceeded by none. Although doubtless it was this prosperity that led to the break-up by introducing the spirit of cupidity among its members, there were other serious causes of disturbance. The joint

boarding house idea was a source of contention. There was but a small majority in its favor when the decision was reached to build the dwellings in unitary blocks adapted to a common boarding house instead of in isolated style adapted to the separate family and single living.

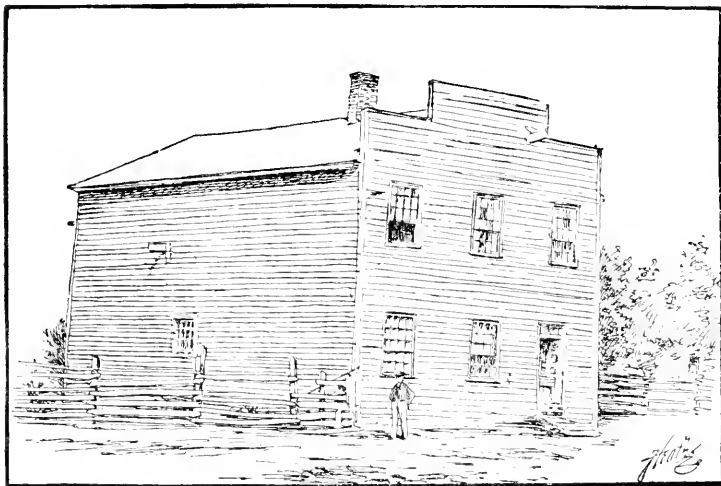
Accounts are agreed that the community table was set with plain but substantial food, much like the tables of farmers in newly-settled agricultural regions. And yet, despite the cheapness of the board to the boarders, the common table was soon surrounded with many empty chairs.

"There is a difference of opinion in regard to board," President Warren Chase wrote to *The Harbinger*, Jan. 8, 1848. "Most of our families cook their board in their rooms from choice under present circumstances; some because they use no meat and do not choose to sit at a table plentifully supplied with beef, pork and mutton; others because they choose to have their children sit at the table with them, to regulate their diet, etc., which our circumstances will not yet permit at our public table; others because they want to ask a blessing, etc.; and others because their manner of cooking and habits of living have become so fixed as to have sufficient influence to require their continuance."

CHAPTER X.

A TRAGEDY IN THE CAPITOL.

MUCH acrimonious discussion was excited during the session of the territorial legislature in 1842 by the nominations for office submitted by Gov. Doty. On the 7th of February the bitterness thus engendered caused one member of the council to shoot a fellow member dead. James R. Vineyard represented Iowa county and Charles C. P. Arndt was the member from Brown. They were warm personal friends until the scramble for office led them to take oppo-



WISCONSIN'S FIRST CAPITOL.

The Old Building at Belmont, Where the Legislature Met in 1836, is Still Standing.

site sides. The governor had sent in the name of Enos S. Baker for sheriff of Grant county. A bitter debate followed. Arndt made a sarcastic statement concerning his colleague Vineyard, and the latter retorted in anger that the statement was a falsehood. Order was restored, and a motion was made to adjourn. Before the vote could be announced, a confusion of voices in the neighborhood of Vineyard's desk interrupted proceedings. Words in a high key were passed, and most of the members arose to crowd around the disputants.

"Order! order!" called out Moses M. Strong, another member.

"Order ! order !" repeated the president.

Amid much confusion the council adjourned. Arndt advanced again towards Vineyard's desk, demanding to know whether the latter had imputed to him falsehood in his remarks.

"They were false," Vineyard retorted.

Arndt struck Vineyard on the forehead. The report of a pistol followed, and Arndt reeled towards the fireplace. He fell into the arms of a fellow-member and in five minutes was dead.

Vineyard surrendered himself to the sheriff. His wife shared his incarceration in jail until his release on \$10,000 bail. From his jail quarters, Vineyard sent his resignation to the council. It was not accepted; instead he was expelled by a vote of 10 to 1 and his seat was declared vacant. A grand jury returned a bill for manslaughter. He was tried, and the jury acquitted him. The trial occurred in Green county, Vineyard having secured a change of venue from Dane on the ground of the prejudice of the people.

CHAPTER XI.

STRANG'S STAKE OF ZION AT VOREE.

DURING the concluding period of the territorial era, an attempt was made to establish a stronghold of Mormonism in Wisconsin. Had the plans of one James Jesse Strang been brought to fruition, all the followers of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, would have congregated here to found a kingdom and to "establish an inheritance forever." The scheme miscarried; in the end Strang forfeited his life and his deluded followers were dispersed by violence. Utah became the Mecca of Mormonism.

When the Mormons were building their famous temple at Nauvoo, some of the workmen were sent to the forests of Wisconsin to hew the timbers for the structure and raft them down the Mississippi. As they passed the prairie La Crosse, they were attracted by the pleasant little coulees that nestle between the green hills eastward of the prairie. Elder Lyman Wight led a band of Mormons thither in 1843 and planted the first Mormon stake of Zion in Wisconsin. The little valley still bears the name of Mormon coulee; its name and a few crumbling ruins of masonry are all the vestiges that remain of the Mormon occupation. The people of the coulee and the rough traders of the prairie had frequent collisions, due in part to the rude attentions received by the Mormon women from the young men of the prairie. A bloody feud threatened to break out; the Mormons prevented it by abandoning their homes. Rafts were secretly constructed, and under cover of night they floated down the river to Nauvoo, after applying the torch to their deserted homes.

Itinerant Mormon preachers sought converts among the people of Burlington, Racine county, early in the year 1845. An eccentric young lawyer named James Jesse Strang became interested in their talk and embraced Mormonism with great zeal. Strang's subsequent career as elder, revelator, prophet, seer, and finally as king, is one of the strange episodes of Western history. Before coming to Wisconsin, Strang lived in his native state, New York. During his boyhood, he was regarded as a child of odd characteristics, and as he grew to manhood his eccentricities became more pronounced. While working on a farm, he borrowed law books and industriously applied himself to be admitted to the bar. His disposition was too restless to permit him to engage long in one occupation or to remain long enough in one place to take root. He became a rover; at one place he taught country school; at another practiced law; at a third edited a newspaper and secured appointment as postmaster.

Finally he became a temperance lecturer, and in 1843 came to Wisconsin, resuming the practice of law.

Strang went into the Mormon movement with great energy. In January he was converted; in February he visited Nauvoo and was baptized by the seer Joseph Smith into the communion of Latter Day Saints. The young Wisconsin convert made so favorable an impression on the prophet that only a week later he was made an elder and received authority to plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin.

Six months later Strang was contesting with Brigham Young the headship of the Mormon church.

A mob stormed the jail at Carthage, Ill., in the month of June, 1845, and shot Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum to death. Before the distracted Mormons of Nauvoo had recovered their



KING STRANG.

From the Only Photograph Known to Be in Existence.

equilibrium, Strang appeared among them urging them to follow him to his city of refuge in Wisconsin, which city he called Voree. He claimed that the slain prophet had designated him as successor in the office of seer, and had instructed him to build a temple and city in Walworth county, destined to become the stronghold of Mormonism. To prove his authority he exhibited a letter from Joseph Smith, dated the day previous to the storming of the Carthage jail, and bearing the Nauvoo postmark. The letter was couched in the usual phrases that distinguish Mormon literature—an ungrammatical imitation of scriptural language. After a long preliminary statement, to the effect that "the wolves are upon the scent," and that the writer had listened to music low and sad, 'as

though they sounded the requiem of martyred prophets," the prophetic succession is thus bestowed upon Strang:

"And now behold my servant James J. Strang hath come to thee from far for truth when he knew it not, and hath not rejected it, but hath faith in thee, the Shepherd and Stone of Israel, and to him shall the gathering of the people be, for he shall plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin, and I will establish it; and there shall my people have peace and rest, and shall not be moved, for it shall be established on the prairie of White river, in the lands of Racine and Walworth; and behold my servants James and Aaron shall plant it, for I have given them wisdom, and Daniel shall stand in his lot on the hill beside the river looking down on the prairie, and shall instruct my people, and shall plead with them face to face. . . . And I will have a house built unto me there of stone, and there will I show myself to my people by my mighty works, and the name of the city shall be called Voree, which is, being interpreted, garden of peace; for there shall my people have peace and rest, and wax fat and pleasant in the presence of their enemies."

With Brigham Young at their head, the Council of Twelve who controlled the Mormon Church, raised a great clamor; denouncing Strang as a pretender and his letter as a forgery. Although Strang gained a considerable following, they succeeded in expelling him from the city of Nauvoo and consigned him "to the buffetings of Satan until he do repent."

Followed by his adherents, Strang went to the banks of White river and began to build his city of Voree. He established a weekly paper, *The Gospel Herald*; his printing presses turned out thousands of tracts for distribution by his missionaries. About this time the people of Illinois were preparing to expel the Nauvooites, and in the "First Pastoral Letter of James, the Prophet," he urged the refugees to hasten from destruction to his city of promise in Wisconsin. He drew a lurid picture of the fate that awaited the wanderers of Utah:

"Let not my call to you be vain," he wrote. "The destroyer has gone forth among you and has prevailed. You are preparing to resign country and houses and lands to him. Many of you are about to leave the haunts of civilization and of men to go into an unexplored wilderness among savages and in trackless deserts, to seek a home in the wilds where the foot-print of the white man is not found. The voice of God has not called you to this. His promise has not gone before to prepare a habitation for you. The hearts of the Lamanites are not turned unto you, and they will not regard you. When the herd comes, the savages shall pursue. The cloud which surrounds by day shall bewilder and the pillar of fire by night shall consume and reveal you to the destroyer. . . . Let the oppressed flee for safety unto Voree, and let the gathering of the people be here."

Strang's pastoral letter did not affect the exodus from Nauvoo, but his words proved prophetic. Of 20,000 persons who crossed the Mississippi, less than half reached the wilderness of Utah. The route was strewn with the bleaching bones of those who fell by the way-side.

The building of Voree went on with great energy. It was claimed by the Mormons that at one time its population numbered not less than 2,000 men, women and children. A great temple was planned and begun. Strang became known as the Prophet James, and, as Joseph Smith had done, professed to have visions and revelations. They proved exceedingly useful whenever any of his followers became discontented and threatened to create trouble. The prophet Joseph had, in the hill of Cumorah, in the state of New York, found metallic plates covered with strange characters. These he translated, and the result was the Book of Mormon. The prophet James concluded that a similar performance in Wisconsin would demonstrate to the doubters his right to take Joseph's place. On the 13th day of September, 1845, he announced that in a celestial vision he had been shown a spot where an ancient record had been buried. He led four persons, Aaron Smith, Jirah B. Wheelan, James M. Van Nostrand and Edward Whitcomb, to an old oak tree, and told them to dig till a casket containing four metal plates was found.

"The case," they afterwards testified, "was found imbedded in indurated clay, so closely fitting it that it broke in taking it out, and the earth below the soil was so hard as to be dug with difficulty, even with a pickax. Over the case was found a flat stone, about one foot wide each way, and three inches thick, which appeared to have undergone the action of fire, and fell in pieces a few minutes after exposure to the air. The digging extended in the clay about eighteen inches, there being two kinds of earth of a different color and appearance above it. We examined as we dug all the way with the utmost care, and we say, with the utmost confidence, that no part of the earth through which we dug exhibited any sign or indication that it had been moved or disturbed at any time previous. The roots of the tree struck down on every side very closely, extending below the case, and closely interwoven with roots from other trees. None of these had been broken or cut away."

The discovery of the three metal plates attracted thousands of curious persons to Voree. Strang called them the "plates of Laban," went into a trance and furnished the following translation of the mystic characters which he claimed were inscribed thereon centuries ago:

"1. My people are no more. The mighty are fallen and the young slain in battle. Their bones bleached on the plain by the noonday shadow. The houses are leveled to the dust, and in the moat are the walls. They shall be inhabited. I have in the burial

served them, and their bones in the death shade towards the sun's rising are covered. They sleep with the mighty dead, and they rest with their fathers. They have fallen in transgression and are not, but the elect and faithful there shall dwell.

"2. The word hath revealed it. God hath sworn to give an inheritance to his people where transgressors perished. The word of God came to me while I mourned in the death shade, saying, I will avenge me on the destroyer. He shall be driven out. Other strangers shall inhabit thy land. I an ensign there will set up. The escaped of my people there shall dwell, when the flock disown the shepherd and build not on the rock.

"3. The forerunner men shall kill, but a mighty prophet there shall dwell. I will be his strength, and he shall bring forth the record. Record my words and bury it in the hill of promise.

"4. The record of Rajah Manchore of Verito."

This record of the ancient Rajah Manchore of Verito was mysterious enough to awe Strang's followers and to more firmly entrench his standing as a prophet. Subsequently he discovered eighteen additional buried plates, which he "translated." This translation he printed in the form of a book, which he called the "Book of the Law of the Lord." The preface of this book, and its printed title, indicate what Strang claimed for it:

BOOK OF THE LAW OF THE LORD.

Consisting of

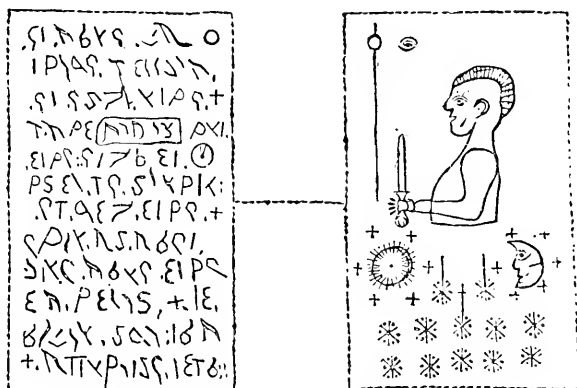
An Inspired Translation of Some of the Most Important Parts of the Law Given to Moses, and a Very Few Additional Commandments, with Brief Notes and References.

Printed by Command of the King at the Royal Press, St. James, A. R. I.

From the preface: "Several books are also mentioned in the scriptures, not now found in the Bible, but of equal authority with it, which have been lost; as, for instance, another epistle of Paul to the Corinthian and the Ephesian churches, and the books of Iddo, Nathan and others, prophets of high rank in Israel. But of all the lost books the most important was the Book of the Law of the Lord. This was kept in the ark of the covenant, and was held too sacred to go into the hands of strangers. When the Septuagint translation was made, the Book of the Law was kept back, and the book lost to the Jewish nation in the time that they were subject to foreign powers. The various books in the Pentateuch, containing abstracts of some of the laws, have been read instead, until even the existence of the book has come to be a matter of doubt. It is from an authorized copy of that book, written on metallic plates long previous to the Babylonish captivity, that this translation is made."

After awhile Strang's ambitions expanded. He wanted temporal as well as spiritual power; to be king as well as prophet. He selected Beaver island, in Lake Michigan, as the seat of his empire, and

arranged to remove his faithful followers there. The first families went there from Voree in 1847, and in the course of a few years had gained considerably in numbers. The fishermen who made the island their home resisted the Mormon invasion bitterly, and a border war ensued that was attended with some bloodshed. Finally the Mormons made themselves masters of the island and obtained control of the county government. A Mormon sheriff could arrest a Gentile offender, bring him before a Mormon jury for conviction and before a Mormon judge for sentence. Strang secured his own election to the legislature, and was thus enabled to obtain the enactment of local laws that suited his scheme of government.



ONE OF THE VOREE PLATES.

(The metallic plates dug out of a hill near Voree were three in number, the mysterious characters engraved thereon being very similar. Strang called them the "Plates of Laban.")

The 8th of July, 1850, was set for the coronation of Strang as king of St. James. Four days before this the settlement narrowly escaped destruction. The Gentile fishermen from the opposite mainland and the adjacent cluster of islands had planned a strategic uprising designed to lead to the expulsion of the Mormons. Their fleets were to gather in the harbor of St. James, ostensibly to celebrate the Fourth of July, but in reality for the sterner work of attacking the Mormons. Having secured information as to their purpose, Strang made preparations for giving the fishermen a hot reception. A cannon was procured in Chicago, and the Mormons were armed and drilled in anticipation of the attack. When the fleets came into the harbor, a party of Mormon spies boarded one of the vessels under cover of darkness and overheard all the plans for the attack. They drugged a keg of whisky and departed without detection. In the morning the Mormons began firing a national salute.

the balls from the cannon skipping merrily over the water and going dangerously near the fishing smacks. A parley ensued. The Mormons gave warning that any hostile movement meant death and destruction of the entire fleet. Seeing that the Mormons were armed and in position to repel an attack, the fishermen became alarmed and sailed away without striking a blow.

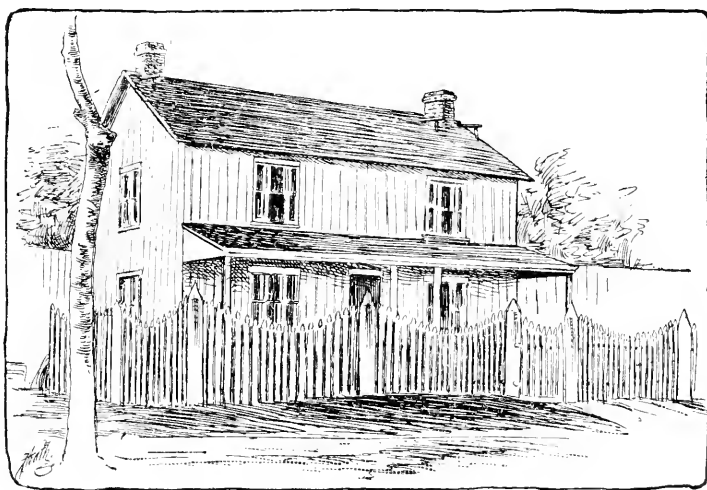
According to programme, Strang was crowned king on the 8th of July. The ceremonies, which were of an imposing nature, took place in the unfinished tabernacle of hewn logs. The king's council, the quorum of twelve, the quorum of seventy and the numerous minor orders of the ministry had their part in the pageant.

King Strang ruled with autocratic sway. From his royal press he issued his commands in the form of the Book of the Law, which was now printed in full for the first time. The Northern Islander was printed as a weekly, and later as a daily newspaper. The tithing system was inaugurated and implicitly obeyed. The firstling of every flock and the first fruits of the field and orchard went to the royal storehouse. Women were required to wear bloomers. The use of intoxicants, tea, coffee and tobacco was prohibited. Polygamy was introduced, the king setting an example by increasing the number of his wives to five. Great improvements were planned. A schooner was built, a sawmill constructed and a great road to the interior of the island, called the King's highway, was laid out. The Mormons changed the nomenclature of the island's physical features to harmonize with the names in the Bible and the Book of Mormon. A hill in the interior was dignified into Mount Pisgah. A crystal lake was called Galilee and the stream whence its waters traveled lakeward received the name Jordan. The harbor was named St. James, and the cluster of cabins along its shore became the royal city of St. James, in honor of the king.

One fine day the United States armed steamer Michigan cast anchor in the harbor of St. James, a boat manned by Uncle Sam's tars rowed to the shore and placed King Strang and the principal men of St. James under arrest on the charge of treason, counterfeiting the coin and interfering with the government mails. A vain search was made for a secret cave supposed to exist in Mount Pisgah and believed to contain the tools of the counterfeiters, and the prisoners were conveyed to Detroit for trial. Strang conducted his own defense with much skill and made a powerful plea to the jury, representing himself as a martyr to religious persecution. He was acquitted, and returned to his insular kingdom in triumph.

On frequent occasions the Mormons came into bloody conflict with the Gentiles. A grand jury was called to meet at St. James, and the Mormon sheriff and his deputies went to Charlevoix to serve summons on witnesses. Believing that the summons were a mere subterfuge to get them into the power of King Strang the fishermen

resisted the authority of the sheriff. As the Mormons made for their boats in hot haste, a volley of bullets sped after them and wounded two of the men. The fishermen tumbled into their own boats and pursued the fleeing sheriff and his men. There ensued a race for life over the waters of the lake. The brawny oarsmen in the rear boats sent their craft through the water at a speed that made it impossible for the fugitives to escape to Beaver Island. The Mormons made for a vessel that opportunely hove in sight, as their only hope of escape from the shot that whistled over and around them. They reached it when they were almost spent, and the humane captain gave them refuge. The angry fishermen demanded that the men be turned over to them, but the captain listened to the



STRANG'S CASTLE.

piteous pleadings of the Mormons, who knew that such a course meant certain death, and landed them unharmed on Beaver Island.

While King Strang seemed in the height of his power, his reign was abruptly terminated by the bullets of assassins. His subjects were not all loyal, and two of them planned his death. Early in July, 1856, the *Michigan* steamed into the harbor, and King Strang prepared to pay the officers on board a visit. As he stepped on the dock Alexander Wentworth and Thomas Bedford emerged from behind a woodpile and fired simultaneously, both shots taking effect. As he fell they struck him savagely with their weapons and ran aboard the vessel to give themselves up. They were taken to Mackinac, and after awhile secured their release. Neither of the assassins was ever brought to trial.

Strang's wounds were fatal. He asked to be conveyed to his city of Voree, and he lingered until he reached the spot where he had planned to build a great city of refuge for Mormondom. A few days later he died, surrounded by his numerous wives. He lies in an unmarked grave in the prairie beside White river.

The kingdom of St. James went to pieces. The long-delayed invasion of the Gentiles followed soon after Strang's death. The printing office was sacked; the temple was destroyed; ax and torch leveled a goodly portion of the royal city. The Mormons were exiled and their homes were confiscated. Some sought refuge in the northern counties of Wisconsin; some drifted to Utah; others wandered elsewhere; the island thereafter became the home of the fisher folk, and their descendants live there to-day.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MIGRATION FROM OVER THE OCEAN.

WISCONSIN has been termed the polyglot state of the Union. But five states have a foreign-born population greater than that of Wisconsin, and in but one of these is the percentage as large. In no state are more nationalities represented among the foreign groups of considerable size.

The coming of colonists from trans-Atlantic regions in numbers sufficient to influence the history of Wisconsin began in the days of the territory. Before 1840 the chief elements of the population comprised the non-progressive French creoles, who hunted and bartered for furs; the Southern fortune seekers, who brought their negro slaves from Missouri and Tennessee into the lead regions; and the brawny and brainy New Englanders and New York men who became the pioneer farmers of the territory in the opposite southern zone of the state. Then came the forerunners of the army of Germans, Scandinavians and other Teutonic nations, whose coming has continued uninterruptedly to this day, with an admixture of Celtic and Slavonian immigration. Many independent causes operated to turn this tide Wisconsinward, and at one time the thought was seriously entertained that a foreign state was to be founded here. The ideas brought hither from the Germanic countries of Europe have not denationalized Wisconsin, but they have profoundly affected its social, commercial and political life.

Not alone in the grouping of nationalities in certain localities is Wisconsin peculiar, but also in the massing together of people from the same provinces and even towns of the old country. It indicates that the foreign colonization of Wisconsin was not a haphazard circumstance; the cause was deeper than the restlessness of individuals. The people came in numbers sufficient to constitute a community, impelled by local economic, political or religious conditions which they sought to escape. In the hamlets of the old world, the plan of migration was thoroughly discussed at public meetings and in private home gatherings; in many cases the leaders of the movement were sent ahead to do the prospecting and report what they found in the new world. Thus little communities of neighbors were transplanted to the fertile soil of Wisconsin, and after the lapse of half a century many of them retain the distinctive customs they brought with them from the old world. Some of the towns of the state whose inhabitants are made up of people from particular districts of Germany are enumerated in a report of the State Historical society, as follows:

Germans—Lomira was settled almost entirely by Prussians from Brandenburg, who belonged to the Evangelical association. The neighboring towns of

Herman and Theresa, also in Dodge county, were settled principally by natives of Pommerania. In Calumet county there are Oldenburg, Luxemburg and New Holstein settlements. St. Kilian, in Washington county, is settled by people from Northern Bohemia, just over the German border. The town of Belgium, Ozaukee county, is populated almost exclusively by Luxemburgers, while Oldenburgers occupy the German settlement at Cedarburg. Three-fourths of the population of Farmington, Washington county, are from Saxony. In the same county, Jackson is chiefly settled by Pommeranians, while one-half of the population of Kewaskum are from the same German province. In Dane county there are several interesting groups of German Catholics. Roxbury is nine-tenths German, the people coming mostly from Rheinisch Prussia and Bavaria. Germans predominate in Cross Plains, the rest of the population being Irish. The German families of Middleton came from Köln.



CARL SCHURZ.

(Carl Schurz spent the first years after his coming to America, in Watertown, Wis. He was candidate for Lieutenant Governor of the State while a resident of Watertown, and sought the nomination for Governor. He was appointed minister to Rome and never returned to Wisconsin.)

Scandinavians—Important Norwegian groups are the following: New Hope and Amherst in Portage county; Gilman, Martel, Ellsworth and Hartland in Pierce county; seven townships in the western part of Waupaca county; Mt. Morris in Waushara county; Winchester and one-half of Clayton in Winnebago county; Christiana in Lafayette county; Coon in Vernon county. Swedes predominate in Trenton, Isabel and Maiden Rock in Pierce county. Icelanders practically monopolize Washington island in the waters of Green Bay. There are large Norwegian settlements in Dane county.

Polanders—The Fourteenth ward of Milwaukee is almost solidly occupied by Polanders, and they predominate in three other wards. Poles from Posen occupy a quarter of Beaver Dam. A colony of Poles from Danzig make Berlin

their home. There is also a Polish group in Stevens Point. Other solid Polish groups are found in the townships of Berlin, Seneca and Princeton. Warren township, in Waushara county, has a considerable colony of Poles.

Swiss—Between 5,000 and 6,000 Swiss are massed in exceptionally prosperous colonies in New Glarus, Washington, Exeter, Mt. Pleasant, York and neighboring townships in Green county. Others may be found in the counties of Buffalo, Pierce (Union), Winnebago (Black Wolf), and Fond du Lac (Ashford).

Irish—Irish groups are found in Bear Creek, Winfield and Dellona in Sauk county; Osceola, Eden and Byron in Fond du Lac county; Benton, Darlington, Gratiot, Kendall, Seymour, Shullsburg, and Willow Spring in Lafayette county; Lebanon in Waupaca county; Erin in Washington county; Emmet, Shields and Portland in Dodge county.

Welsh—In Waushara county the town of Springwater, one-half of the town of Rose and one-half of Aurora are occupied by natives of Wales and their immediate descendants. Spring Green, in Lake county, has a large colony of them. The whole of Nekemi, the greater part of Utica, Caledonia and Calamus are Welsh neighborhoods and likewise the Third and Sixth wards of the city of Racine.

There are also large groups of Bohemians, Belgians, Finlanders, French-Canadians as well as English and Scotch settlements, scattered about the state.

When Milwaukee was but a small cluster of houses in the early 30's, Germans had made their home in the village, but it was not until a decade later that colonists began to arrive in considerable numbers from the fatherland. Political disturbances at home sent many of them over the ocean, and the low price of land and liberal laws of Wisconsin attracted many of them to this territory. At one time there was considerable agitation both in this country and in Germany with a view to such concentration of German settlement and influence as to Germanize one of the states of the Union. Wisconsin was by common consent regarded as the ideal place for carrying this plan into effect. Whether this agitation contributed materially to swing the German emigration to Wisconsin is doubtful except to the extent that the discussion of the project served to advertise conspicuously the natural advantages of the territory.

"Germans can remain Germans in America," one enthusiastic promoter of the German-American state idea wrote in 1847. "They will mingle and intermarry with non-Germans and adopt their ways, but they can still remain essentially German. They can plant the vine on the hills and drink it with happy song and dance; they can have German schools and universities, German literature and art, German science and philosophy, German courts and assemblies—in short, they can form a German state, in which the German language is as much the popular and official language as the English is now, and in which the German spirit rules."

Between the years 1840 and 1848 pamphlets and books describing the resources and favorable climatic conditions of Wisconsin were circulated in great number in some parts of Germany, and undoubtedly greatly influenced intending settlers to seek the golden Northwest. In the Rhine region, in the Wupper valley and in the

duchy of Brunswick these guides for emigrants found especially eager readers. Milwaukee soon became known as the German Athens of America, but the German population of Wisconsin was not confined to the chief city of the territory. The wooded sections along the lake shore and in the interior attracted large numbers of the homeseekers. The early German settlers were mostly of the Catholic faith, but in the early 40's Pommerania and Brandenburg, as the result of religious contentions, lost many of their people, and their leaders directed many of them to Wisconsin. They settled in Milwaukee, Ozaukee, Dodge and Washington counties. Everywhere the Germans sought to win homes in the woods rather than on the prairies.



JAMES G. PERCIVAL, POET.

(During Wisconsin's early days of Statehood, James G. Percival served as State geologist. Mr. Percival was a poet and scientist of national reputation. He was a strange character, wholly given over to intellectual pursuits and shunning all intercourse with his fellow men where it was at all avoidable. He was eccentric in dress; his house had but one entrance, and that was in the rear. He was never known to speak to a woman, and in many ways exhibited odd characteristics.)

In the central counties of the state the Germans who penetrated and formed colonies were mostly from Pommerania, Mecklenburg, Holstein and other provinces of middle and North Germany. In the western part of the state, also, large German settlements were begun. The Sauk county German settlements owe their origin to a curious accident. Count Augustus Haraszthy, a Hungarian refugee, chanced upon a novel aboard the vessel that carried him to America. Becoming interested in a description therein given of a trip from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien, he concluded to visit the

region. He induced a number of Germans to join him and founded the village of Sauk.

Norwegians attach the same associations to the name *Restaurationen* as do the New Englanders to the *Mayflower*. Aboard the little sloop *Restaurationen*, which left the ancient city of Stavanger, on the southwest coast of Norway, in 1825, were a few Quaker families seeking escape from religious persecution. They left on the fourth day of July, and had a perilous and adventurous journey lasting fourteen weeks. The arrival of the little shell amazed the people of New York, who marveled that fifty-two persons would venture on such a voyage in so small a craft.

Soon letters found their way to the Scandinavian peninsula, descriptive of the fertile lands in the new world, to be had for the asking. These letters were passed from house to house and were read with great interest. Emigration began to be discussed and plans formulated for crossing the ocean. When one of the wanderers returned to his home to seek a wife, people traveled hundreds of miles to question him. Thus began the stream of Norwegian Immigration that has given to Wisconsin some of its best citizens.

Previous to the year 1840 there were but six Norwegian settlements in North America, and of these three were located in Wisconsin. The first Norwegian settlement in Wisconsin was the fourth in America. It was founded at Jefferson Prairie, in Rock county, by Ole Knudson Nattestad. With his brother and a companion they left their native valley in Norway, their entire equipment consisting of the clothes they wore, a knapsack and a pair of skees. They traveled over snow-crueted hills till they reached Stavanger, whence the little sloop *Restaurationen* had sailed twelve years before. Here they had to hide until they obtained passage for America on a yacht loaded with herring, as the government was trying to stem the tide of emigration and refused to issue passports. The story of this pioneer trio is a romantic one.

The fifth Norwegian settlement in America was planted in Waukesha and Racine counties in 1839, and was the result of graphic letters written home by the people at Jefferson Prairie. The Waukesha and Racine colony became known as the Muskego settlement. The emigrants paid \$42 apiece for passage to Boston, and thence they made the journey by way of Buffalo to Milwaukee. It took then three weeks to come from Buffalo to Wisconsin in a miserable vessel "that leaked like a sieve and could scarcely hold together."

In the Muskego settlement was printed, in 1847, the first Norwegian paper in America. It was called the "*Nordlyset*," Even Heg and James D. Reymert being the publishers.

The third Norwegian settlement in Wisconsin, known as the Koshkonong colony, was the sixth in America, and became the

wealthiest rural Norwegian community on the continent. The settlement was begun in 1840. The following year it obtained considerable notoriety owing to the arrest in Norway of three counterfeiters who had manufactured their bogus money while sojourning in Koshkonong. To give the bills a worn look, the counterfeiters had secreted them in the soles of their shoes. Imprisonment followed detection. The Koshkonong settlement is said to be the largest community of Norwegian farmers in America.

A true picture of pioneer life among the early Norwegian settlers is contained in an address delivered at an East Koshkonong celebration by the Rev. Adolph Bredesen:

"The houses of our pioneers of fifty years ago were log cabins, shanties and dugouts. Men and women alike dressed in blue drilling or in coarse homespun, brought over from the old country in those large, bright-painted chests. In 1844, I am told, not a woman on Koshkonong prairie was the proud possessor of a hat. Some of



ORIGINAL MITCHELL BANK BUILDING—1839.

the good wives and daughters of those days sported home-made sun bonnets, but the majority contented themselves with the old-country kerchief. Carpets, kerosene lamps, coal stoves or sewing machines, reapers, threshing machines, top-buggies and Stoughton wagons were things not dreamed of. If books were few, a family Bible and some of Luther's writings were rarely wanting, even in the humblest homes. If the people were not versed in some of the branches now taught in almost every common school, they were well grounded in the catechism, the Forklaring and the Bible history. Our mothers and grandmothers did not ruin our digestion with mince pie and chicken salad, but gave us wholesome and toothsome flatbröd and mylsa, and brim and prim and bresta, the kind of food on which a hundred generations of Norway seamen and mountaineers have been raised."

In some respects the most interesting story associated with Wisconsin's composite nationality is that of the Swiss colonies on

the Little Sugar river. These people came from Glarus. There the population had increased until the cultivated land of the valleys and the summer pastures on the Alps no longer furnished subsistence sufficient for them all. Food became so scarce that public meetings were held to discuss methods for inducing emigration. An appropriation was made from the public treasury to defray the expenses of two representatives who were sent to America to locate a tract of land for those willing to leave their valley home. The men left in March, 1845, bearing with them written instructions. The minute directions thus committed to paper embodied an entire plan of government for the colony which it was proposed to establish in the new world, with due regard to schools, churches, relief of sick and poor, provision for shelter, food and clothing; distribution of land so as to give each settler proper proportion of pasture, timber and tillable land; cultivation of a certain tract in common; keeping of a journal recording principal events affecting the community; recording vital statistics, and a hundred other matters, regulating the conduct and aiming to promote the welfare of the wanderers.

The diary kept by the Swiss commissioners is unique; it tells in exact detail what they did and what they saw on their long journey half way across the continent, by stage, on horseback and on foot. Thirty miles from Mineral Point they selected a tract which they deemed suitable for the planting of a colony. The rocky slopes that fashioned the valley reminded them of their own mountainous Glarus, and they christened the spot New Glarus. They started to build huts, and awaited the coming of their kinsmen.

On a rainy day in April, 1845, nearly 200 men, women and children gathered on the banks of the Linth canal to begin the long journey. Arrangements had been made for but 140 persons. Two leaders and two spokesmen were chosen, and the colonists promised to obey them implicitly. Hardship was experienced from the start. Packed closely in an open vessel, a pelting rain succeeded by a blinding snow storm, added to their discomforts. The vessel was so small and the passengers were so many that there was no room for lying down, so after much distress the women and children were transferred, at Zurich, to covered wagons.

"We arrived at Basle on the 18th," says the journal of Mathias Duerst. "The cold rain was falling in streams, and the utter wretchedness and discomfort were enough to chill the ardor of the strongest among the wet shivering men. The wagons containing our wives and children arrived about the same time, and although they had been packed in like a lot of goods, we were glad that they had not been exposed to the cold and wet as we had been."

The rest of the journey was a continuation of this distress. Down the Rhine they slept on the bare boards of the vessel's deck,

skirmishing for provisions at the stopping places en route. On the way from Rotterdam to New Dieppe they encountered a terrific storm. While awaiting the ocean vessel at New Dieppe they camped on the shore in gypsy fashion. Many suffered from hunger on the way over on account of the worthlessness of the food provided for the ship's passengers. Two deaths occurred, and the sad burial service of the sea was followed by the consignment of the bodies to the depths of the ocean. The half-starved company arrived at Baltimore after forty-nine days of ocean travel. They stopped long enough to hold an indignation meeting and adopt resolutions condemning the treatment they had received aboard ship, and then proceeded to St. Louis.

"Then we experienced the greatest pleasure of our lives," wrote Mathias Duerst. "None of us had ever before rode on a railroad. The train took us to the Susquehanna river at Columbia, where we left the cars and loaded our baggage and persons on canal boats, which were to carry us to Pittsburg. We were packed in like a herd of sheep. Many could not even sit, but had to stand up the whole night."

When the emigrants arrived at St. Louis, they were distressed to find no tidings of the two pioneers who had preceded them. It was here that they had expected to meet them and proceed to the promised land under their guidance. Two houses were rented and they crowded into them; two of their men were dispatched to seek their lost leaders. They searched over the wide prairies of Illinois and in the wooded belts of Wisconsin, and finally accidentally learned their whereabouts. Mathias Duerst's entertaining journal sketches with graphic fidelity the numerous adventures of the wanderers.

In the meantime the emigrants at St. Louis had become impatient and determined to make a search on their own account. They reached Galena the very day that Duerst arrived there on his way back to St. Louis. It was a joyful meeting. The party at once started for the new home in Wisconsin, the more robust of the men going ahead afoot, carrying their belongings on their backs, the rest of the party following more slowly.

On the 15th day of August, 1845, the colonists arrived at New Glarus. They had brought with them the kettles and pots which they had used in Switzerland, and these were distributed. Huts were built and thatched with hay, and the men went energetically to work to begin their humble homes. Rules and regulations were adopted for the government of the colony, some of them being unique:

"Every one is obliged to take the land which he draws by lot, and whether it be better or worse, to accept the same without protest."

"The main street from east to west shall be thirty feet wide, but the other streets shall be only fourteen feet wide."

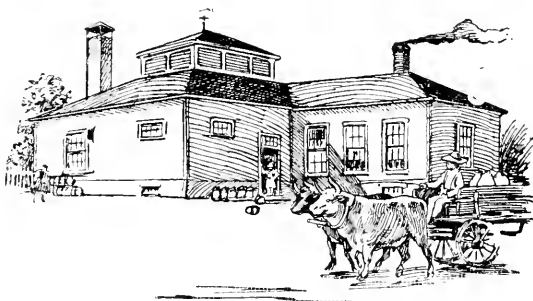
"All creeks, springs and streams shall be the common property of all lot owners."

"The colonists shall be obliged to assist each other in building houses and barns."

"Should mineral be found, then the lot on which it is found shall revert to the society, and the owner shall receive therefor appropriate compensation."

This was the beginning of one of Wisconsin's notable foreign colonies. One hundred and eighty-three persons had started on the 5,000-mile journey. They traveled by water all but a mere fraction of the distance. They counted 118 persons when they reached New Glarus.

Most of the Belgian settlements are located in the extreme northeastern corner of the state. The coming of the pioneers was



A PIONEER MILWAUKEE BREWERY—1844.

attended with hardships and adventures similar to those experienced by the vanguard of Swiss, German and Scandinavian colonists. They spoke French and the Latinized patois known as Walloon, and naturally drifted to the neighborhood of Green Bay, where lived French-speaking people. The first comers located in 1853, and they were followed by thousands of their countrymen. With the old-country customs and ideas, they also transplanted some of the village names, these being some of their settlements: *Sucrerie, La Riviere Rouge, La Misère, St. Sauveur, Rosière, Aux Flamand* and *Granlez*.

An episode that attracted much attention occurred in the year 1858 in the settlement of *Aux Premier Belges*. *Adèle Brice* claimed that while walking home from church, the Virgin Mary appeared to her and commanded her to build a chapel on the spot and devote her life to the service of her faith. Threats from the clergy and scoffing from the incredulous failed to shake her story, and the young girl persisted in offering her devotions on the sacred spot

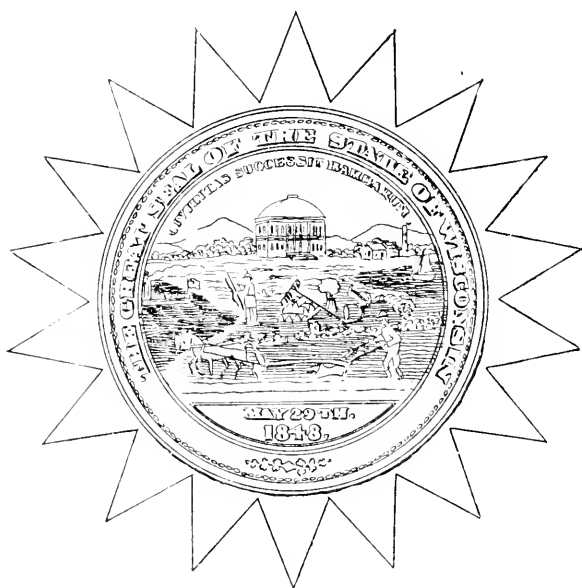
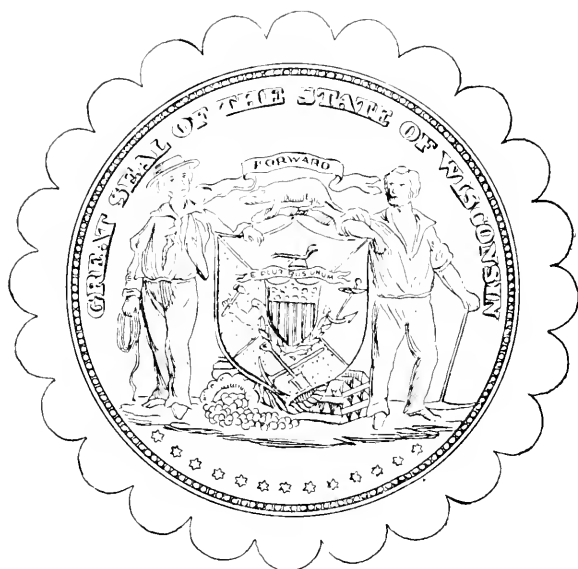
where the vision occurred, until multitudes were attracted to the place. A small chapel was built, and annually on the anniversary of Adèle Brice's vision, thousands go to the shrine from far and near to worship.

Most Irishmen who came to the new world in the middle of the century preferred to remain in the cities. Early in its existence the city of Milwaukee had a considerable Irish element, whose leaders had much influence in politics. The Irish immigrants did not all remain in the cities, however, and several notable agricultural groups became established in adjoining counties. One was in Washington county, and was appropriately named Erin. The first settler located there in 1841. For many years not one non-Democratic vote was cast in this town. There has been a transformation during the past decade in the population of the town, the original owners having been displaced by German farmers. The Germans are now in the majority in Erin, where once every inhabitant was a native of Ireland. The same change of nationality has been noted in several other settlements originally established by the Irish.

The Welsh are also among the territorial pioneers of Wisconsin, and they have yet strong groups in some sections of the state. In the lead region a colony of Cornish miners became located during the mineral excitement. There are other national groups in Wisconsin, among them Italians, Bohemians, Dutch, Russian Jews and Finlanders. With the exception of the thrifty Dutch, their origin is of later date than the territorial era.

PART V.

FIFTY YEARS OF STATEHOOD.



CHAPTER I.

THE THIRTIETH STAR IN THE FIELD OF BLUE.

By the admission of Wisconsin to statehood, May 29, 1848, the field of blue in the nation's flag received its thirtieth star. The same year the infant state was called upon to cast its first vote for president of the United States, and by an interesting coincidence the voters had to choose between two former residents. Gen. Zachary Taylor had been stationed for many years as an army officer at Prairie du Chien (Fort Crawford) and Fort Winnebago, and had taken part in the Black Hawk war. He went from Wisconsin to win laurels on the battlefields of Mexico. Lewis Cass had served as governor of Michigan territory when Wisconsin was a part of it, and in many ways had identified himself with the material prosperity of Wisconsin. Gen. Zachary Taylor was elected president, but Wisconsin cast its four electoral votes for Lewis Cass, Democratic candidate.

Statehood came to Wisconsin after much contention at home and in Congress. It was only after one constitution had been rejected that an instrument was framed which proved satisfactory. It was one of the most liberal constitutions that had up to that time been adopted by any state, and it has stood the test of fifty years—unaltered except in a few minor particulars.

Long before congress listened to the appeal, there had been an agitation with a view to statehood. In connection with this subject, the people were much concerned about the boundaries of the future state. Wisconsin was the last child of the old Northwest territory, and perforce had to be satisfied to take what was left of the princely patrimony. According to the compact of 1787, the boundaries of this state were to include what has become the Northern peninsula of Michigan, the northern tier of Illinois counties and that part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi river. Had the ordinance of 1787 been faithfully observed, the cities of Chicago, Duluth and St. Paul would now be within the boundaries of this state. In the latter days of the territory the people were chiefly concerned about securing their southern boundary rights, and the inhabitants of the Northern Illinois strip by popular vote decided that they were in cordial sympathy with the idea. The territorial council of 1843 adopted resolutions on the subject as fiercely belligerent as the sentiments which the fiery South Carolinians enunciated a dozen years later.

"Should such an appeal to congress be ineffectual," these resolutions go on to say, "we could safely intrench ourselves behind the ordinance of 1787, fortified by the doctrine, well understood in this country, that all political communities have the right of governing themselves in their own way, within their lawful boundaries, and take for ourselves and our state the boundaries fixed by our ordinance; form our state constitution, which would be republican; apply for admission into the Union with those boundaries, and if refused so that we cannot be a state in the Union, we will be a state out of the Union, and possess, exercise and enjoy all the rights, privileges and powers of the sovereign, independent state of



NELSON DEWEY.
First Governor of the State.

wisconsin; and if difficulties ensue, we could appeal with entire confidence to the Great Umpire of nations to adjust them."

Congress paid no attention to this defiant attitude assumed by the territorial council. It was important that Illinois should be kept in close touch with the North, and to take her lake coast away would, in those days of water highways, have made the Mississippi river her avenue of commerce, and her interests Southern. Congress ignored the state sovereignty threat that came from a corner of the Northwest, and the framers of the fiery resolution cooled their ardor without attempting to secede.

In April, 1846, a vote was taken to determine whether the territorial government should be replaced by a state government;

12,334 votes were cast in favor of the proposition and 2,984 in the negative. A bill was then pending in congress to admit Wisconsin to statehood. This bill created a spirited debate, but after occasioning much controversy, finally became a law.

Many of the leading men in the territory were members of the first constitutional convention, which met at Madison, October 5, 1846. The membership comprised 125 delegates, and it is noteworthy as indicating the influences then preponderating in the politics of the state that forty-two of them were natives of New York and eighteen of Vermont, together constituting half the membership. But twelve of the delegates were of foreign birth, seven of these being Irishmen, three Germans, one an Englishman and the twelfth a native of Jamaica. Their occupations also furnish an interesting index of certain phases of territorial life; there were 69 farmers, 26 lawyers, 7 mechanics, 6 merchants, 5 miners, 3 physicians, 2 lumbermen and 1 miller; the occupations of the others were not recorded. It may be added that the twenty-six lawyers practically controlled the proceedings.

The people voted on the constitution the following spring and rejected it; For, 14,119; against, 20,233. This verdict was the result of a spirited campaign, in the course of which the proposed constitution was assailed with great vigor by stump speakers, following being seemingly the most obnoxious articles:

1. The article in relation to the rights of married women, giving wives separate ownership of property.

2. The bank article, absolutely prohibiting any bank of issue and making it unlawful to circulate after the year 1847 any bank note, bill or certificate issued without the state, of a denomination less than \$10, or after the year 1849 of a denomination less than \$20.

3. The boundary article, according to which the lower St. Croix valley was excluded.

There were other articles that met with decided opposition.

"They are seeds of evil which will produce an hundred fold," one distinguished orator prophesied. Indeed, if the words of the stump speakers were to be believed, the adoption of the unpopular constitution meant "ruin to the peace, prosperity and happiness of the people."

It was believed after the vote was taken that had the articles been submitted separately, they would all have carried, but the combined opposition was too strong.

There was submitted at the same time, for a separate vote, a resolution granting equal suffrage and the right to hold office to "all male citizens of African blood" possessing the same qualifications as white citizens. This was also rejected by a decisive vote: For, 7,564; against, 14,615. The adverse vote was particularly heavy in sections where there was a preponderance of foreign-born citizens.

Like the first constitutional convention, the second was composed of representative men, though but five delegates secured reelection. New Yorkers constituted a large element in the convention. The lawyers numbered nearly a third of the delegates, while the farmers comprised but slightly less than half of the entire membership. They met Dec. 15, 1847, and the present constitution was the result of their labors.

In many respects, if not in most, the second constitution that was submitted to the people was similar to the rejected instrument, with the obnoxious clauses somewhat modified. There was one important addition, in that provision was made for the control of corporations.



LEONARD J. FARWELL.
Second Governor of the State

"This power to alter or repeal every form of charter that can be granted by the state," one of the members afterwards wrote, "is by far the most important feature of its organic law. It is properly recognized now as the very bulwark of public safety from the oppressive encroachments of monopoly. Its omission, either purposely or by oversight, from the first constitution, was a potent reason among the more thoughtful, for voting to reject the whole instrument."

On the 13th of March, 1848, the electors ratified the constitution. The ballot was the essence of simplicity, containing the word "yes" or the word "no," according to the predilection of the voter. The vote was 16,797 in favor of ratification and 6,383 against. May 29th Wisconsin was admitted as a state. The first state legislature

convened June 5, and two days later the state officers were sworn in and the territorial government ceased to exist.

Democrats were in control during the first state administration. Nelson Dewey, the first governor, defeated the Whig candidate, John H. Tweedy, by a majority of 5,089. A year later he was reëlected by 5,332 majority over Collins, Whig candidate. Two years later the Whigs succeeded in electing their candidate for governor, Leonard J. Farwell, by the narrow margin of 507 votes over Don J. Upham, Democrat; the rest of the Whig nominees were defeated. In 1854, the Democrats again captured the gubernatorial citadel, the successful nominee being William A. Barstow. E. D. Holton was anti-slavery candidate and H. S. Baird was the Whig nominee. The latter polled only 3,304 votes, while the Holton ticket was given 21,886 votes. Barstow's plurality was 8,519. At the next election Barstow claimed to have been returned by 157 plurality, but gross frauds were discovered, and the Supreme court set aside his certificate in favor of Coles Bashford, his Republican opponent. For twenty years following this election no Democratic candidate was chosen for the office of governor. Alexander W. Randall succeeded Bashford, and his successor was L. P. Harvey. Gov. Harvey met a tragic death in the South, and the lieutenant governor, E. Salomon, succeeded him.

During the period beginning with statehood and terminating with the commencement of the civil war, political feeling ran high. Many men availed themselves of the conditions incident to the formative epoch of a commonwealth, to reap riches at the expense of the taxpayers. The natural result was that numerous scandals came to the surface. The clamor of spoils politicians over the distribution of offices added to the excitement in the public affairs of the new state. One of the episodes that attracted widespread attention was the impeachment during Gov. Farwell's term of Judge Levi Hubbell. Charges were filed in the legislature alleging corruption and malfeasance in the performance of his duties, and a committee of the assembly promptly presented articles of impeachment. The ablest lawyers in the state were arrayed on the opposing sides, among them E. G. Ryan and Jonathan E. Arnold. The trial occurred in the senate chamber and was dramatic in incidents. The arraignment of the judge by E. G. Ryan was a masterpiece of powerful invective and scathing sarcasm. Judge Hubbell was as ably defended by Jonathan E. Arnold and James H. Knowlton. On the 9th day of July, 1853, amid tense suppressed excitement a vote was taken and the judge was acquitted, not enough votes being cast for conviction according to the requirements of the constitution.

Another public scandal that created much excitement resulted from the disposal of valuable land grants to railroads. An investigating committee reported, in 1856, that managers of one of the rail-

road companies had been "guilty of numerous and unparalleled acts of mismanagement, gross violation of duty, fraud and plunder." State officers, members of the senate and assembly and other officials, including some of the leading men of the state, were implicated in the wholesale bribery which the lobbyists of the corporation were instrumental in effecting. The investigating committee reported that stocks and bonds amounting to \$175,000 had been distributed among thirteen senators, and thirty-nine members of the assembly had shared stocks and bonds valued at \$355,000. Three state officials were alleged to have received \$10,000 apiece. Even the governor of the state was charged with benefiting pecuniarily from the giving of the land grants. An investigating committee learned that Gov. Bashford had been given bonds to the amount of \$50,000 as a gratuity, but that the gift was made after the grant had been disposed of and not the result of a previous understanding.

The colossal scale that characterized the corruption of state officials seems to have affected many men who had previously enjoyed a reputation for unimpeachable probity. It is related that the speaker of the assembly in virtuous indignation strutted through the corridors of the capitol holding aloft a roll of paper and loudly proclaiming that it was a list of officials who had been bribed by the railroad company. This dramatic proclamation created a panic among the legislators, and public excitement was intense. Suddenly the speaker's list disappeared and his voice was heard no more in denunciation of official corruption. It was believed that the appearance of a package of railroad bonds on his desk from some unknown donor had much to do with the disappearance of the list of unfaithful officials.

During Gov. Barstow's term a scandal resulted from the administration of the Land department. In the fall of 1856 the legislature appointed an investigating committee, and a shocking state of depravity in public office was unearthed. Political favorites had been permitted to enrich themselves at the expense of the state and the public. The books in the offices of the treasurer and land commissioners were in hopeless confusion; vouchers were missing; public funds could not be accounted for, and numerous other irregularities were apparent.

It was during Gov. Barstow's administration that the term "forty thieves" was applied to the lobbyists and officials who were shamelessly plucking the state to feather their own nests. At the capitol they established headquarters known as "Monk's Hall," and there the monks held high revel. The people were shocked at the brazen effrontery that was displayed, and sharp controversies arose.

Despite official corruption and partisan connivance at all sorts of irregularities, the state made remarkable progress during the first decade of its career. It was an epoch of canal building, and

much attention was paid to the Fox-Wisconsin and the Rock river canal enterprises. Both eventually resulted in failure and were prolific sources of litigation. Jan. 17, 1849, the first telegram was received in Milwaukee. In 1851 the first railroad train was run; the line was from Milwaukee to Waukesha, having been two years in course of construction. It was not till 1857 that rails spanned the state. In April of that year the road from Milwaukee to Prairie du Chien was completed and the Mississippi was thus commercially united with Lake Michigan. In 1850 the State university



ISAAC P. WALKER, SENATOR.

(Henry Dodge and Isaac P. Walker were Wisconsin's first United States Senators. The latter was a brother of George H. Walker, one of Milwaukee's founders. For voting to give California and New Mexico a government that did not prohibit slavery, the Legislature of Wisconsin adopted resolutions instructing him to resign his seat. He declined to do this.)

was formally opened. Emigrants came to the state in a steady stream; the population increased enormously, the count revealing nearly 100,000 more residents in 1850 than on the date of the state's assumption of statehood. Provision for the unfortunate classes, begun in territorial times, was amplified. Important laws supplementing the constitution were passed, and the statutes were revised. By the time that Wisconsin was called upon to share in the struggle for the perpetuity of the Union, a more healthful moral tone prevailed in its public life than the beginnings of statehood, with their attendant scandals, had promised.

CHAPTER II.

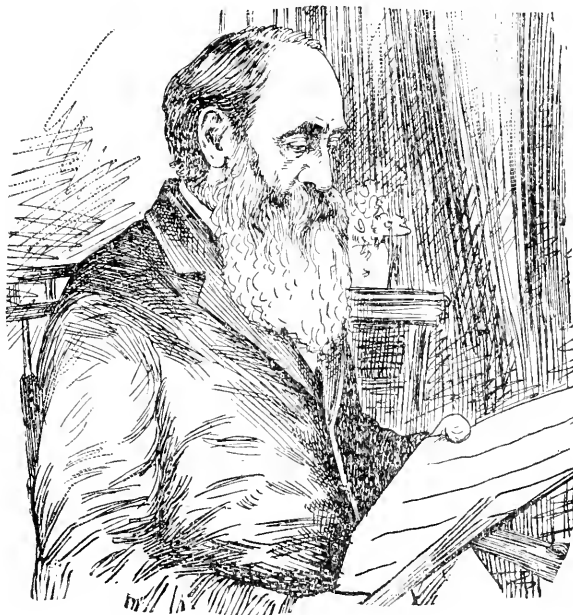
RESCUE OF JOSHUA GLOVER, A RUNAWAY SLAVE.

SOME of the events of a political character that occurred during the early days of statehood deserve more than a casual mention. Among them were the following: An attack by a mob on the residence of State Senator Smith of Milwaukee, on account of an obnoxious liquor law; threatened civil war due to a contest for the possession of the governor's office, after a close and exciting election, in 1856; rescue of Joshua Glover, a fugitive slave, from the jail at Milwaukee; the birth of the Republican party.

The Glover episode became a celebrated case elsewhere than in Wisconsin; here it stirred public excitement to fever pitch and profoundly affected the course of future events in politics. Joshua Glover was a runaway slave, who sought asylum in Racine in the early part of the year 1854. Racine was a way station on the route of the underground railway, and the abolition sentiment had made considerable headway among its people. The colored slave found employment in a mill. Learning his whereabouts, the Missouri master of the slave, one B. S. Garland, procured a process in the United States District court and proceeded to Glover's shanty in company with two deputy United States marshals. Glover was in his little shanty engaged in playing cards when his master and the marshals surprised him by their appearance. He jumped up, and as he resisted arrest, one of the deputies knocked him down with a club and leveled a pistol at his head, while the others handcuffed him. In the words of Sherman M. Booth, whose subsequent connection with the case gave him national notoriety, the slave "was knocked down and handcuffed, dumped mangled and bleeding into a democrat wagon, and with a marshal's foot on his neck taken to Milwaukee and thrust into the county jail."

Pursuit having been anticipated, the officers made their way to Milwaukee by a circuitous route. The alarm had been given, however, and it was soon learned that a negro accused of fleeing from his slave pen had been incarcerated in the jail at Milwaukee. When a hundred determined men landed by boat from Racine, formed in line and marched toward the jail, public excitement in Milwaukee grew intense. Great crowds congregated about the county jail and gathered in the grounds adjacent to the courthouse. There a great indignation meeting was held that ended in the storming of the jail and the rescue of Glover. Sherman M. Booth, editor of *The Free Democrat*, who took a leading part in the courthouse meeting, according to the popular account of the affair rode up and down the streets on a white horse summoning the people to gather, shouting

the rallying cry: "Freemen, to the rescue!" Mr. Booth, in a recent address, denied many of the statements that have remained unchallenged for more than forty years. He said that he did not shout "Freemen, to the rescue!" and that he never advised the forcible rescue of Glover. What he did say, was: "All freemen who are opposed to being made slaves or slave-catchers turn out to a meeting in the courthouse square at 2 o'clock!" Ringing resolutions were adopted insisting on the slave's right to a writ of habeas corpus



SHERMAN M. BOOTH.
From a Recent Photograph.

and a trial by jury. A local judge issued such a writ, but the refusal of the federal officers to recognize its validity led to the battering in of the jail doors.

Glover's rescue gave rise to many legal complications and a great deal of litigation. The sheriff of Racine county arrested the slave-master and those who had aided in the capture of the fugitive, on a charge of assault. Garland obtained his release on a writ of habeas corpus. In the meantime the underground railway had conveyed the slave to Canada. Booth was arrested, and a grand jury found a bill of indictment against him and two others. He appealed

to the Supreme court for a writ of habeas corpus. The learned judges read long opinions declaring the Fugitive Slave law of 1850 unconstitutional.

"They will never consent," Judge Smith declared, in referring to the right of the states in the enforcement of the law, "that a slave-owner, his agent, or an officer of the United States, armed with process to arrest a fugitive from service, is clothed with entire immunity from state authority; to commit whatever crime or outrage against the laws of the state; that their own high prerogative writ of habeas corpus shall be annulled, their authority defied, their officers resisted, the process of their own courts contemned, their territory invaded by federal force, the houses of their citizens searched, the sanctuary of their homes invaded, their streets and public places made the scenes of tumultuous and armed violence, and state sovereignty succumb—paralyzed and aghast—before the process of an officer unknown to the constitution and irresponsible to its sanctions. At least, such shall not become the degradation of Wisconsin, without meeting as stern remonstrance and resistance as I may be able to interpose, so long as her people impose upon me the duty of guarding their rights and liberties, and of maintaining the dignity and sovereignty of their state."

In his speech before the United States court commissioner, Winfield Smith, Booth defended himself vigorously. He denied that he had counseled or aided in the escape of the runaway slave, but he made no secret of his sympathy with the feelings of the mob that forced the jail.

"I am frank to say," he declared with emphasis—"and the prosecution may make the most of it, that I sympathize with the rescuers of Glover and rejoice at his escape. I rejoice that, in the first attempt of the slave-hunters to convert our jail into a slave-pen and our citizens into slave-catchers, they have signally failed, and that it has been decided by the spontaneous uprising and sovereign voice of the people, that no human being can be dragged into bondage from Milwaukee. And I am bold to say that, rather than have the great constitutional rights and safeguards of the people—the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury—stricken down by this fugitive law, I would prefer to see every federal officer in Wisconsin hanged on a gallows fifty cubits higher than Haman's."

Before the Supreme court, Byron Paine made an argument in behalf of Booth that attracted attention all over the country. It was printed in pamphlet form and circulated on the streets of Boston by the thousands. Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips wrote the author letters of hearty approval and commending his force of logic and able presentation of argument. This pamphlet is now excessively rare; but half a dozen copies are now known to exist.

Booth was discharged from imprisonment by the Supreme court on the ground of irregularities in the warrant. This did not end the

case. The United States Supreme court reversed the action of the state court. Booth and John Rycraft were tried in January, 1855, for violation of the act and were found guilty. The sentences imposed were:

Sherman M. Booth—Imprisonment in the county jail one month; a fine of \$1,000 and the costs of prosecution.

John Rycraft—Imprisonment for ten days; fine of \$200 without costs.



BYRON PAINE.

The owner of the rescued slave also brought suit against Booth for the value of Glover and obtained judgment in the United States District court for \$1,000, representing the value of a negro slave as fixed by the act of congress passed in 1850. It is said that the litigation in which Booth became entangled as the result of the Glover episode ruined him financially. The Glover episode and attendant circumstances were potent factors in creating an abolition sentiment in Wisconsin. In 1857 the legislature enacted a law "to prevent kidnaping," its purpose being to prevent the capture of fugitive slaves seeking asylum in this state.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE VERGE OF CIVIL WAR.

CIVIL war threatened to convulse the people of the state in 1856 as the result of a bitter contest for the office of governor. No governor ever had warmer friends or bitterer enemies than William A. Barstow. The Democrats renominated him in the fall of 1855, while the Republicans placed Coles Bashford in nomination. Many scandals during Gov. Barstow's term gave the Republicans an opportunity to vigorously attack his administration, and such terms as the "Forty Thieves" and "Barstow and the Balance" passed into current language in the course of the campaign. The entire machinery of election was in Democratic hands. When the state canvassers declared Barstow reëlected by a majority of 157, his opponents loudly proclaimed that a fraud had been committed, and that the returns had been doctored in the interest of the governor. Party newspapers made such an outcry that political passions were inflamed to a point that threatened personal collision between the factions at the capital.

Undaunted by the charges of fraud, Gov. Barstow prepared for his installation. Early in January, seven companies of militia arrived in Madison, marched to the governor's residence and escorted him to the capitol, where two thousand persons awaited his appearance and that of the other state officers. With much ceremony they proceeded to the senate chamber, where the usual oath of office was administered.

In the meantime Coles Bashford had quietly gone to the courtroom of the Supreme court, and Chief Justice Whiton administered the oath of governor. Some of the most eminent attorneys of the state had ranged themselves on the side of Bashford, including Timothy O. Howe, E. G. Ryan, Alexander W. Randall and J. H. Knowlton. By their advice, Bashford proceeded to the executive office and formally demanded possession. Gov. Barstow refused to yield, and the contest was thereupon transferred to the Supreme court. Here much legal sparring ensued, Jonathan E. Arnold, Harlow S. Orton and Matt. H. Carpenter representing the governor who had nine points of possession.

Tremendous excitement ensued all over the state. Partisans of the contestants prepared for the seemingly inevitable encounter by arming themselves; it seemed that an appeal to physical force would follow the appeal to the law. The result of the court's inquiry was awaited with intense concern by conservative men who feared the consequences.

The counsel of the contestant won at every point in their contention before the court, and finally Barstow withdrew from the case, claiming that political prejudices prevented fairness of treatment, and further denying the right of the court to go behind the returns. Forseeing the outcome he sent his resignation as governor to the legislature, hoping to prevent the seating of Bashford by installing as governor the duly-elected lieutenant-governor, Arthur McArthur. It was a shrewd move, but Bashford's lawyers were prepared for it. They held that McArthur could gain no rights to the office of governor through the resignation of a fraudulently-



Gov. WILLIAM A. BARSTOW.

elected incumbent. The court went on with the inquiry, and found gross forgeries of election returns. Their amended count gave Bashford a majority of 1,009, and they declared him entitled to the office of governor.

Instead of yielding gracefully, McArthur announced that he would hold on at all hazards. On the day that the court rendered its decision, March 24, great crowds flocked to the capitol, with a grim and determined air that boded ill. The corridors leading to the executive office were packed with men favorable to Bashford and determined to maintain such rights as the court would allow him. As he appeared, in company with the sheriff, who had the court's order in possession, a great cheer announced his coming to those within. Gov. Bashford rapped at the door and entered. He

at once made himself at home by doffing his overcoat and hanging it on a peg, pleasantly remarking to Mr. McArthur that he had come to take possession.

"Do you intend to use force in expelling me?" wrathfully inquired the young lieutenant-governor.

"Not unless necessary," blandly interposed Bashford, "but I have been invested with certain rights, and I intend to exercise them."

"I must regard your threat as constructive force," retorted McArthur, "and I leave under protest."

With that he marched out, followed by his private secretary and other friends who had been by his side to hold the fort. As he



GOV. COLES BASHFORD.

marched out, the crowd jeered and thronged into the executive office to shake the governor by the hand. The enemy had been dispossessed with scarcely a struggle and the unexpected ending made the crowd good-humored. Among Barstow's adherents outside an ugly feeling prevailed, and it was only by the wise counsel and personal efforts of the cooler heads that their dispersal was secured. Had a conflict been precipitated, there is no doubt that dreadful consequences would have occurred.

For a time the assembly refused to recognize the new governor, but finally did so. The lieutenant-governor resumed his place as presiding officer of the senate, and the troubled waters subsided.

The case was a notable one. For the first time in the history of the country had a Supreme court been asked to oust a governor

and seat a contestant. The lawyers engaged in the case were among the greatest who ever practiced at the bar in the Northwest. Jonathan E. Arnold and J. K. Knowlton were regarded as lawyers of exceptional power; E. G. Ryan became chief justice of the Supreme court of the state, and so did Harlow S. Orton; Matt. H. Carpenter died a senator of the United States; Timothy Howe and Alexander Randall served as cabinet officers, each occupying the position of postmaster-general.

Although the crisis passed without bloodshed, there is no doubt that it needed but a breath to fan the flame into tremendous proportions.

"We had arrived at the verge of revolutionary times," the private secretary of Gov. Barstow afterwards wrote, "and were rapidly drifting toward the vortex wherein the entire fabric of our government was to be endangered. So highly had the passions of men been wrought up by the political contest in which we were im-



J. H. TWEEDY.

First Whig Candidate for Governor of the State.

mersed, that it was at one time dangerously near a collision; and those who were then best cognizant of the prevailing feeling well knew that had a drop of blood been shed here—one life of a partisan on either side been taken in anger, the flame of civil war would have broken out, and would have raged until quenched, as it always has been and must be."

CHAPTER IV.

BIRTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN WISCONSIN.

"THE Republican party had its birth in the great Northwest," said James G. Blaine in a speech delivered in Milwaukee in 1884, during his great campaigning tour while a presidential nominee. It has been claimed that Ripon, in the state of Wisconsin, was the baptismal font of the party that held uninterrupted control of the national administration for a quarter of a century following the commencement of the civil war, but this claim is disputed.

The immediate impulse that led to the Ripon meeting of the party, on the last day of February in 1854, was the feeling excited by the Nebraska bill pending in congress. Three Whigs, one Free Soiler and a Democrat were responsible for the first attempt to create the Republican party. A. E. Bovey was their spokesman. The meeting was held in a little church building on College hill, in the village of Ripon, and here ringing resolutions were adopted in condemnation of the Nebraska Slavery bill. In its issue of Feb. 2, 1854, this notice appeared in modest type in The Ripon Herald:

NEBRASKA.

A meeting will be held at 6½ o'clock this (Wednesday) evening, at the Congregational church in the village of Ripon, to remonstrate against the Nebraska swindle. Come all. MANY CITIZENS.

Another meeting was held three weeks later, and at this time a suggestion was made that the new party which it seemed would soon be formed should be called the Republican party. This initial meeting created the ripple that gradually radiated all over the country. A state convention was held in July and an organization was perfected.

The fall of the year when these meetings set in motion the formation of the Republican party, Wisconsin sent to the national halls of legislation a delegation made up of a Republican majority and a Democratic minority. Charles Durkee, a Free-Soiler, was elected United States senator, and thus national recognition was secured for the new party. Two years later the first National Republican convention was held, and John C. Fremont was nominated for president.

CHAPTER V.

STRANGE STORY OF A SPURIOUS LOST PRINCE.

FROM a magazine article printed in 1853 grew a romantic story that the long-lost dauphin of France had been located in Green Bay, in the person of one Eleazer Williams. The question was seriously discussed in newspaper articles and editorials, and a book appeared entitled "The Lost Prince," giving in great detail the circumstances purporting to prove the identity of the obscure Wisconsin villager as the heir to the throne of France. Fortified by numerous coincidences, the story seemed plausible, and many persons were led to believe that Louis XVII. had actually been found in a remote frontier settlement of America after the lapse of more than half a century following his mysterious disappearance from the Tower of the Temple.

At the same time Williams claimed that, ten years before, the Prince de Joinville had visited him in Green Bay, had confided to him the secret of his royal birth and endeavored to extort from him a renunciation of his rights to the throne of France.

Dreams of royalty had come to Eleazer Williams long before the visit of the French prince, in 1841. A decade or more before Wisconsin became a territory, Williams had developed the ambitious project of converting this region into an Indian empire. The planting of the Stockbridge and Brothertown Indian settlements in Wisconsin resulted, but his hopes of a great Indian domain, where he might reign, were doomed to fade away unrealized. He was then a young man; he had lived until his fourteenth year among the St. Regis Indians and exerted great control over the Indians of New York. His mother, whom he repudiated in order to carry out his part as the son of the unfortunate queen Marie Antoinette, was a member of this tribe of Indians. His great-grandmother was a white woman, and through her Williams could trace descent from distinguished Puritan ancestors. A survivor of the historic Deerfield massacre, she had been carried as a young girl into captivity, and spent her life among the Indians, becoming the wife of a chieftain.

Early in his career, Eleazer Williams undertook evangelizing work among the Indians of New York, becoming successively Catholic, Congregationalist, and finally a priest of the Episcopal church. It was while thus engaged that he conceived the idea of removing the New York Indians to Wisconsin and there organizing a great federation of aborigines. In 1820 he made his first Western trip, but numerous obstacles prevented Williams from carrying out his plans. Persisting in his scheme, finally John C. Calhoun was persuaded to favor it. That ardent Southerner was led to foster the

enterprise because he hoped that the founding of a great Indian confederation in this region would prevent the organization of more free states out of the territory of the old Northwest. Through Calhoun's aid Williams was thus enabled to make another attempt—this time under government patronage.

It was necessary to secure the consent of the Menomonee and Winnebago Indians for the proposed migration to their lands. Wil-



ELEAZER WILLIAMS AS A YOUNG MAN.
From a Picture in "The Lost Prince."

liams arranged for a great council of the tribes at Green Bay. Preliminary to the treaty, the Winnebago warriors entertained the visitors with a great war dance. The whole tribe was assembled in front of the agency house. An eye-witness, Gen. A. G. Ellis, has left a graphic account of the affair, in his "Fifty-Four Years' Recollections":

"The war dance was a sight to test the nerves of the stoutest heart," says his account. "The Winnebagoes at that time were in

all their perfection of savage wildness; 2,000 of them—men and women, old and young—were massed in a circle, standing fifty deep; the whites, army officers, in the inner ring, and the warrior dancers, drummers and singers in the center. Twenty of their most stalwart young warriors took their places with not a thread of clothing save the breechcloth; but all painted in most gorgeous colors, and especially the faces, with circles of black, white, red, green and blue around the eyes, giving the countenances expressions indescribably fierce and hideous; all armed with tomahawks, knives and spears. At first the dance was slow, to measured time of the drum and song; for there were a hundred singers, with the voice of the drummer, both male and female—the latter prevailing above the former. Soon they began to wax warm, the countenances assumed unearthly expressions of fierceness; their tread shook the solid earth, and their yells at the end of each cadence rent the very heavens. None could endure the scene, unmoved, unappalled."

Upon conclusion of the dance, the Winnebagoes prepared to depart; in an hour not one of them remained. With them vanished the dream of empire nurtured so fondly by Williams. A treaty was made with the Menomonees and small bodies of New York Indians were brought from New York, but the grand scheme of an Indian empire collapsed entirely.

Williams made Green Bay his home, and here in 1823 he married pretty Madeline Jourdain. She was but 14 years old, and the match was of her parents' making, for her heart had been given to a young Frenchman whose poverty did not commend him to the old folks.

For many years Eleazer Williams lived in obscurity. A chance remark that he resembled the royal Bourbons, it is believed, first gave to him the clue to his pretensions of later years. In 1841 the Prince de Joinville, a son of Louis Philippe, made a journey in America. In the course of his travels he went to Green Bay, and here is said to have occurred the celebrated interview that was made so much of in establishing the claims of Eleazer Williams as the long-lost dauphin of France. When the prince began his journey to the West, Williams was in New York. He hurried towards his old home to meet the royal traveler, and at Mackinac boarded the steamer whereon the prince was a guest. The attention paid by the prince to the missionary priest was so pronounced as to arouse the curiosity of the tourists on the boat. According to the account of Williams, written twelve years later, the prince requested him to come to his room at the hotel at Green Bay, as he had a communication of great importance to make to him. What there occurred is best told in the words of Williams:

"I found the prince alone, with the exception of one attendant, whom he dismissed. . . . The prince spoke to this effect:

"You have been accustomed, sir, to consider yourself a native of this country; but you are not. You were born in Europe, sir, and however incredible it may at first seem to you, I have to tell you that you are the son of a king. There ought to be much consolation to you to know this fact. You have suffered a great deal, and have been brought very low, but you have not suffered more nor been more degraded than my father, who was long in exile and poverty in this country; but there is this difference between him and you, that he was all along aware of his high birth, whereas you have been spared the knowledge of your origin."



ELEAZER WILLIAMS AS AN EPISCOPAL PRIEST.
From a Painting at Madison.

Williams, in his journal, describes his own agitation over the astounding disclosure, and relates that while in this state of mind the prince produced a document and asked him to sign it.

"The prince arose and went to his trunk, which was in the room, and took from it a parchment which he laid on the table and set before me, that I might read and give him my determination in regard to it. There were also on the table pen and ink and wax, and he placed there a governmental seal of France—the one, if I mistake not, used under the old monarchy. It was of precious metal,

but whether of gold or silver, or a compound of both, I cannot say. . . . The document which the prince placed before me was very handsomely written, in double parallel columns of French and English. I continued intently reading and considering it, for a space of four or five hours. During this time the prince left me undisturbed, remaining for the most part in the room, but he went out three or four times.

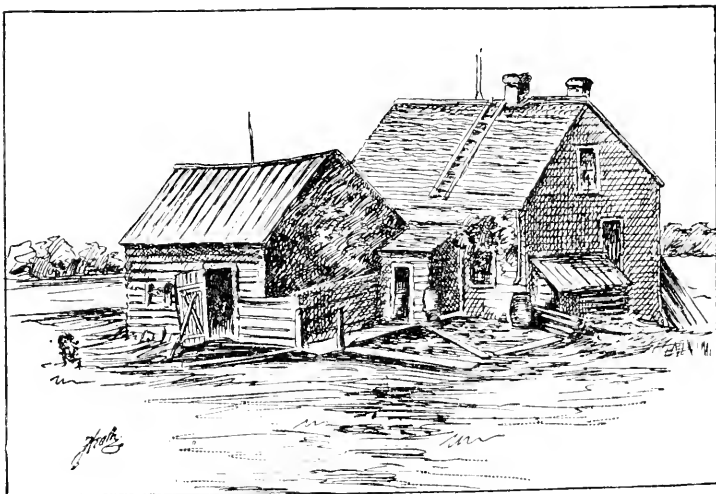
"The purport of the document, which I read repeatedly word by word, comparing the French with the English, was this: It was a solemn abdication of the crown of France in favor of Louis Philippe, by Charles Louis, the son of Louis XVI, who was styled Louis XVII, king of France and Navarre, with all accompanying names and titles of honor, according to the custom of the old French monarchy, together with a minute specification in legal phraseology of the conditions and considerations and provisos, upon which the abdication is made. These conditions were, in brief, that a princely establishment should be secured to me either in this country or in France, at my option, and that Louis Philippe would pledge himself on his part to secure the restoration, or an equivalent for it, of all the private property of the royal family rightfully belonging to me, which had been confiscated in France during the Revolution, or in any way got into their hands."

If the story of Williams is to be believed, the upshot of his interview with the prince was the refusal of the tempting offer. He gave the answer that De Provence gave to the ambassador of Napoleon at Warsaw: "Though I am in poverty and exile, I will not sacrifice my honor."

For twelve years Williams gave no intimation of the nature of the interview between Prince de Joinville and himself. When the above version found its way into print, copies were sent to the prince, in France. An emphatic and indignant denial was sent by the prince to America. A number of clergymen hastened to the defense of Eleazer Williams, and a mass of testimony was compiled that convinced many persons of intelligence and standing that the claim of Williams to royal birth was based on fact. The literature on this subject—and there was a great deal of it—is proof that a strong chain of circumstantial evidence can be forged from numerous trivial and disassociated facts. The royal pretensions of Eleazer Williams were undoubtedly evolved from fiction, yet so well sustained were they that but recently a reputable London publisher has issued from the press a thick volume devoted to the massing of evidence in support of the Williams claim. All this evidence has been torn to shreds, however, by a searching and critical analysis to which it has been subjected by another writer on the subject, W. W. Wight, in a Parkman club publication entitled "Eleazer Williams—His Forerunners, Himself." The cunning of Williams in

cleverly manufacturing the evidence to bolster his imposture is here conclusively shown.

The lost dauphin of France was the second son of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette, both of whom fell victims to the fury of the French revolutionists. The child disappeared from the Tower of the Temple June 8, 1795, and was asserted to have died. His jailer, Simon, was a brutal shoemaker whom the troubled times brought to the front and placed in his position. He ill-treated the young boy in ways that showed as much ingenuity as they did cruelty. On



THE JOURDAIN RESIDENCE.

REPRODUCED FROM "HISTORIC GREEN BAY."

(It was in this humble cottage that the claimant to the throne of France married his bride of 14. The union was an unhappy one. Pretty Madeline Jourdain had plighted her troth with a young French trader, but yielded to parental influence and gave her hand to Eleazer Williams.)

one occasion Williams was shown a photograph of this man, without being told whom it represented.

"My God, I have seen that face before," he ejaculated. "It has haunted me through life."

A look of pain came over his face, and he became greatly excited.

It was known that Simon, in a fit of anger, struck the dauphin on the head with a towel which he hastily jerked from its place on the wall. The nail on which it hung came out with it, and inflicted a wound on the child's forehead that left a deep scar. Eleazer Williams had just such a scar.

The dauphin had scrofulous scars on the knees. Eleazer Williams was able to exhibit scars on his knees that duplicated them exactly.

After the publication of the lost dauphin story, the Duchesse d'Angoulême published a statement that the dauphin had on his arm inoculation marks, one of which was in the shape of a crescent. Williams was equal to the occasion. He had such a mark on his arm.

One Dr. Hanson was especially ardent in arguing that Williams was the long-lost heir to the throne of France. To present the claim in forcible style, he prepared and printed a summary of the physical coincidences in parallel:

Louis XVII resembled the rest of the Bourbon family in form and feature, with the exception of absence in him of an aquiline nose. He had hazel eyes, tumors on both wrists, both elbows and both knees, a scar on the eyebrow and inoculation marks on the arm, one of which was of a crescent shape.

The Rev. E. Williams resembles the Bourbon family in form and feature, with the exception of the absence, in him of an aquiline nose. He has hazel eyes, the scars of tumors or sores in early life on both wrists, both elbows and knees, a scar on the eyebrow and inoculation marks on the arm, one of which is of a crescent shape.

Following the denial by the Prince de Joinville that he had told Williams what the latter claimed, appeared a number of affidavits in New Orleans, purporting to throw light on the disappearance of the dauphin during the red days of the revolution. The gist of these affidavits was that the dauphin had been carried to America and placed among the Indians. There were other circumstances that fitted nicely into the story, and made the lost dauphin story an interesting episode in American history, though as regards its sequel, not an important one; nothing ever came of the ambitious pretensions of the Indian missionary. He enjoyed a brief term of notoriety and then sank back into obscurity. Friendless and alone, he died in 1858, in a cottage which friends had erected for him in the days when general interest attached to his romantic story. "His household presented an aspect of cheerless desolation, without a mitigating ray of comfort or a genial spark of home light. His neatly finished rooms had neither carpets, curtains nor furniture, save a scanty supply of broken chairs and invalid tables; boxes filled with books, the gifts of friends, lay stored away in corners; his dining table, unmoved from week to week, and covered with the broken remains of former repasts, and his pantry and sleeping room disordered and filthy, left upon the visitor an oppressive feeling of homeless solitude that it was impossible to efface from the memory."

CHAPTER VI.

MOB LAW AS A POLITICAL FACTOR.

VIOLENCE committed by a mob in the city of Milwaukee turned the current of the state's politics in the early '50's, drove the Democrats from power and seated a Whig as the second chief executive of the state. The chief incidents connected with the proceedings led to much local bitterness of feeling. At the session of the legislature in 1849 State Senator J. B. Smith of Milwaukee secured the passage of a law whose chief provision was that "the vendor of intoxicating drinks shall be held primarily responsible for all damages to the community justly chargeable to such sale or traffic."

In consequence of the passage of this law, its opponents adopted defiant resolutions at a mass meeting, and those who favored it organized a counter demonstration. Don A. J. Upham was at this time candidate for governor of the state, and took a leading part in the opposition to the enforcement of the law. E. D. Holton led the friends of the law. A collision ensued when both sides attempted to meet at the same time at the same place. The meeting, or rather meetings, were held at the Free Congregational church, the original call having been issued by the temperance people. By coming early, the anti-temperance people packed the meeting, and elected Mr. Upham chairman. When the others came they indignantly claimed possession. They elected E. D. Holton to preside, and at once confusion reigned supreme.

"There were thus," says the account of a participant, "two chairmen, two conventions running at the same time, two sets of resolutions and two classes of resolutions; the confusion of tongues was complete. Both chairmen stood on top of the pulpit, till some printers, crowding in behind Upham, toppled him off onto the floor. Soon after the toughs were forcibly ejected, the resolutions passed in confusion were reaffirmed and the meeting adjourned to meet at the same place the next morning. A great crowd gathered the next day, passed strong resolutions against Messrs. Upham and Cross and in favor of law and order, and the reform canvass began."

On the evening of March 4, 1850, a mob attacked the residence of the state senator who had fathered the obnoxious law, but as he was not at home they contented themselves with the destruction of property. Intense excitement resulted, and a call containing 1,200 signatures was issued, asking friends of law and order to attend an indignation meeting. The call was headed in this wise:

THE CRISIS HAS COME—SHALL THE LAW BE SUSTAINED?

A crisis has arrived. Our city has been disgraced by a mob. The property of one of our citizens has been destroyed by lawless violence, the rioters go unpunished, and no decided expression has yet been made of the strong feeling that exists in the community against this outrage.

As before there was a contest between the contending factions for the control of the meeting. At midnight it broke up in a row, each side having adopted a long string of whereases and resolutions.

The result of the local bitterness was injected into the gubernatorial campaign. Don A. J. Upham was defeated for governor, although his party associates were chosen by narrow majorities.



GEN. RUFUS KING.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOCSIN OF WAR.

No state responded more promptly to the call of duty than Wisconsin, in 1861. The ink with which the governor signed the proclamation calling for volunteers had not time to dry before messages came by wire from many parts of the state tendering service in defense of the Union. The government had called for but one regiment—within a week thirty-six companies had tendered service. So immediate was the response that the controversy of later years as to priority of tender became a question, not of days, or hours, but of minutes. Alexander W. Randall was Wisconsin's first war governor, and he manifested an energy and sagacity that proved him the man for the occasion. He held in constant reserve regiments of volunteers, and by thus anticipating the calls of the Department of War, was enabled to promptly and at all times respond.

Months before the fall of Fort Sumter, Gov. Randall prepared for the inevitable conflict. In January, 1861, he sent a message to the legislature calling attention to the dangers that threatened.

"The signs of the times indicate," said he, "that there may arise a contingency in the condition of the government when it will become necessary to respond to a call of the national government for men and means to maintain the integrity of the Union, and to thwart the designs of men engaged in an organized treason. While no unnecessary expense should be incurred, yet it is the part of wisdom both for individuals and states in revolutionary times to be prepared to defend our institutions to the last extremity."

Jan. 9, 1861, the Madison guard voted to tender its services to Gov. Randall, "in case they may be required for the preservation of the American Union."

Before the war was over, Wisconsin had borne more than its share of the burdens. More than 90,000 men went to the front, or about one for every nine of the total population, and an average of one in every eight who left never returned. The state furnished 1,263 men in excess over all calls, or a total of 91,379. This represented more than one from every two voters of the state, and one in every five of the entire male population of the state. The people of Wisconsin raised nearly \$12,000,000 for war purposes.

"The state has furnished under all calls from the general government," Gov. Lucius Fairchild reported to the legislature in 1866, "fifty-two regiments of infantry, four regiments and one company of cavalry, one regiment (of twelve batteries) of heavy artillery, thirteen batteries of light artillery, one company of sharpshooters

and three brigade bands, besides recruits for the navy and United States organizations, numbering in all 91,379, of which number 79,934 were volunteers, and 11,445 drafted men and substitutes."

When the civil war began, Wisconsin was the youngest of the United States, with but four exceptions. Its population comprised mainly people of New England and New York, with strong groups of European colonists. Among these latter the martial spirit was an inheritance. Among the former were many veterans of the Mexican war, for Wisconsin had contributed liberally to the regiments that a dozen years before had marched from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. The military spirit had found expression in the organization of numerous uniformed companies. In Milwaukee



EDWARD SALOMON.

alone fourteen military companies had been organized since the early days of cityhood. One of them, the Light guard, had a national reputation, and its membership comprised some of the leading professional and business men of Milwaukee. Foreign-born and men of native birth were equally loyal when the emergency came; thus Wisconsin was as well equipped to aid in the suppression of Southern treason as many an older state.

The ninety thousand men who marched to the front from Wisconsin were as gallant soldiers as ever went to war. "The blood of these brave men drenched almost every battlefield from Pennsylvania to the Rio Grande, from Missouri to Georgia." Among the infantry regiments composed in whole, or mainly, from men of foreign birth were these:

Ninth, Twenty-sixth and Forty-fifth regiments—Germans.

Fifteenth regiment—Scandinavians, with gallant Col. Hans C. Heg at the head.

Seventeenth regiment—Irishmen, Col. John L. Doran in command.

Frenchmen were numerous represented in the Twelfth regiment, and the Third, Seventh and Thirty-seventh numbered a sprinkling of Wisconsin Indians.

Wisconsin also contributed nearly a thousand men to the navy. There being no seaport city in the state, those who sought service in the navy were compelled to leave home to enlist. Thus the Badger state failed to receive due credit. It is known, however, that Wisconsin men served on four hundred and eighty-seven different vessels that fought on the Union side.

Loyalty found expression in prompt action in every city and hamlet of Wisconsin. The hearts of the people were stirred by the common impulse of patriotism. The national colors met the eye on every side; the stars and stripes adorned the pulpit, as well as the schoolhouse and the mart; the emblem waved from housetop, from window and doorway. The "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung with a fervor hitherto unknown.

On the 15th day of April the news of the fall of Sumter first became known. That same evening patriots gathered in enthusiastic meetings in the cities of Milwaukee and Janesville, and soon after in Madison, Kenosha, Beloit, Fond du Lac, Beaver Dam and other cities, at which money was pledged to aid the government in extirpating treason. Then came the news of the attack by a Baltimore mob on the troops passing through the streets of the city, and excitement grew. On Saturday, April 19, the sum of \$11,175 was subscribed by Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce men, in less than fifteen minutes. Business men hastened to sign the subscription lists, and within a few days Milwaukee subscriptions amounted to \$30,000. At Madison ringing speeches and resolutions were supplemented with \$7,500 in cash. Waupun raised \$3,000 to distribute among the families of volunteers; Kenosha, \$3,500 in an hour's time; Fond du Lac, \$4,000, and other cities joined the procession with proportionate amounts.

From the pulpits came burning words of patriotism. In the columns of the newspapers was reflected the spirit of the people.

"The hopes and prayers of the men of peace, and the peaceable spirit of the government have availed nothing," said The Milwaukee Sentinel of April 17. "Animated by the infernal spirit which prompted this rebellion, the South has needlessly opened this war. Let the government now draw the sword and throw away the scabbard. Let us hear no more of peace till it comes in appeal from the lips of conquered traitors."

"We hang out our banner," said Matthew Hale Carpenter in a fervid speech that stirred several thousand hearers to enthusiasm. "We hang out our banner; no dusty rag representing the twilight

of seven stars, but the old banner that has floated triumphantly in every breeze; the banner Decatur unfurled to the Barbary states; that Jackson held over New Orleans; that Scott carried to the halls of the Montezumas; and thereby we mean to say, in no spirit of defiance, but with the firmness of manly resolution, this flag shall wave while an American lives to protect it. And God grant it may float over a peaceful land, long after the followers of the seven fallen stars have hung on gibbets or rotted in dungeons."

While these sentiments undoubtedly reflected the sentiments of the great bulk of the people, there were in Wisconsin, as in other Northern states, disloyal men who sought to paralyze the arm of



GOV. L. P. HARVEY.
Drowned at Pittsburg Landing.

authority. One or two "copperhead" newspapers referred to Abraham Lincoln as a murderer, a German daily in Milwaukee and an English daily in La Crosse being especially conspicuous in their onslaughts on the government and denunciation of the war. On the third day of September, in the year 1862, a state Democratic convention at Milwaukee adopted an address that became famous as the "Ryan address." Professing to condemn the rebellion, its specious plea for loyalty to the constitution was artfully worded so as to attack the government and discourage its defenders. The address was written by Edward G. Ryan, and had all the force and vigor that distinguished the utterances of that able jurist.

"Blind submission to the administration of the government is not the government," this document declared. "The administration is not the government. The government is established by the constitution and rests in its provisions. The administration is as subject to the constitution and as responsible for its observance, as the people. The administration may err, but the constitution does not change. And when the administration violates the constitution, loyalty to the administration may become disloyalty to the union."

In June, 1863, another state convention of Democrats was held in Milwaukee, at which resolutions growing out of the Ryan address were adopted. In August the Republicans met in state convention at Madison, and among the resolutions adopted was the following:

Resolved, That we deplore the partisan hostility which has been awakened against the government by interested politicians and designing demagogues of the North, believing that it can only tend, by encouraging rebels, to protract the war; and, instead of kindling the patriotism, to arouse the animosities of our people and to occasion elsewhere the same riotous, diabolical and anarchical scenes which have already disgraced the commercial metropolis of the nation.

In September a state convention of loyal Democrats was held at Janesville, many of the leading members of the party participating. One of the planks of the platform adopted by them read thus:

Resolved, That the present rebellion was commenced and is prosecuted for the dismemberment of the national union, and the destruction of the constitution and government of the United States; that in view of the vast armies now arrayed by the rebels for the commission of this national murder, no individual and no party can stand indifferently by and witness the perpetration of the crime without becoming a participator in the bloody treason.

In the dark days of defeat on the field of battle, and covert sedition at home, there was no abatement of loyalty among the great mass of Wisconsin people. Eager volunteers kept the quota apportioned to this state at the top notch; women aided by organizing circles for knitting socks and sewing clothes for the soldiers in the field. Camps were established in various parts of the state, where the recruits were massed preliminary to the receipt of marching orders. Camp Scott was located in Milwaukee, on the north side of Spring street (now Grand avenue), between Twelfth and Fourteenth streets, and here the first regiment was mustered into the United States service. The principal camps during the war were:

Milwaukee—Camp Scott, named for Gen. Scott; Camp Sigel, named for Gen. Franz Sigel; Camp Holton, named for James Holton; Camp Trowbridge; Camp Washburn, named for Gen. Cadwallader C. Washburn, afterwards governor of the state.

Madison—Camp Randall, named for A. W. Randall, Wisconsin's first war governor, afterwards postmaster-general of the United States.

Racine—Camp Utley, named for Col. W. L. Utley, commander of the Twenty-second regiment.

Fond du Lac—Camp Hamilton, named for Maj.-Gen. C. S. Hamilton; Camp Wood, named for Col. D. E. Wood, commander of the Fourteenth regiment.

Janesville—Camp Tredway, named for Brig.-Gen. W. W. Tredway, quartermaster-general of the state; Camp Barstow, named for William A. Barstow, ex-governor, colonel of the Third Wisconsin cavalry.

La Crosse—Camp Salomon, named for Edward Salomon, elected lieutenant-governor, who became governor upon the death of Gov. Harvey.

Kenosha—Camp Harvey, named for Gov. L. P. Harvey, Wisconsin's second war governor.

Oshkosh—Camp Bragg, named for Gen. Edward S. Bragg, the brave commander of the Iron Brigade.

Wisconsin soldiers fought in every important engagement during the war. The regiments were assigned to duty among the several divisions as follows:

Eastern Division, comprising the territory on both sides of the Potomac and upon the seaboard from Baltimore to Savannah—First (three months), Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Nineteenth, Twenty-sixth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth.

Central Division, including Kentucky, Tennessee, Northern Alabama and Georgia—Tenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth, Thirtieth, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh; also the reorganized First regiment.

Western Division, embracing the country west and northwest of the Central division—Eighth, Ninth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second and Fifty-third.

During the progress of the war a number of these regiments were transferred from one division to another. The first assignment of other Wisconsin organizations was as follows:

Eastern Division—Second, Fourth and Eleventh batteries of light artillery; Company F, First regiment Berdau's sharpshooters; Batteries A, E, F, G, H, I, K, L and M of heavy artillery.

Central Division—First and Third batteries of light artillery; Batteries B and C of heavy artillery.

Western Division—First, Second, Third and Fourth regiments of cavalry; Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Twelfth and Thirteenth batteries of light artillery; Battery D of heavy artillery.

Draft riots occurred in Wisconsin as they did in other states, but were not serious as to results, chiefly owing to the firm measures instituted by Gov. Salomon, in whose administration the first one occurred. This was in August, 1862, and was the only draft directed by the state authorities, subsequent ones being managed by representatives of the federal government. The War department notified the governor that 300,000 men were to be drafted, and that Wisconsin's quota had been placed at 11,904. Volunteers came forward so briskly that it was found necessary to draft but 4,537 men in Wisconsin. The chief draft riots occurred at Port Washington and West Bend, where mobs seized the muster rolls, looted residences and were prevented from hanging the draft commissioner only because of the expeditious retreat of that officer to a less turbulent place. The prompt arrest of the ringleaders caused the subsidence of the trouble. The principal resistance to the draft at Port Wash-

ington came from Luxembourgers who owned farms in Washington county. They marched into town armed with all sorts of weapons. The government officials fled and the angry farmers attacked the best residences in the town. Word was sent to Madison for troops, and the rioters prepared to give them a warm reception. The old cannon which had long been in the town was loaded with scrap iron and mounted on the pier, as it was supposed that the troops would arrive by steamer. But the steamer went by Port Washington with her lights out and landed the soldiers unobserved at Port Uloa, five miles distant. The soldiers divided and approached the town by different routes, thus surprising the rioters. It was the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin which performed this duty. For weeks the farm houses were searched for the offenders, who were taken to Madison and put in the bull pen there. The same old cannon which figured in Port Washington's history was again hauled out and loaded with scrap iron at the time of the famous Indian scare which extended all over Wisconsin.

In Milwaukee an outbreak was prevented by the firm attitude of the military commanders. There were angry mutterings, but the patrolling of streets by the regiments then stationed here awed those who threatened disorder into sullen submission.

The following year there was another conscription. There were drafted at this time nearly 15,000 men, but only 628 of them were mustered in. The others either paid commutation, furnished substitutes or fled to Canada. Substitute brokers drove a thriving trade, and market prices were quoted daily.

"Prices constantly advanced from the time of the call to the time of the draft," says an account of the draft. "The opening prices July 18 were: One-year men, \$100; two-year men, \$200; three-year men, \$300. At these opening prices the supply was not equal to the demand, and all were taken as fast as offered; as the time of draft drew near and anxiety increased, prices advanced. The price on the last day of examinations, August 20, were: For one-year men, \$200; two-year men, \$400 to \$450; and three-year men, \$600 to \$650. Subsequently as high as \$800 was paid for a single substitute for three years. One business man paid \$700 for his man, and subsequently ascertained, much to his disgust, that he was physically disqualified for the service."

More serious than the draft riots was the gathering of a mob in the streets of Milwaukee and an attack on the banks of the city in the early days of the war. An enormous decline in the value of Southern bonds followed the commencement of hostilities, and as the Wisconsin bank circulation rested largely on these securities, violent fluctuations of the currency created a panic. Refusal to redeem bills of certain banks added to the uncertainty. A state convention of bankers was held to devise means for restoring con-

fidence, and the legislature sought to bolster the situation by passing an amended banking act. The climax came when the city bankers voted to throw out ten banks of a list which had been listed as sound before that time. It was on a Saturday that this news was published. Laborers who had received bills of the discredited banks became furious. On Sunday they gathered in groups and angrily discussed the situation. On Monday the groups amalgamated and the mob, led by a common impulse, marched toward the district where the banks were located. This was Monday, June 21, 1861. The German poet, Anton Thormaehlen, was on his way to his place of business, and attracted by the unusual demonstration, stopped to look at the mob.



MRS. CORDELIA HARVEY.
A Leader in the Hospital Service.

"There's Alexander Mitchell," some one shouted, as he observed that the poet wore a shiny stovepipe hat.

The unlucky poet was seized, hurled to the ground, beaten and trampled upon and left for dead. He subsequently recovered and lived to a ripe old age. The mob pursued its way to the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance company's bank. The clerks barricaded the doors, locked the funds and books of the concern in the vault and made their escape. The mob tore down the iron railings around the basement and used them in attacking the State bank opposite, but the presence of a large number of men in the hallway deterred them from carrying out their original intention of sacking the Mitchell bank. They wrecked the State bank, and with the demol-

ished furniture and such cash books and paper as were conveniently obtainable, built a roaring bonfire on the sidewalk.

Alarmed by the growing disorder, the authorities telegraphed the governor, who urged prompt suppression of the mob, and ordered Hibbard's Zouaves to the scene of the disturbance. In the meantime an alarm of fire had caused the fire department to come to the scene, and they effectively turned a stream on the mob. Checked in their plunder of the banks, the rioters became incensed and closed around the firemen in threatening manner. At this juncture the clatter of steel and the shout of the Zouaves, who were coming at double-quick, checked the zeal of the mob. They broke and fled, and the cold water from the firemen's nozzle pursued them till they were out of range. Fifty-two rioters were arrested. The damage to property exceeded \$5,000.

There was no further difficulty. Business men called a meeting and guaranteed the redemption of the bills of the discredited banks held by the laborers, and the excitement was thus allayed.



E. G. RYAN.

Author of the Famous Ryan Address.

When the war ended and the soldier boys came home again, there were many widows and many orphans who looked in vain for familiar faces. Eleven thousand brave men who went forth from their homes in Wisconsin to battle for the preservation of the Union never returned.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

"WE ESTIMATED a Wisconsin regiment equal to an ordinary brigade," Gen. William T. Sherman wrote in his Memoirs.

Bravery on the field of battle was but a corollary of patriotism at home. Where duty called, there Wisconsin soldiers responded. In nearly every notable engagement of the war they had an honorable part. Six regiments and one company from Wisconsin took part in the battle of Gettysburg; in the Atlanta campaign Wisconsin had fifteen regiments and two batteries, and in the Vicksburg campaign thirteen regiments and three batteries. Five regiments and three batteries from Wisconsin fought in the battle of Stone River.

On Shiloh's bloody battlefield, in the battle of the Wilderness, at Chickamauga, in the gallant charge at Missionary Ridge, Wisconsin troops were in the heat of the battle. Out of every hundred men, twenty-two died or were wounded. The Second Wisconsin heads the list of regimental losses during the war, in the number killed and died of wounds—more than 19 per cent. of the whole enrollment. "The total loss sustained by this regiment throughout the war represented the extreme limit of danger to which human life was exposed during the protracted struggle."

A youth of 19 years was the first Wisconsin soldier whom the bullets of the rebels laid low. When the First Wisconsin was encamped in the barracks on Spring street, Milwaukee, George C. Drake said to a friend that he never expected to return home with his comrades. In the skirmish of Falling Waters his premonition came true.

"I expect to be the first to fall," were his words as they were wading through the Potomac and about to engage the enemy.

The First Wisconsin was in the lead of the column that crossed the Potomac into Virginia at 3 o'clock on the morning of July 2, 1861. There was picket firing, but the rebels retreated slowly, keeping just in advance of the skirmishers. Suddenly a volley of musketry greeted the advancing soldiers. The fire was immediately returned. As young Drake was reloading for the second volley, a bullet pierced him near the heart. "My mother!" were the words that came to his lips as he fell to the ground and expired. His remains were taken to Williamsport, Md., and there buried with the honors of war.

At the battle of Falling Waters, Warren Graham, another young Wisconsin soldier, was fatally wounded, four bullets having lodged in his body. His remains were brought to Milwaukee and interred at Forest home. Graham was a Milwaukee newspaper man. At

Hagerstown the rebel press was captured by the Unionists and Warren Graham, with the assistance of several printers of the regiment, converted the instrument of treason into a patriotic factor by issuing a spirited little sheet which he called *The Camp Record*.

The Iron Brigade well earned its title. It was the only brigade composed mainly of Wisconsin men, three of the five regiments comprising it being from this state—the Second, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin. No Wisconsin regiments suffered such a terrible loss in killed and wounded as those of the Iron Brigade. The loss at the battle of Gainesville considerably exceeded one-third of the entire command. The ranks of the Second Wisconsin were thinned as a field of grain might be by the scythe of the mower. A characteristic anecdote is told of Lieutenant-Colonel Fairchild in connection with this battle. After the battle, Col. Fairchild could not realize that the loss had been so terrible.

"Where is the regiment—have they scattered?" he asked.

"Colonel," replied the major, "this is all that is left of the Second—the rest lie on the field."

"Thank God they have not deceived their friends; they are worthy of their name," said Fairchild.

The conduct of the Second had been indeed gallant. "For nearly twenty minutes," wrote Lieut. William Noble, "this regiment alone checked and sustained the onset of the whole of Stonewall Jackson's division of rebel infantry, under one of the most intensely concentrated fires of musketry probably ever experienced in this or any other war."

This is how the Iron Brigade received its name. Gen. George B. McClellan, after the war, narrated the incident to Gen. John B. Callis, commander of the Seventh Wisconsin. It was at the battle of South Mountain. Gen. McClellan's headquarters were so located that he could see along the pike to the gorge in the mountain. Gen. Hooker came dashing down the pike road to headquarters, and Gen. McClellan asked him:

"What troops are those advancing on each side of the pike, near the gorge, under that murderous fire?"

"That," said Gen. Hooker, "is Gibbon's brigade of Wisconsin men, from Wisconsin and Indiana."

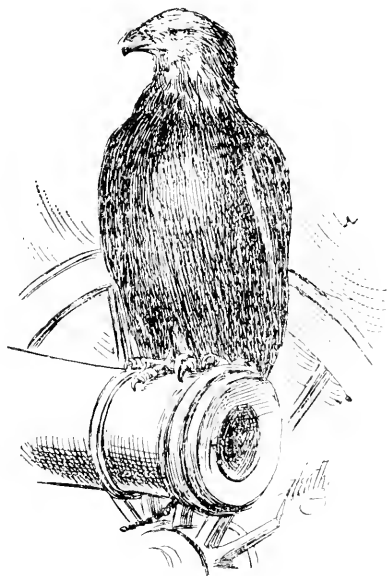
"They must be made of iron," said McClellan.

"By the eternal," responded Hooker, "they are iron, and if you had seen them at second Bull Run, as I did, you would know them to be iron."

From that time they bore the name that so well described them.

"Antietam was our bloodiest day," Gen. E. S. Bragg says in his reminiscences of the Iron Brigade's experiences. "Antietam closed a period of forty-five days during which we had fought or been under fire eleven days, and had been engaged in four pitched

battles. At Antietam the brigade lost about 400 men, at South Mountain 317, and in the battles of Gainesville and second Bull Run 873, but the percentage of loss to the number engaged was much higher at Antietam than in any other engagement of the series. The brigade was almost obliterated, but it was built up again, and kept up its reputation in succeeding campaigns."



OLD ABE, WISCONSIN'S WAR EAGLE.

On the Flambeau River, a branch of the Chippewa, an Indian captured the eagle that accompanied the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment in all its marches and lived through thirty-six battles and skirmishes. The bird of freedom was given his name in honor of the great emancipator. Old Abe seemed impervious to rebel bullets, although many rebels sought to bring him down as he soared above the field of battle and inspired the boys in blue by his fierce screams filled with the lust of battle.

After the war the Wisconsin war eagle was exhibited at many fairs in all parts of the country, including the great Sanitary Fair in Chicago, where the sum of \$16,000 was realized from the sale of his photographs. He was also a great attraction at the Soldier's Home Fair held in Milwaukee.

Gen. Bragg narrates an incident that occurred during this bloody battle—"the bloodiest day that America ever knew," as Horace Greeley described it.

"We came the nearest to losing the guns at Antietam, when the enemy came so close that they killed the gunners at their posts in a hand-to-hand fight. The battery was posted in the cornfield which was so stubbornly contested by the contending forces. Just at the moment I was about to fall from the effect of a shot, I

detected a movement of the rebels directed at the battery, which was doing heroic services. Gen. Gibbon saw me reel and rushed up, asking: 'Old man, are you hit?'

"'Never mind me now,' I answered, 'they are flanking the brigade and charging the battery.'

"Gibbon took in the situation in an instant, and with his accustomed prompt action, he disposed his force to resist the charge. The guns were set in sections some distance apart, so that when they opened on the charging force, which came on in column, they struck its head with a converging fire, the effect of which was to literally raise the head of the column right up into the air. But they did not stop; on they came, while the guns of the battery belched fire into their ranks. Gibbon shouted for double cannister, which showed that the enemy was within a very short distance. And on they came, right up to and in among the guns, where the most terrific fighting ensued. There Capt. Jim Campbell was stricken down by a shot in the shoulder and taken off the field, fully believing that his pet guns had been taken from him. He came back to our improvised field hospital, crying like a child, and I could not understand it.

"'Why, Jim,' said I, as he came in, 'are you making that fuss over a little hurt like that?'

"'It's not the hurt, Colonel,' said the brave fellow, 'I have lost my guns, and I did not even have time to spike them.'

"And he reached into his vest pocket with his available hand and drew out a package of files, moaning all the time over the loss of his guns. He would have laid down his life most cheerfully to save them. I assured him that he would find the guns all right, and such proved to be the fact. But it was a narrow escape they had."

An incident associated with the Seventh Wisconsin regiment's part at Gettysburg—and more particularly Co. F of that regiment—has been immortalized in verse by Bret Harte. During the fierce fighting there, a quaint-looking old chap approached the boys of Co. F and asked the loan of a gun, as he wanted to take a hand in the fight. He looked like a character derived from the days of the Revolutionary war, and a broad smile greeted his request—he seemed so out of place. But one of the officers humored the old man and gave him gun and ammunition. All day long the old man loaded and fired, and his unerring aim turned ridicule into respect. Three times wounded, he continued to send his leaden messengers of death among the rebels, and refused to leave the Wisconsin men whom he had so strangely chosen as his comrades.

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well;
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down

When the rebels rode through his native town;
 But held his own in the fight next day,
 When all his townsfolk ran away.

The old man had been a soldier in the war of 1812 and had fought in Mexico. When the rebels drove away his cows and looted his barnyard, the old spirit animated John Burns. To paraphrase the poet's lines a bit,

. a practical man was Burns,
 Who minded only his own concerns,
 Troubled no more by fancies fine
 Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine.

He was a picturesque sight, and an inspiration as in the thick of the fight he calmly loaded his gun again and again—as cool and unconcerned as if bullets were not whistling by on every side.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
 Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
 How do you think the man was dressed?
 He wore an ancient long buff vest,
 Yellow as saffron—but his best;
 And, buttoned over his manly breast
 Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
 And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
 With tails that the country folk call "swaller."
 He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
 White as the locks on which it sat.
 Never had such a sight been seen
 For forty years on the village green.

* * * * *

And it was terrible. On the right
 Raged for hours the deadly fight,
 Thundered the battery's double bass—
 Difficult music for men to face;
 While on the left—where now the graves
 Undulate like the living waves
 That all that day unceasing swept
 Up to the pits the rebels kept—
 Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
 Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
 Shattered fences here and there
 Tossed their splinters in the air;
 The very trees were stripped and bare;
 The barns that once held yellow grain
 Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
 The cattle bellowed on the plain,
 The turkeys screamed with might and main,
 And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
 With strange shells bursting in each nest.
 So raged the battle. You know the rest:
 How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
 Broke at the final charge and ran.
 At which John Burns—a practical man—
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
 And then went back to his bees and cows.

Gen. Callis of Lancaster is said to have given John Burns the rifle which he used at Gettysburg.

Special honor was secured by the Fifth Wisconsin at the battle of Williamsburg, where they came upon the enemy for the first time. In the severe fighting before Fort Magruder, at the junction of the Yorktown and Hampton roads, their courage and endurance were put to a severe test. A Sentinel correspondent thus described the critical period of the battle: "Numbers of our men were lying on the ground, their oil cloths over them, to protect them from the pelting rain, which had been falling all day. Some were asleep, some sitting in squads, others alone, with their heads reclining upon their hands, when the sharp, quick rattle of musketry startled every one to his feet, to see our skirmishers attacked by an overwhelming force. Everyone sprang to his place, when from a corner of the woods, about 400 yards from us, could be seen a regiment of cavalry and two regiments of infantry deploying into the open field in our front at double quick. Ten guns were the object they coveted, but Wisconsin boys were there to defend them. Over 1,000 of the bravest chivalry of the South now advanced against less than 500 of the Badger state. Our batteries limbered up and left us to fight our own battle. Not discouraged, our men stood their ground manfully, notwithstanding comrades were falling thick and fast."

Pressed back by overwhelming numbers, the soldiers from Wisconsin retreated slowly, disputing every inch of ground.

"Will you leave me and the old flag?" cried Col. Amasa Cobb, as they seemed to waver before the furious onslaught of the enemy.

"No, never!" came the hearty response, and the men rallied around the flag with a firmness that checked the rebels. Two regiments from Maine now poured a shower of lead into the ranks of the foe so opportunely checked, and as the batteries sent a hail of grape into their ranks, the rebels broke and fled in wild confusion. The situation of the Fifth Wisconsin had been the most critical, pitted as they were with two Maine regiments against six of the best Confederate regiments, comprising nearly 4,000 men. The battle flag of the Fifth North Carolina, with its unique emblem of the Southern cross, bearing fifteen stars, was a trophy that fell to the Wisconsin men.

"My lads," said Gen. McClellan two days later, "I have come to thank you for your gallant conduct the other day. You have gained honor for your country, your state and the army to which you belong. Through you we won the day, and Williamsburg shall be inscribed upon your banner."

Glorious was the charge of the Wisconsin's Irish regiment at the battle of Corinth. This regiment carried not only the stars and stripes, but likewise the distinctive colors of their native isle. They were dashing, almost reckless, in impetuous bravery. On this occasion they were ordered to charge with the bayonet, the rebels having crossed a line of breastworks, hotly driving the Union men before them.

"Faugh a ballah," was their battle cry, and they shouted it in unison as they bore down upon the rebels. The enemy sought to ward off the shock of the wild dash by a deadly volley that felled forty men and made rags of the flying national and Irish colors. Undeterred the Irishmen swept down upon the Confederates, and soon their solid wall of glistening steel had put to rout an entire brigade of panic-stricken rebels.

"Boys of the Seventeenth," said their brigade commander, Gen. McArthur, "you have made the most glorious charge of the campaign."

Perched upon a banner of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment in all its marches and during all the battles in which the regiment fought, was a live eagle that gave to the famous regiment its name—Eagle Regiment. "Old Abe," the Wisconsin war eagle was called, and whenever his scream of battle was heard, there confusion came upon the Confederates. "Old Abe" soon became famous. The rebel general, Price, ordered his men to kill or capture the bird at all hazards.

"I would rather have you capture the eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin than a dozen battle flags," he declared to his men.

None of the many rebel bullets that sped in his direction found lodgment beneath his feathers. In the din and smoke of battle, he spread his pinions and uttered wild, piercing screams that grew wilder and fiercer as the storm of battle grew louder.

"When the battle raged most fiercely," wrote a correspondent in Harper's Weekly, "and the enthusiasm of the soldiers was at its highest, then it was that Old Abe seemed to be in his element. He flapped his wings in the midst of the furious storm, and with head erect faced the flying bullets and the crashing shells with no sign of fear. Old Abe triumphs with the triumph of the flag, and seems in some measure conscious of his relationship with the emblem of a victorious republic."

Through thirty-six battles and skirmishes Wisconsin's war eagle went unscathed.

During the hard-fought battle of Chancellorsville, Col. Thomas Allen's Fifth Wisconsin regiment won great glory, though at fearful cost, by the capture, in company with two other regiments, of the rebel redoubt on Marye's Heights. Five thousand men had lost their lives in vain attempts to take this natural fortress. Before starting on their perilous mission, Col. Allen addressed his men:

"Boys, you see those heights. You have got to take them. You think you can't do it, but you can! You will do it! When the order 'forward' is given you will start at double quick; you will not fire a gun; you will not stop until you get the order to halt! You will never get that order!"

The order to march was responded to with alacrity. Up the slope went the men till they came within a hundred yards of the

stone wall. Then from rifle pits above and on each side, from behind the wall of stone and from the windows of houses and from batteries on the crests of the hill, came a murderous fire. The carnage was terrible. Within a few minutes five hundred men had fallen, and still bullets and canister came in steady stream and mowed the ranks of the assaulting columns. Undaunted, the gallant Fifth kept on its way and reached the wall. They leaped the wall; their bayonets gleamed as they thrust at the defenders; they scaled the heights and the rebels surrendered.

It fell to the lot of Wisconsin soldiers to open the memorable battle of Pittsburg Landing. A reconnoitering force of the Sixteenth Wisconsin came upon a superior force of the enemy stationed behind a fence, and were fired upon. Lieut.-Col. Fairchild commanded part of the force and was the first to announce the coming of the rebels. The Sixteenth and Eighteenth Wisconsin regiments were attacked with great fury, and were forced to fall back. The Eighteenth had but just arrived from Milwaukee when its men found themselves in the front of the battle. But a week before they had been encamped at home; some of them had never loaded a musket before. "Many of the men," Gov. Harvey wrote from the battlefield a few days later, "heard the order to load and fire for the first time in their lives in the presence of the enemy."

When the telegraph apprised the people of Wisconsin how ill her soldiers had fared on the bloody field of Shiloh, Gov. Harvey organized a relief expedition and determined to go in person to the scene of carnage to care for the sick and wounded. Necessary supplies were generously contributed by the people of Wisconsin, and in less than twenty-four hours after the receipt of the news a car load of the supplies was on the way. The governor and his party cared for the sick and wounded from his state and arranged for their transportation home.

On the 19th of April, 1862, Gov. Harvey was aboard the steamer Dunleith awaiting the arrival of the steamer Minnehaha, which was to take him down the river. It was a dark, rainy night. The governor was standing near the bow of the Dunleith, when the Minnehaha came alongside. Whether he missed his footing as he tried to step over, or whether he slipped on the wet plank, is not positively known. A splash between the steamers apprised his companions that he had fallen into the river. In the darkness the efforts made to save him proved futile; the rapid current of the Tennessee swept him beyond the reach of friendly hands, and several days later his body was found by negro children sixty miles below. The remains were conveyed to the state capital by special train. The death of the governor caused genuine sorrow, for he was a man of broad sympathies and had endeared himself to the people during the brief time of his administration.

Only those who have seen the ascent of Missionary Ridge can appreciate the valor of the Wisconsin soldiers who stormed that height, with the belching fire of fifty cannon mowing their ranks.

"At twenty minutes to 4 o'clock," says one account of the battle, "six signal guns were fired, and the long-waiting, ardent troops leap forth first to carry the rifle pits at the foot of Missionary Ridge. Wood's and Sheridan's skirmishers take the advance. Baird's division, embracing the First, Tenth and Twenty-first Wisconsin, moves at the left of Wood, and Johnson on the right of Sheridan. As they come to the base of the mountain the rebel pickets swarm out of their rifle pits in great amazement and flee before them. As yet no word of command has been given to go beyond the base, but they stop not for orders. A few moments they delay to re-form, and then start up the ascent. Front and enfilading shot, from musketry and fifty cannon, are plunging down upon them; some fall, the rest press dauntlessly on; they clamber up the side, leaping ditches, jumping logs, advancing in zig-zag lines, rushing over all obstacles, dodging, if they can, the missiles of heavy stone thrown down upon them by the rebels, and thrusting aside their bayonets until they reach the top, beat back the enemy and take the ridge. Then go up tremendous shouts of joy, which are echoed back from every loyal household of the land."

"The Third Wisconsin," wrote a correspondent of *The New York Post* in reporting the second battle of Winchester, "was exposed to an enfilading fire of four or five rebel regiments; yet, as cool as if on parade, faced about and marched the whole line down the hill toward town. As this regiment came down the hill, three companies formed behind a stone wall and poured into the advancing rebels a withering fire."

"Boys, I am proud of you," said Gen. Sullivan to the Twelfth Wisconsin battery on the field of Corinth. "You have done nobly. The dead in front of your battery show the work you have done."

Two regiments of infantry and four batteries from Wisconsin had a part in the capture of Island No. 10. Gen. Pope ordered "New Madrid" and "Island No. 10" to be inscribed on the banners of the Eighth Wisconsin in recognition of their bravery.

The incidents which have been told are but few of many that are associated with the valorous conduct of Wisconsin's soldiers in the war. Nor are they confined to one or a dozen regiments. Deeds of individual heroism and of bravery pertaining to all alike marked the conduct of every regiment and every battery that Wisconsin sent to the front. If one excelled another, it was because of more abundant opportunity. In the grand summing up of achievement, they share alike in their unflinching response to the call of duty.

CHAPTER IX.

LIEUT. CUSHING'S DEED OF HEROISM.

MANY as were the deeds of heroism during the civil war, none outranks in daring and sagacity that of Lieut. W. B. Cushing, a native of Delafield, in Waukesha county. The destruction of the ram Albemarle which he planned and successfully executed was like "fighting a powder magazine with a coal of fire." With this engine of destruction, the Confederates had sunk the steamer Southfield and put to flight her companion vessel, the Miami, in Albemarle Sound. In a terrific engagement with the entire fleet, the rebel iron-clad had been somewhat battered, but had not been captured, and held for the Confederates the river front of the town of Plymouth, N. C., which the Union forces were attacking by land and water.

The destruction of the iron-clad by means of a torpedo rendered possible the subsequent capture of this North Carolina town by removing the protection on the river front. Cushing's daring exploit occurred during the night of October 27, 1864. Although rebel guards were stationed on the exposed top deck of the sunken steamer Southfield, and although a boom of logs surrounded the Albemarle at a distance of thirty feet, the fast little torpedo boat that Cushing commanded eluded the guard and ran up to the logs, where Cushing succeeded in exploding his torpedo beneath the ram. He had fourteen men with him. All of them were captured; his own escape was due to the same daring spirit that prompted the enterprise. The details of the torpedo boat's expedition and the personal experiences of its commander in making his escape from the jaws of death are well worth telling.

Cushing had two plans for encompassing the destruction of the rebel iron-clad. One was for a hundred men to reach the vicinity by penetrating a thick swamp, and to board the ram by means of inflated India rubber boats. The second was for a small party to approach in two small launches and to explode a torpedo beneath the ram. The latter plan was attempted. On the way down to Norfolk one of the little boats was captured. It was the best one, but Cushing pursued his way undaunted. Nobody knew whither he was bound save himself. Fifty miles up the sound he told his men, for the first time, the purpose in view, and gave every man the privilege of leaving. Not one accepted the proffered release.

The approach of Cushing's little boat toward the iron-clad was like a journey into the jaws of death. Aboard the rebel ram was a force of ten times the handful accompanying Cushing; near by, ashore, were thousands of rebels. The shot of a picket would prove their death warrant; the chances were that the success

of their enterprise would involve their own destruction. It was like fighting a duel at half a dozen paces, one combatant armed with a pistol, the other with a cannon.

The rebel pickets on the exposed part of the submerged vessel failed to notice Cushing's boat as it passed within thirty feet of them. All unconscious of impending danger, the Albemarle lay at her moorings. Cushing determined to creep around and suddenly dash aboard from the bank.

"Just as I was sheering in close to the wharf," says Cushing's account, as published in *The Century* war papers, "a hail came sharp and quick from the iron-clad, and in an instant was repeated. I at once directed the cutter to cast off, and go down to capture the guard left in our rear, and ordering all steam went at the dark



COMMANDER W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

mountain of iron in front of us. A heavy fire was at once opened upon us, not only from the ship, but from men stationed on the shore. This did not disable us, and we neared them rapidly. A large fire now blazed upon the bank, and by its light I discovered the unfortunate fact that there was a large circle of logs around the Albemarle, boomed well out from her side, with the very intention of preventing the action of torpedoes. To examine them more closely I ran alongside until amidships, received the enemy's fire, and sheered off for the purpose of turning, a hundred yards away, and going at the booms squarely at right angles, trusting to their having been long enough in the water to have become slimy—in which case my boat, under full headway, would bump up against them and slip over into the pen with the ram. This was my only chance of success, and once over the obstruction, my boat would

never get out again; but I was there to accomplish an important object and to die, if needs be, was but a duty. As I turned, the whole back of my coat was torn out by buckshot and the sole of my shoe was carried away. The fire was very severe."

During a lull in the firing the rebel captain's voice came over the water from the iron-clad, asking the intruders who they were.

"All my men," continues Cushing, "gave some comical answers, and mine was a dose of canister, which I sent among them from the howitzer, buzzing and singing against the iron ribs and into the mass of men standing by the fire upon the shore. In another instant we had struck the logs and were over, with headway nearly gone, slowly forging up under the enemy's quarter-port. Ten feet from us the muzzle of a rifle-gun looked into our faces, and every word of command on board was distinctly heard.

"My clothing was perforated with bullets as I stood in the bow, the heel-jigger in my right hand and the exploding line in the left. We were near enough then, and I ordered the boom lowered until the forward motion of the launch carried the torpedo under the ram's overhang. A strong pull of the detaching line, a moment's waiting for the torpedo to rise under the hull, and I hauled in the left hand, just cut by a bullet."

Simultaneously with the explosion there crashed into the midst of the men on the launch a hundred pounds of grape, from less than a dozen feet range. At the same instant almost a tremendous volume of water which the torpedo had propelled into the air came down with crushing weight.

"Save yourselves," cried Cushing, as he threw away sword, revolver and shoes and plunged into the chilling water of the river.

"Surrender!" came the summons from the enemy. "Surrender!" came in repetition, and a hail of bullets fell on all sides of the gallant commander, as he swam for the opposite shore. Boats soon pulled in every direction, picking up and making prisoners the daring men who had blown a hole through the bottom of the iron-clad. Cushing knew that the fleet of the Unionists was a dozen miles away, but he preferred death to surrender. Unheeding the summons of his pursuers he swam in the darkness of the night for a place of shelter. At times it seemed as if he must give up the struggle and sink beneath the waters of the Roanoke never to rise again.

"I directed my course towards the town side of the river," says his narrative, "not making much headway, as my strokes were now very feeble, my clothes being soaked and heavy, and little chop-seas splashing with a choking persistence into my mouth every time that I gasped for breath. Still there was a determination not to sink, a will not to give up; and I kept up a sort of mechanical motion long after my bodily force was in fact expended.

"At last, and not a moment too soon, I touched the soft mud, and in the excitement of the first shock, I half raised my body and made one step forward; then fell, and remained half in the mud and half in the water until daylight, unable even to crawl on hands and knees, nearly frozen, with brain in a whirl, but with one thing strong in me—the fixed determination to escape. The prospect of drowning, starvation, death in the swamps—all seemed lesser evils than that of surrender."

Daylight showed Cushing his perilous situation. Scarcely forty yards away was one of the forts of Plymouth. Soldiers and sailors filled the town, and their movements betokened great excitement. The narrative of Cushing's remarkable escape from his place of peril is thrilling. Here it is in his own words:

"It was a source of satisfaction to me to know that I had pulled the wire that set all these figures moving (in a manner quite as interesting as the best of theatricals), but as I had no desire of being discovered by any of the rebels who were so plentiful around me, I did not long remain a spectator. My first object was to get into a dry fringe of rushes that edged the swamp; but to do this required me to pass over thirty or forty feet of open ground, right under the eye of the sentinel who walked the parapet.

"Watching until he turned for a moment, I made a dash to cross the space, was only half way when he turned and forced me to drop down right between two paths, and almost entirely unshielded. Perhaps I was unobserved because of the mud that covered me, and made me blend in with the earth; at all events the soldier continued his tramp for some time, while I, flat on my back, awaited another chance for action. Soon a party of four men came down the path at my right, two of them being officers, and passed so close to me as almost to tread upon my arm. They were conversing upon the events of the previous night and wondering how it was done, entirely unconscious of the presence of one who could give them the information. This proved to me the necessity of regaining the swamp, which I did by sinking my heels and elbows into the earth and forcing my body inch by inch towards it. For five hours, then, with bare feet, head and hands, I made my way where I venture to say none ever did before, until I came at last to a clear place, where I might rest upon solid ground. The cypress swamp was a network of thorns and briars, that cut into the flesh at every step like knives, and frequently, when the soft mire would not bear my weight, I was forced to throw my body upon it at length and haul it along by the arms. Hands and feet were raw when I reached the clearing, and yet my difficulties were but commenced. A working party of soldiers was in the opening, engaged in sinking some schooner in the river to obstruct the channel. I passed twenty yards in their rear through a corn furrow and gained

some weeds below. Here I encountered a negro, and after serving out to him twenty dollars in greenbacks and some texts of scripture (two powerful arguments with an old darkey), I had confidence enough in his fidelity to send him into town for news of the ram."

Doubtless the time seemed hours to Cushing while awaiting the return of the darkey. "When he returned," Cushing's narrative continues, "and there was no longer doubt that she had gone down, I went on again and plunged into a swamp so thick that I had only the sun for a guide and could not see ten feet in advance. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I came out from the dense mass of reeds upon the bank of one of the deep narrow streams that abound there, and right opposite to the only road in the vicinity. It seemed providential that I should come just there, for thirty yards above or below I never should have seen the road, and might have struggled on until worn out and starved—found a never-to-be-discovered grave. As it was my fortune had led me to where a picket party of seven soldiers were posted, having a little, flat-bottomed, square-ended skiff toggled to the root of a cypress tree that squirmed like a snake into the inky water. Watching them until they went back a few yards to eat, I crept into the stream and swam over, keeping the big tree between myself and them, and making for the skiff.

"Gaining the bank, I quietly cast loose the boat and floated behind it some thirty yards around the first bend, where I got in and paddled away as only a man would whose liberty was at stake.

"Hour after hour I paddled, never ceasing for a moment, first on one side, then on the other, while sunshine passed into twilight and that was swallowed up in thick darkness, only relieved by the few faint star rays that penetrated the heavy swamp curtain on either side. At last I reached the mouth of the Roanoke, and found the open sound before me."

Fortunately for the fugitive the sea was calm, for his frail craft would have certainly been capsized had there been an ordinary sea. There was just sufficient swell to influence his boat, and he "was forced to paddle all upon one side to keep her on the intended course."

For two hours he continued to steer for the place where he believed the federal fleet to be, with a star for his compass. "At length," to quote his narrative once more, "I discovered one of the vessels, and after a long time got within hail. My 'ship ahoy!' was given with the last of my strength, and I fell powerless, with a splash, into the water in the bottom of my boat, and awaited results. I had paddled every minute for ten consecutive hours, and for four my body had been 'asleep,' with the exception of my arms and brain. The picket vessel, *Valley City*—for it was she—upon hearing the hail at once slipped her cable and got under way, at the same time lowering boats and taking precautions against torpedoes.

"It was some time before they would pick me up, being convinced that I was the rebel conductor of an infernal machine, and that Lieut. Cushing had died the night before.

"At last I was on board, had imbibed a little brandy and water, and was on my way to the flag-ship, commanded by Commander Macomb. As soon as it became known that I had returned, rockets were thrown up and all hands called to cheer ship; and when I announced success, all the commanding officers were summoned on board to deliberate a plan of attack. In the morning I was again well in every way, with the exception of hands and feet, and had the pleasure of exchanging shots with the batteries that I had inspected the day previous. I was sent in the Valley City to report to Admiral Porter at Hampton Roads, and soon after Plymouth and the whole district of the Albemarle, deprived of the iron-clad's protection, fell an easy prey to Commander Macomb and our fleet."

The Captain of the Albemarle at the time she was sunk by Cushing's torpedo afterwards declared that "a more gallant thing was not done during the war." It was indeed a daring enterprise, requiring not merely daring, but a high degree of coolness and skill. The torpedo arrangement was a complicated affair. "In considering the merits of Cushing's success with this exceedingly complicated instrument," remarked J. R. Soley in a *Century* foot-note, "it must be remembered that nothing short of the utmost care in preparation could keep its mechanism in working order; that in making ready to use it, it was necessary to keep the end of the spar elevated until the boat had surmounted the boom of logs, and to judge accurately the distance in order to stop the boat's headway at the right point, that the spar must then be lowered with the same precision of judgment; that the detaching laniard must then be pulled firmly, but without a jerk; that, finally, the position of the torpedo under the knuckle of the ram must be calculated to a nicety, and that by a very gentle strain on a line some twenty-five or thirty feet long the tripper-pin must be withdrawn. When it is reflected that Cushing had attached to his person four separate lines, viz., the detaching laniard, the trigger-line, and two lines to direct the movements of the boat, one of which was fastened to the wrist, and the other to the ankle of the engineer; that he was also directing the adjustment of the spar by the halliard; that the management of all these lines, requiring as much exactness and delicacy of touch as a surgical operation, where a single error in their employment, even a pull too much or too little, would render the whole expedition abortive, was carried out under a fire of musketry—so hot that several bullets passed through his clothing—and directly in front of the muzzle of a 100-pounder rifle, and carried out with perfect success, it is safe to say that the naval history of the world affords no other example of such marvelous coolness and profes-

sional skill as that shown by Cushing in the destruction of the Albemarle."

Before starting out on this perilous expedition, young Cushing visited his mother at her home, and told her all the particulars of the apparently suicidal venture.

"Mother," he said, "I have undertaken a great project, and no soul must know until it is accomplished. I must tell you for I need your prayers."

"My son," said his distressed mother, "I believe you will accomplish it, but you cannot come out alive. Why did they call upon you to do this?"

"Mother," was the reply, "it shall be done, or you will have no son Will. If I die, it will be in a good cause."

Mrs. Cushing suffered all the agony of a mother in dreadful suspense, until there came a telegram from her other son: "William is safe and successful."

Cushing received a vote of thanks from congress and the congratulations of the Navy department. He was also promoted to the grade of lieutenant-commander.

CHAPTER X.

A DAM THAT SAVED A FLOTILLA.

IN THE museum of the State Historical society, at Madison, are the sword and uniform of Gen. Joseph Bailey. The legislature purchased them a few years ago from Gen. Bailey's widow in recognition of the famous achievement of this officer in saving from destruction the Mississippi flotilla under Admiral Porter. Early in the year 1864, the Unionists planned an invasion of Texas by way of the Red river. It was a part of this plan that Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats should coöperate with a land force under Gen. Banks, and the boats were ordered to Natchitoches, eighty miles above Alexandria. Low water greatly embarrassed the operations of the fleet, many of the larger boats being unable to pass beyond Grand Encore. While the boats were endeavoring to ascend the Red river, the land forces had gone on and engaged the Confederate forces, finally finding it necessary to retreat. In this situation the fleet found itself in perilous predicament. The water continued to fall, and the guns of the rebels galled the crews as they sought to retrace their way down the river. When they finally reached Alexandria the stage of water was so low that the passage of the rapids was an utter impossibility. By this time the abandonment of the expedition had been fully decided upon, and it became a matter of the utmost importance and urgency to extricate the fleet from its predicament.

Joseph Bailey of the Fourth Wisconsin calvary was acting chief engineer of the Nineteenth army corps. While the engineers were nonplussed as to the proper thing to do, Bailey recalled a simple method which he had often employed while lumbering in Wisconsin. He proposed to dam the river and run the boats down by means of a sluice.

"It cannot be successfully done," was the unanimous comment of his fellow engineers. Porter also doubted the feasibility of the project. The necessity of doing something became so urgent that finally Bailey's apparently absurd plan was tried. The river was dammed, and in eleven days all the boats had safely passed the rapids. The fleet was saved. The squadron of iron-clads was thus enabled to safely return to the Mississippi river. Bailey's achievement made him famous, and he was given the rank of brigadier-general in recognition of his signal services. After the war he went to Missouri. Two years later he was assassinated by bushwhackers.

Of this engineering feat Admiral Porter said: "It has saved the Union a fleet worth nearly \$2,000,000; has deprived the enemy

of a triumph which would have emboldened them to carry on the war a year or two longer, for the intended departure of the army was a fixed fact, and in case that event occurred, there was nothing left for me to do but destroy every part of the vessels."

The official report to the secretary of the navy says that Col. Bailey's proposition "looked like madness and the best engineers ridiculed it." Had it not been that the gunboats were caught like rats in a trap, doubtless the attempt would never have been made.

CHAPTER XI.

WISCONSIN'S PART IN THE CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS.

IT FELL to the lot of Wisconsin calvarymen to take a conspicuous part in the pursuit and capture of Jefferson Davis. It was the second important event in the career of Davis associated in some measure with Wisconsin people. As a young army lieutenant he had been stationed at Prairie du Chien, where he wooed and won one of the daughters of Zachary Taylor.

When it became evident to the leaders of the Confederacy that their cause was hopelessly lost, Jefferson Davis sought to escape to the coast of the Atlantic or the gulf. It was suspected by the Unionists that he would make the attempt alone and in disguise, and a close watch was kept on all roads and ferries in Georgia to intercept the fugitive. It was believed that the fleeing president of the Confederacy had a large amount of gold with him, and this circumstance made the hunters keen in pursuit of their prey. Flaring handbills offering a reward of \$100,000 for the capture of the rebel chief were scattered broadcast, in the hope of tempting even the Southerners to join in the pursuit.

How Wisconsin soldiers came to be specially chosen to undertake the capture of Davis is thus related by Gen. Wilson, commander of the calvary corps: "On the afternoon of May 6, I sent for Gen. Croxton, commanding the First (McCook's) division, and directed him to select the best regiment in his division, and send it forthwith, under its best officer, eastward by the little town of Jefferson to Dublin on the Oconee river, with orders to march with the greatest possible speed, scouting the country well to the northward of his route, leaving detachments at all important cross roads and keep a sharp lookout for all rebel parties, whether large or small, that might be passing through that region. It was hoped by these means that the route pursued by Davis might be intersected and his movements discovered, in which event the commanding officer was instructed to follow wherever it might lead, until the fugitive should be overtaken and captured."

For this important mission, Gen. Croxton selected the First Wisconsin cavalry. "They were commanded," says Gen. Wilson's account, "by Lieut.-Col. Henry Harnden, an officer of age, experience and unconquerable resolution, who reported to me after his regiment was on the march, and whom I notified that Davis was known to have an escort variously estimated at from ten to fifty men, all fully armed and determined to die in the last ditch, if need be, in his defense. The sturdy old general understood fully what he might encounter and what was expected of him, and assured me

as he galloped away that he would give a satisfactory account of himself and command if he should have the good fortune to find the party he was sent after. He had selected 150 of his best men and stoutest horses, and, marching all night, he reached Dublin the next evening at 7 o'clock, having left an officer and thirty men at Jeffersonville with orders to send out scouts in all directions. During his march he had kept scouting parties well out on both sides of his column in hopes of finding the trail of the party for whom he was searching, but nothing of importance occurred till after he had bivouacked for the night."



JEFFERSON DAVIS AS A YOUNG MAN IN WISCONSIN.

(One of the earliest lumbermen in the Chippewa valley was Jefferson Davis. As a young man he was stationed at the Prairie du Chien fort, and he was sent to the Chippewa valley to get out lumber for some of the fort buildings. Zachary Taylor was his commander. The story has been often repeated that young Davis eloped with one of Rough and Ready's daughters while he was a lieutenant under Taylor at Prairie du Chien, but later in life Davis denied the truth of the story. In his autobiography he says: "I resigned from the army in 1835, being anxious to fulfill a long existing engagement with a daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor, whom I married, not 'after a romantic elopement,' as has so often been said, but at the house of her aunt and in the presence of many of her relatives, at a place near Louisville, Ky.")

Such was the behavior of the people of Dublin that Col. Harnden's suspicions were aroused. He declined all their offers of hospitality, and determined to keep a strict watch for developments. It was evident from the commotion among the colored people and the profuse friendship of the whites that the latter were anxious to distract his attention from something of unusual import.

An important clue came to Col. Harnden about midnight. A darkey crept into his tent and requested an interview. From him

the calvaryman learned that during the day a mysterious party of men, women and children had been ferried across the river. The negro had heard one of the women addressed as "Mrs. Davis," and one of the men as "President." The story of the negro was so circumstantial that Col. Harnden was convinced of its truth, although a rigid cross-examination of the white ferryman failed to add to the stock of information. Another negro was found whose testimony in part confirmed that of the first, and Col. Harnden prepared to start in hot pursuit.

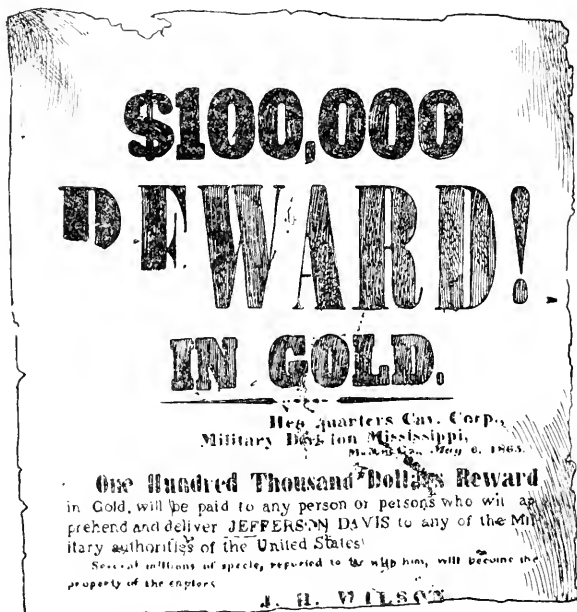
By 2 o'clock in the morning seventy well mounted calvarymen were riding along the forest path known as "the river road," which the negro informant had designated as the route pursued by the fugitives seventeen hours before. By way of precaution, Col. Harnden detailed sixty men to scout towards the seacoast, while he went south with his men. A courier was at the same time dispatched to Gen. Croxton with a message advising the commander of the latest developments and plan of operation. This messenger fared ill. Losing his way in the tangled forest, he fell into the hands of robbers and when he reached Macon the news that Davis had been captured had preceded him.

It was a dark night when Col. Harnden's Wisconsin riders started in pursuit, and they experienced some difficulty in finding the right road. The country was sparsely settled, and the road was not well defined, while in places creeks and swamps almost obliterated it. During the forenoon rain began to fall and made the trail still more uncertain. In this emergency, the troopers impressed a number of Georgia crackers into service as guides, and before they camped, the drenched and weary men had covered a distance of forty miles.

By 3 o'clock the following morning the pursuers were again in the saddle, crossing creeks and swamps and passing through thick forests. When they reached the Ocmulgee river they were but three hours behind the fugitives. Impatient as they were to seize their prey, they could not go on for two hours on account of the leaky condition of the old scow that served as a ferry. The crossing was tediously slow, but the condition of the river made fording an impossibility, and it was dangerous to swim the horses across. At this ferry they learned such facts as to remove all doubts that the fleeing chief of the lost cause was in the party ahead.

A mile and a half below the ferry was located a little cluster of houses, and here Col. Harnden's men halted to feed their horses. Much to their surprise, the advance guard of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, under Col. Pritchard, came jogging along just as the First Wisconsin men were about to resume their march. The Michigan men had been sent on the same errand as the Wisconsin regiment,

and thus they had come upon each other. Col. Harnden informed Col. Pritchard that he had been following the Davis party for two days and claimed first right to the road. The justice of the claim was admitted by Col. Pritchard, whose information of Davis' whereabouts came from Col. Harnden, and he offered the latter the assistance of part of his regiment. This offer was declined. The Wisconsin men thereupon took up the trail, going towards Irwinville.



COPY OF A HANDBILL PICKED UP IN GEORGIA AFTER THE WAR.
From a Reduced Facsimile in The Century.

Learning that by making a detour he could find another road leading to Irwinville, Col. Pritchard determined to take it. So expeditious were the movements of the Michigan men that they reached the Davis camp about the same time that the Wisconsin men hove in sight from another direction. Each regiment mistook the other for the rebel escort of Jefferson Davis and sharp firing ensued. Before the discovery was made that Wisconsin and Michigan soldiers were firing upon each other, two of the latter were killed, and three men of the First Wisconsin severely wounded. A number of others received slight wounds, including an officer of the Fourth Michigan.

Luck was with the Michigan men in apprehending Davis. They first reached the tents where the party was encamped and surrounded them. After the unfortunate firing, a woman came to the door of the largest tent and asked if her servant would be allowed to go for water. The rest of the story is thus told by an eye-witness, William P. Stedman, a member of the Fourth Michigan: "Consent was given, when out came a tall person, with a lady's waterproof overdress on and a small brown shawl on the head, a tin pail on the right arm and a colored woman leaning on the left arm. This tall person was stooping over as if to appear shorter; I at once concluded that it must be Davis in disguise. They started off east towards the creek, where the brush was very thick. As they were going they had to pass several soldiers who were straggling round the camp. I sat still on my horse, expecting that some of the soldires would halt them as they passed by; but such was not the case, for they passed all of the soldiers without being noticed. Then I galloped my horse around the north side of the tent and, passing to their left, halted them. Just at this time there came riding up to us two of our soldiers. They made a few remarks to the tall person. He turned his face a little towards me, and I saw his gray moustache. We told him his disguise would not succeed. Then Davis and the colored woman started back towards the tents. As Davis had got about half way back to the tent, we were met by some of our men, who had just discovered that Jefferson Davis had tried to escape in disguise."

CHAPTER XII.

ESCAPE OF WISCONSIN OFFICERS FROM LIBBEY PRISON.

FIVE Milwaukee officers crept through the famous tunnel of Libbey prison, whence 109 Union prisoners escaped during the night of Feb. 9, 1864. Of these, Gen. Harrison C. Hobart, Gen. T. S. West and Adj. Albert Wallber, with fifty-four others, succeeded in reaching the Union lines after a series of remarkable adventures. Gen. Hobart was one of the leaders of the enterprise, and was the man upon whom devolved the duty of closing the tunnel after the passage of the last man of the original party in the secret. This, in abridged form, and nearly in his own words, is the story of the escape as told by Gen. Hobart to his comrades of the Wisconsin Loyal Legion:

"On the ground floor of the building, on a level with the street, was a kitchen containing a fireplace, at a stove connected with which the prisoners inhabiting the rooms above did their cooking. Beneath this floor was a basement, one of the rooms in which was used as a storeroom. This storeroom was under the hospital and next to the street, and though not directly under the kitchen, was so located that it was possible to reach it by digging downward and rearward through the masonry work of the chimney. From this basement room it was proposed to construct a tunnel under the street to a point beneath a shed, connected with a brick block on the opposite side, and from this place to pass into the street in the guise of citizens. A knowledge of this plan was confided to about twenty-five, and nothing was known of the proceedings by the others until two or three days before the escape. A table knife, chisel and spittoon were secured for working tools, when operations commenced."

Upon completion of the tunnel, which was barely large enough to enable a full-grown person to crawl through, the company was organized and placed under Gen. Hobart's charge. In order to distract the attention of the guard, a dancing party with music was extemporized. As the first man emerged upon the street and walked away, seen by hundreds of his fellows, wild excitement was created, and they rushed down to the chimney and clamored for the privilege of going out. They would listen to no denial, and Gen. Hobart then held a parley and arranged that the rope by which the descent was made to the basement, after the last of the original party had passed out, should be pulled up for the space of one hour—then it should be free to all in the prison.

Gen. Hobart had joined forces with Col. T. S. West, and they were the last of the party who crawled through. About 9 o'clock in

the evening they emerged from the tunnel, and cautiously crossing an open yard to an arched driveway, stepped out upon the street and walked slowly away, apparently engaged in earnest conversation. They passed through one of the main streets of Richmond, Gen. Hobart simulating a decrepit old man in exceedingly ill health and badly affected with a consumptive cough. Squads of soldiers whom they met sympathetically got out of the way of the supposed old man, who was clinging to the arm of his companion. Thus they reached the suburbs of the town and made for the country.

While concealed in a ravine, a bloodhound appeared, but did not cross a brook over which the two fugitives had jumped. They spent the night in a haystack and in the morning pursued their



GEN. HARRISON C. HOBART.
From a War-time Photograph.

way. By means of a long pole which reached the opposite shore of the Chickahominy river from the limb of a tree which they had climbed, they managed to get across that stream. In a neighboring forest they were alarmed to catch sight of a man watching them from behind a fallen tree. They supposed they had fallen into an ambush, but the man proved to be an escaped prisoner. By this time the escape was known and the country was alive with pursuers. They could distinctly hear the reveille of the rebel troops and the hum of their camps.

Frequently the runaways ran almost into the arms of the enemy. Once Col. West saw a sentinel sitting close by a railroad track, asleep, with his gun resting against his shoulder. They traveled all night to get away from the dangerous proximity, and when dawn came heard the bugle notes of the enemy's cavalry in

the pines close by. Without loss of time, they again fled as fast as they could go, momentarily expecting to hear the crack of rifle or the sharp command to halt. In the center of a dense chapparal they threw themselves upon the ground in utter exhaustion.

In the shadow of friendly darkness the fugitives—weary, hungry and footsore and guided in their course by the north star—made their toilsome way from wood to wood, sometimes almost running into the arms of their foes. A plantation darkey helped to extricate them from their perilous position. Gen. Hobart had gone to the negro's cabin, while his companions remained in concealment. He rapped and entered, and the negro said:

"I know who you are; you're one of dem 'scaped officers from Richmond."

Looking him full in the face and placing a hand to his shoulder, Gen. Hobart said: "I am, and I know you are my friend."

The darkey's eyes sparkled as he repeated: "Yes, sir; yes, sir; but you mustn't stay here; a reg'ment of cavalry is right dar," pointing to a place near by, "and they pass dis here road all times of the night."

Refreshed with a glass of milk and some corn bread, the weary fugitives were conducted to a secluded spot in a cane brake. The darkey explained that the rebel picket was posted on a narrow neck of land between two impassable swamps, and over this neck ran the main road to Williamsburg. The negro agreed to guide them through a long cane-break path around the picket—a most risky undertaking, for they had to pass between the cavalry reserve and their videttes, who were sitting upon their horses but a few rods in front. He then took them around to the pike, about a mile beyond this last post of the rebels.

Gen. Hobart and his companions had escaped Tuesday night. Early Sunday morning they were on the bank of the Diascum river, but found themselves unable to cross, though they managed to reach an island in the river. An attempt to construct a raft proved unsuccessful. The water was cold, and the men were too weary to attempt swimming across. At this juncture a young rebel rowed a boat up-stream and they lured him to the island. They pretended they were farmers from different localities on the Chickahominy and induced him to row them across the river. He seemed suspicious, however, and recrossed the river in great haste. Anticipating that the enemy's cavalry would soon be in hot pursuit, they decided to hide near the river bank.

"The wisdom of this course was soon demonstrated," said Gen. Hobart in narrating the story. "The cavalry crossed the stream, dashed by us and thoroughly searched the country in front, not dreaming but we had gone forward. We did not leave our seclusion until about midnight, and then felt our way with extreme care.

The proximity of Williamsburg was evident from the destruction everywhere apparent in our path. There were no buildings, no inhabitants and no sound save our own weary footsteps; desolation reigned supreme. Stacks of chimneys stood along our way like sentinels over the dead land."

This is how Gen. Hobart and his companions finally came among friends. "For five days and six nights, hunted and almost exhausted, we had picked our way through surrounding perils toward the camp fires of our friends. We knew we were near the outpost of the Union troops and began to feel as if our trials were nearly over. But we were now in danger of being shot as rebels by scouting parties of our own army. To avoid the appearance of spies we took the open road, alternately traveling and concealing ourselves that we might reconnoitre the way. About 2 o'clock in the morning, coming near the shade of a dark forest that overhung the road, we were startled and brought to a stand by the sharp and sudden command: 'Halt!' Looking in the direction whence it proceeded, we discovered the dark forms of a dozen cavalymen drawn up in line across the road.

"A voice came out of the darkness, asking: 'Who are you?' We replied: 'We are travelers.' The same voice replied: 'If you are travelers, come up here!'

"Moving forward, the cavalry surrounded us, and carefully looking at their coats, I concluded they were gray, and nerved myself for a recapture. It was a supreme moment to the soul. One of my companions asked: 'Are you Union soldiers?' In broad Pennsylvania language the answer came: 'Well, we are.' In a moment their uniforms changed to a glorious blue, and taking off our hats, we gave one long, exultant shout."

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE WAR—EVENTS OF THREE DECADES.

FROM the arts of war to the pursuits of peace seemed a long step, yet to the people of Wisconsin the transition was brief. On the 28th day of May, 1866, the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment of cavalry was mustered out after service of five years and a day—the longest term on record credited to a volunteer organization. Those of the soldier boys who came home resumed their avocations or drifted into others, and began where they had left off in the development of the commonwealth. The history of Wisconsin became akin to that of its neighboring states—the alarm of war was succeeded by the hum of industry. Prosperity and plenty smiled upon the people. Forests were leveled and cities were built; steel ribbons lengthened in radiating bars from the common center—the state's metropolis; river falls and rapids were harnessed to machinery to supply the power for a thousand wheels; out of the earth were dug the ores most useful to commerce. Soon the industries of the commonwealth became diversified and were distributed among the world's three great sources of wealth and prosperity—agriculture, mining and manufacture.

Thus has Wisconsin progressed for three decades. It would be indeed strange if during this period of half an ordinary life-time there had been no vicissitudes—internal troubles, political dissensions, disaster from violence of the elements, financial panics from causes common to the people of the whole country. These there have been, and they have had their temporary effect in retarding the progress of the state. If some of these unpleasant episodes are given more in detail than the more important counter influences, it is because the narration of circumstances promoting the welfare of the state would prove a mere repetition. It is the exceptional circumstance that appears in boldest relief.

For the second time in the history of the state, a member of the United States senate was, in 1866, requested by the legislature to resign his seat as Wisconsin's representative. The first senator from the state, Isaac P. Walker, had given umbrage by his vote not to exclude slavery from California. In the case of Senator James R. Doolittle, the cause of displeasure among his constituents was his course, during the bitter days of reconstruction, in standing by President Andrew Johnson. When the president's long quarrel with congress culminated in impeachment proceedings, but one more vote in the senate would have given the required two-thirds for the impeachment of President Johnson. Had Senator Doolittle voted in conformity with the wishes of the people whom he repre-

sented, Andrew Johnson would have been ousted from the presidency. Doolittle voted no. Two years previously the legislature of Wisconsin had adopted resolutions instructing him to resign the senatorial office. To this demand Senator Doolittle paid no attention; his term expired in 1879, and he was then replaced by Matthew Hale Carpenter. Senator Doolittle had served twelve years in the United States senate, during the most momentous period since the founding of the republic: "Before the war, when the question was the extension of slavery; during the war, the epoch of secession; after the war, when the issue was reconstruction."

Senator Doolittle's attitude during the reconstruction days was the more irritating to his constituency in that he had been an able champion of Abraham Lincoln and his course. It was Senator Doolittle's ringing epigram that, delivered in the hearing of a vast assemblage, had provoked thunders of applause that frightened the conspirators intent upon defeating Lincoln:

"Fellow citizens," were his words, "I believe in God Almighty, and under Him I believe in Abraham Lincoln."

The Fifteenth amendment was ratified by Wisconsin March 9, 1869. Ever since the first Constitutional Convention, in 1846, the question of negro suffrage had periodically been raised to vex the people. By decisive votes the proposition had several times been snowed under. At the same time that the voters rejected the first state constitution submitted to them, they declined to grant colored men the right of suffrage, the vote standing 7,564 for and 14,615 against. The heavy adverse vote was due to the large element of Southerners in the southwestern corner of the state; here negro slaves had been held by men of influence, including the first governor of the territory. In the localities largely settled by Germans the vote against negro suffrage was also heavy, the antagonism of the Germans having been aroused by an unfortunate "attempt made in the convention of 1846 to couple the vote on foreign suffrage with that on negro suffrage."

In the second Constitutional Convention the section on suffrage was restricted to white voters, by a majority of one. Such was the growth of the Free Soil movement that but a twelvemonth thereafter the legislature submitted the question of granting suffrage to persons of African blood to a vote of the people. About 30,000 votes were cast for state officers at this election, but less than 10,000 voters expressed themselves on the suffrage question. Thus, while 5,265 voters were in favor of the law, as against 4,075 in opposition, it was assumed that every blank vote was a negative one and that the amendment was defeated. For seventeen years this assumption was tacitly held to be correct, when the refusal of election officers in Milwaukee to accept the proffered ballot of

Ezekiel Gillespie, a colored man, led to a Supreme court decision that the amendment voted on in 1849 had undoubtedly carried and must be accepted as law.

Thus Wisconsin, in the van of nearly all the other states, had given to colored men within its borders the right to vote. In the meantime, unconscious that universal suffrage was their law, the people of the state twice rejected a proposition to allow colored men to vote—in 1857, when the adverse majority was 12,000 out of a total vote of 60,000; and again in 1865, when 100,555 voters expressed themselves, and the opponents of negro suffrage had 8,059 majority.

Many stumbling blocks were encountered by women in their efforts to secure legal recognition in this state. It was not until 1877 that the legislature passed a law permitting members of their sex to practice law. The year before that the Supreme Court of the state rejected the application of Miss Lavinia Goodell for admission to the bar. E. G. Ryan was chief justice of the state at the time.

"We cannot but think the common law wise in excluding women from the profession of the law," said the eminent jurist in the decree of refusal. "The profession enters largely into the well-being of society, and, to be honorably filled, and safely to society, exacts the devotion of life. The law of nature destines and qualifies the female sex for the bearing and nurture of children of our race, and for the custody of the homes of the world and their maintenance in love and honor. And all life-long callings of women inconsistent with the order of nature, and when voluntary, are treason against it."

A lobby of women convinced the next legislature that the views entertained by the chief justice were not founded on the rights of womankind, and a law was passed permitting women to practice law. Many Wisconsin women have availed themselves of the right thus obtained.

In 1871, by legislative enactment, a college for women was added to the State University.

Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to obtain from the legislature an order for the submission of a woman suffrage amendment to a vote of the people. Successive agitations have finally placed on the statute books a law permitting women to vote in school elections. In recent years a number of women have been chosen to serve as county superintendents of schools.

Except as to the right of suffrage, the laws of Wisconsin do not discriminate against women, and the laws giving them property rights and rights as married women are regarded as in every way liberal. This is in marked contrast to the sentiments entertained fifty years ago, when one of five obnoxious articles that led to the rejection of the first constitution was that relating to the rights of married women.

It was an evidence of the marvelous development of the state's great resources that but fifteen years after Wisconsin became a state there were 142 residents whose personal incomes exceeded \$5,000 per annum each. From 1863 till 1872 the federal government exacted an income tax. A tax of 5 per cent. was levied on all incomes from \$600 to \$5,000, 7 per cent. on incomes from \$5,000 to \$10,000, and 10 per cent. on incomes in excess of \$10,000. Nineteen firms, according to sworn statements, did a business of more than half a million dollars annually, six others of more than a million dollars and three of two million dollars. In Milwaukee alone the tax upon all incomes in excess of \$5,000 netted the government \$163,676. Some of the incomes, as the amounts were given under oath to the assessors, were evidence of the surprisingly large profits derived by business men during the war period and the years immediately following. Some of the larger ones are here given:

Milwaukee—Alexander Mitchell, \$132,000; L. H. Kellogg, \$71,000; P. D. Armour, \$50,000; E. P. Allis, \$26,000; N. Engelmann, \$30,000; M. D. Medberry, \$36,000; John Nazro, \$31,000; Guido Pfister, \$34,000; Daniel Wells, Jr., \$33,000; Fred Vogel, \$34,000; Mark S. Tyson, \$30,000; John Plankinton, \$50,000; Rufus Allen, \$21,000; Val. Blatz, \$22,000; A. Green, \$21,000; J. J. Higby, \$20,000; G. G. Houghton, \$22,000; R. P. Houghton, \$22,000; Harrison Ludington, \$22,000; James Ludington, \$50,000; C. T. Bradley, \$29,000; J. B. Martin, \$33,000; W. H. Metcalf, \$21,000.

These were the incomes of \$20,000 or more. But one brewer appears in the list. Elsewhere in the state the incomes were smaller, those reported at \$10,000 or more being as follows:

Kenosha—A. D. Loomis, \$11,000; G. Truesdell, \$10,000.

Racine—Jerome I. Case, \$10,000; James H. Kelley, \$10,000; Fred Weage, \$17,000.

Walworth—George Esterly, \$40,000.

Waukesha—Curtis Mann, \$22,000.

Notwithstanding the large individual incomes derived during the flush days of the period mentioned, it is doubtful if at that time there was a millionaire resident in Wisconsin. There are to-day forty or more men in the state who are counted owners of property worth a million dollars or more. It is an interesting fact that in every case the money has been made in Wisconsin, and that the men who amassed these fortunes, with few exceptions, came to the state without means.

Immediately after the war railroad extension was carried on in the state at a remarkable rate. The attitude of the railroad magnates toward the people grew so arrogant that in a message to the legislature Gov. Cadwallader C. Washburn declared with emphasis that "many vast and overshadowing corporations in the

United States are justly a source of alarm, and the legislature cannot scan too closely every measure that comes before it which proposes to give additional rights and privileges to the railways of the state." He further recommended that "the granting of passes to the class of state officials who, through their public office, have power to confer or withhold benefits to a railroad company, be prohibited."

By failing to heed the warning thus given by the governor, the Republicans were swept from power at the next election by a combination of "Democrats, Liberal Republicans and other electors of Wisconsin friendly to genuine reform." One of the planks of the platform was a promise to "protect the people against every form of monopoly or extortion."

The farmers considered themselves aggrieved by discriminations in railroad charges. The hard times of 1873-74 were popularly accredited to the dominant party. William R. Taylor, a Democrat, was elected governor. The pendulum of politics made the sweep to the other end of the arc, and the passage of the famous "Potter law" followed at the next legislative session. This was a drastic measure, limiting transportation charges and regulating prices for freight, creating a railroad commission and making stringent provision for general regulation of railroad traffic. The railroad officials openly defied the provisions of the law, and the presidents of the two leading railroad corporations of the state served formal notice on the governor that they would disobey them.

"The law of the land must be respected and obeyed," Gov. Taylor responded in a proclamation to the people, inspired by the defiant attitude of the railroad officials. Long litigation followed. It attracted attention all over the country on account of the important principles involved—the power of the state to control corporations of its own creation. The railroad companies were beaten in the state and federal courts, and were compelled to acknowledge submission. Subsequently the law was materially modified.

Not a drop of rain fell in all Northern Wisconsin from the 8th day of July till the 9th day of October in the memorable year 1871—the year of terrible havoc by forest fires. It was an unprecedented drouth; it needed but a spark to ignite the parched earth, and at times it seemed as if the friction of the heel was sufficient to start a blaze on the leaf-covered ground of the forests. Wells became dry, swamps disappeared, streams became mere rills and finally ceased to flow altogether. Here and there fires broke out and were prevented from spreading, with the greatest difficulty. All the inhabitants of the neighborhoods turned out to fight the incipient blazes; incessant calls at all times of day and night soon exhausted their energies. Haystacks melted away and fences became long lines of

ashes. A pall of smoke overhung the doomed country. In the cities of Green Bay, De Pere, Appleton, Oconto, Marinette and Kewaunee, and in many further south along the lake shore, the smoke obscured the sight of buildings a few hundred feet away, and seriously affected the eyes and lungs of the people. On the lake it seemed as if an immense fog had settled permanently, so opaque that the sun could not be seen in the brazen sky. Railroad travel became dangerous, for bridges were crumbling and great trees that had been gnawed by fire fell across the tracks and across highways. Trains at times were prevented from taking fire by running them at an increased speed. Finally the fires made such headway as to create consternation and panic among the inhabitants of Brown, Door, Oconto and Shawano counties. Many dug habitations in the ground, covered the roofs with earth and sought refuge in these burrows; others crept into the excavations where a few months before their wells had been. In all the northern towns volunteer brigades took such precautions as their facilities would permit; in Green Bay the fire engines kept their streams in constant play on the buildings.

On the fateful 8th of October the smoke-laden atmosphere was so stifling that breathing became a painful effort. A hot southerly gale carried the heated air in fitful blasts, and with it went flames that carried destruction to the hives of industries and prosperous farms along its path, and death to their people. The roaring flames pursued the fleeing men, women and children, and their charred bodies by the hundreds strewed the blackened pathways. More than a thousand lives were lost in this terrible holocaust.

While the doomed city of Chicago was in flames, in Northern Wisconsin thousands of acres were on fire. It was a whirlwind of flame that human agency was powerless to resist. On the peninsula the greatest loss of life and destruction of property resulted. Here, as elsewhere, were witnessed the most terrible scenes.

"At Peshtigo," says the vivid account of the late C. D. Robinson of Green Bay, "hundreds were saved by throwing themselves into the river. In the Sugar Bush there was no stream deep enough for such refuge. Men, women and children, horses, oxen, cows, dogs, swine—everything that had life was seized with pain, and ran without method to escape the impending destruction. The smoke was suffocating and blinding, the roar of the tempest deafening, the atmosphere scorching; children were separated from their parents, and were trampled upon by the crazed beasts; husbands and wives were calling wildly for each other, and rushing in wild dismay they knew not where. Others, believing the day of judgment was surely come, fell upon the ground and abandoned themselves to its terrors. All the conditions of the prophecies seemed to be fulfilled. The hot atmosphere, filled with smoke, supplied the 'signs in the sun, and

in the moon and in the stars'; the sound of the whirlwind was as 'the sea and the waves roaring,' and everywhere there were 'men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.' Of the village of Peshtigo there was not a vestige left standing except one unfinished house. Kewaunee, Ahnapee and Sturgeon Bay were sorely pressed, but were saved."

But for prompt measures of relief, the horrors of starvation would have equaled those of the conflagration. From all parts of the country came substantial contributions, about a quarter of a million dollars of it in cash. From every county and nearly every city, village and neighborhood of Wisconsin came carloads of food and clothing. Messengers went afoot through the burned district, carrying provisions, and physicians supplied with medicines and liniments went with them.

Other destructive fires in Wisconsin include the following: At Oshkosh, April 28, 1875; Marshfield, June 27, 1887; Iron River, July 27, 1892; Milwaukee, October 30, 1891 (a large section of the east side devastated); Fifield, July 27, 1893; Phillips, July 27, 1894.

The most destructive cyclones and tornadoes that have visited the state were those at Racine, in 1883, which wrecked a hundred homes, killed nine persons and injured seventy-five others; at Hazel Green twenty years before that time, when the fatalities were the same, and at Viroqua in 1865. A summary of the principal cyclonic visitations is here given:

Viroqua, June, 1865, seventeen persons killed, 150 injured and many buildings demolished.

Hazel Green, August, 1872, nine lives lost and great destruction of property caused in farming communities.

Green Lake, July, 1873, severe hurricane in Green Lake county; eleven persons drowned in Green lake by the capsizing of boats.

La Crosse, July, 1875, funnel-shaped cyclone 600 feet in width.

Pensaukee, July, 1877, funnel-shaped, 1,000 feet in width; eight persons killed and property damaged to the extent of \$300,000.

Wautoma, July, 1877, funnel-shaped; very destructive.

Mineral Point, May, 1878, inverted cone, width ranging from 700 to 10,000 feet; terrific roaring noise and immense destruction of property.

Beloit, April, 1880, several persons killed and \$75,000 property loss; every church steeple in the city hurled to the ground.

Shopiere, April, 1880, funnel form, 500 to 1,000 feet wide; twenty-three buildings demolished.

Monroe county, June, 1880, shaped like an hour-glass; tremendous roaring noise; widespread destruction in farming districts.

Wauwatosa, September, 1881, funnel-shaped, 2,000 feet in width; clouds like great sheets of white smoke dashed about in the wildest manner; more appalling to the sight than destructive in effects.

Lind, September, 1881, funnel form.

Montana, September, 1881, 1,000 to 1,500 feet wide; great property damage caused.

Racine, May, 1883, 100 houses razed to the ground; nine persons killed and seventy-five injured.

The English traveler Jonathan Carver, who made his famous journey to the Wisconsin region in 1766, describes in his narrative the effects of a cyclone in the Chippewa river country. The elements cut a path through the tangled virgin forest as clean and well-defined as ever did the axes of pioneers.

The record of great disasters would not be complete without mention of the loss of life on the lake. That which cast a gloom over the people of the entire state—although Milwaukee families were affected principally—was the loss of the steamer *Lady Elgin*, which occurred Sept. 8, 1860. Of the 400 excursionists who left Milwaukee for a trip to Chicago, 225 found death in the waters. While the excursionists were gaily dancing or otherwise enjoying themselves, a fog settled over the surface of the lake and the *Lady Elgin* collided with the schooner *Augusta*. This was at a point opposite Winnetka Point, several miles from land. Some of the frantic passengers, as the vessel began to sink, jumped into the waves without method or reason; others crowded into the boats, and in the confusion swamped them; some tore away portions of the hurricane deck and a few floated to the shore on these improvised rafts. For many days following the disaster, bodies of the unfortunate passengers were cast upon the shore. The statement has been made that there was scarcely a family in the Third ward of the city of Milwaukee that did not mourn a missing member.

Following are the principal disasters since the war, on the lake and inland:

April 8, 1868, burning of the *Sea Bird* on Lake Michigan; all of the passengers and crew lost but two.

Sept. 14, 1873, steamer *Ironsides* wrecked between Milwaukee and Grand Haven; twenty-eight persons lost their lives.

Jan. 10, 1883, burning of the Newhall house in Milwaukee, the coroner's jury rendering a verdict that the fire was of incendiary origin. Eighty persons perished in this fire.

October, 1886, wreck at East Rio of the limited express of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul company; fifteen persons incinerated in the burning cars.

Nov. 8, 1883, fall of the south wing of the capitol at Madison, during process of construction; seven of the workmen buried in the debris.

Oct. 29, 1887, sinking of the *Vernon* off Two Rivers, and every member of the crew but one drowned; a score of the bodies recovered by the crew of the life saving station. Thirty lives were lost.

May 18, 1894, the schooner *Cummings* foundered in shallow water in Milwaukee bay and six persons lost their lives. Thousands of persons on shore witnessed the futile efforts of the life-savers to rescue the sailors who climbed into the rigging when the boat sank.

April 20, 1893, during a terrific storm fifteen workmen on the intake crib, off Milwaukee, lost their lives. They were forced to leave the air chamber of the crib because of the foul air, and as they opened the lock the waves dashed in, filled the well with water, and all but one of the workmen were drowned.

January, 1895, unexplained disappearance of the propeller *Chicoara*, which left Milwaukee for St. Joseph with a crew of twenty-five men and two passengers. It is believed that she sprang a leak during a fierce blizzard and went to the bottom.

During the days of wildcat banking in territorial times, the people of Wisconsin sustained heavy losses; they suffered reverses when the hard times of 1873 swept over the country; but the climax of commercial adversity overtook them in 1893. The business panic of that year, which swept from one end of the country to

the other, engulfed about 200 commercial houses in this state and two scores of banks were forced to close their doors. The panic began with a run on the banks, and the exciting scenes of disappointed depositors demanding admittance through doors that were closed were an almost daily occurrence during the month of July. The banks toppled like a house built of cards when the runs were in progress; securities that had been considered worth millions shrank to thousands in actual value. In Milwaukee, five banks closed their doors; the Wisconsin Marine bank, popularly known as Mitchell's, was one of them. It had stood as the rock of Gibraltar since the early days of the territory, and when payment stopped across its counters, the gloom deepened in the business circles of the entire state. The five Milwaukee banks that failed had \$13,700,000 of assets and but \$11,700,000 of liabilities, and two of them—one of them Mitchell's bank—resumed business when the



GEN. LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

panic subsided. In but one instance was brazen dishonesty the cause of the wreck, and the culprit was sent to the penitentiary. Dishonesty of management was also charged in a few instances in other cities of the state, but on the whole unforeseen and unavoidable conditions contributed mainly to the business disasters of the year. The storm cleared the business atmosphere and eventually led to more wholesome financial methods in commercial life.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE REALM OF POLITICS.

OWING to the mistaken policy of its people in displacing their congressional representatives as soon as they become experienced legislators, Wisconsin does not occupy the important place in the annals of national politics which the ability of its statesmen would otherwise have earned. Another reason why its influence in national affairs has been minimized is that in but one presidential campaign during the past half century has its electoral vote been regarded as a determining factor. Residence in pivotal states is of immense advantage to aspiring politicians, and has often enabled men of mediocre ability to secure precedence over other men whose native talent was ignored to serve party expediency.

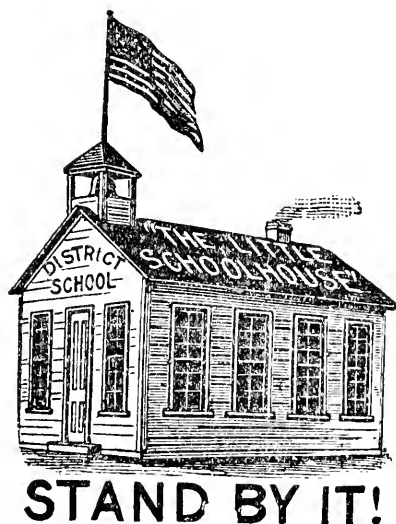
Reverting to the first cause, a list of Wisconsin's 166 congressional representatives shows that only seven have been reelected more than twice. The Southern policy of retaining the services of congressmen long enough to derive the benefit of ripened experience in debate and legislation long enabled the minority from south of Mason and Dixon's line to cope successfully with the numerical preponderance in opposition. The seven Wisconsin congressmen who served more than three terms each were: C. C. Washburn, Amasa Cobb, Nils P. Haugen, four terms each; Philetus Sawyer, Charles G. Williams, five terms each; Charles A. Eldredge, six terms; Lucien B. Caswell, seven terms.

Despite the causes which have operated to diminish Wisconsin's influence in national affairs, there have been occasions when opportunities have come and have been taken to strike the keynote for the nation. In the early days of statehood a few determined men aided immensely in creating public sentiment on the slavery question by their courageous attitude in behalf of a cause then unpopular; the incidents connected with the rescue of a fugitive slave and the ringing declaration of the Wisconsin Supreme court justices on that occasion have been told. Pamphlets containing the forceful arguments of Byron Paine and the emphatic conclusions of Justice Smith were sold by the thousands on the streets of Boston.

When the Greenback theory was sweeping all before it in the agricultural Northwest in the '70's, and politicians of all parties seemed eager to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee to the "rag baby," one man's courageous attitude in opposition changed the current of events. While his party associates chattered with fear, Horace Rublee committed his party to advocacy of sound money. This attitude appealed with irresistible force to the Germans, ever averse to financial methods that to them might appear

questionable. What seemed a hopeless undertaking became a triumphant reality, the fiat money cause was hopelessly wrecked in this state and eventually in the entire Northwest.

More recently, when the issue of silver money became a dominant one in politics, Wisconsin Democrats took the lead in the organization of a new party—the National Democracy. In proportion to number of votes, the largest majority against the free coinage of silver cast by any state was that given by Wisconsin. But for the unfounded belief that Illinois was a doubtful state and that the standard-bearer should therefore be selected from



"THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE."

(Emblematic Device Used in Political Literature and on Banners During the Exciting Bennett Law Campaign of 1890.)

that state, Gen. Edward S. Bragg of Wisconsin would have been the presidential nominee of the National Democrats. In the Indianapolis convention of 1896 delegates from fourteen states expressed their preference for him.

In national party conventions, both Republicans and Democrats of this state have on numerous occasions attracted the attention of the country. In the Republican convention of 1880, made memorable by Grant's solid phalanx of 306 supporters, Wisconsin led the stampede that resulted in the nomination of James A. Garfield for president. The battle of ballots had been in progress a full week when the break came unexpectedly, the Wisconsin delega-

tion's conclusion to vote for Garfield having been reached while the balloting was in progress. The incident is thus told by A. J. Turner, one of the delegates:

"When the vote of Wisconsin was announced, the turmoil that had reigned supreme for a time was hushed for the moment as if in the stillness of death, and every eye was turned toward the Wisconsin delegation as if to inquire, 'What does that mean?' It is absolutely certain that no delegate outside of our own delegation suspected that anything of the sort was about to happen. They could not have done so, for we did not know we were going to do it ourselves scarcely a moment before. In a moment the galleries and the convention itself were in the wildest uproar. It is doubtful if any such scene ever occurred in a convention before. The popular chord had been touched as if by the wand of a magician. Gen. Garfield, pale and dumbfounded, arose from his seat and challenged the right of any delegate to vote for him without his consent, a consent he had not given.

"When it seemed likely that the entire convention was about to be stampeded to Gen. Garfield, Gen. Beaver of Pennsylvania, the grim and grizzly one-legged old soldier that he was, mounted his seat, and resting upon his crutch, waved his hand and gave the word of command to the immortal '306': 'Grant men, steady, steady!' The watchword was immediately taken up by the followers of the great commander, and quietly they passed the word: 'Grant men, steady!' down their lines, and the column was firm once more as the rock of Chickamauga, and gave ample evidence of Gen. Beaver's soldierly qualities when receiving the charge of a Confederate legion, such an one as Gen. Mahone would have led against his lines. It was inexpressibly grand.

"What followed every one knows. Gen. Garfield was nominated and triumphantly elected."

In the Republican convention of 1888 the Wisconsin delegation cast a solid vote for Jeremiah M. Rusk for presidential nominee. The time was not auspicious for a Wisconsin candidate, despite the personal sentiment for the good gray governor of Wisconsin. The politicians were seeking a candidate in one of the doubtful states. At a critical moment in the balloting, the Wisconsin delegation added its votes to the column for Benjamin Harrison, and nominated him. Wisconsin, being the last state called in the alphabetical roll of states, was enabled to avail itself of this point of vantage to determine the result.

In the Democratic convention of 1884, William F. Vilas was chosen permanent chairman. In that capacity it became his duty to notify Grover Cleveland of his nomination. So well impressed was the latter with the address of the Wisconsin orator that when he became president he chose Col. Vilas as a member of his official

family. It was in the course of this convention that Gen. Edward S. Bragg's stinging allusion to the Tammany contingent created a furore that led to, if it was not the immediate cause of, Grover Cleveland's nomination: "We love him for the enemies he has made."

Twelve years later, in Democratic national convention, it was again Gen. Bragg who spoke for his party associates from Wisconsin, and this time his words were prophetic of doom. The silver men had carried the day, and the Wisconsin delegation had declined to vote. Gen. Bragg jumped upon a chair and facing the great audience he seemed a prophet of disaster, as he cried:

"Wisconsin will fight under another banner and for another candidate."

Gen. Zachary Taylor, elected president of the United States in 1848, was stationed in Wisconsin as an army officer during the territorial days, but was never a resident of the state. Matthew Hale Carpenter was elected president of the United States senate in 1873, and served during the session of the forty-third congress. Four presidents have chosen Wisconsin men for members of their cabinets. The portfolios held by them are here given:

Alexander W. Randall, postmaster-general in the cabinet of President Johnson, promoted from assistant postmaster-general upon the resignation of William Dennison.

Timothy O. Howe, postmaster-general in the cabinet of Chester A. Arthur from Dec. 20, 1881, till his death in March, 1883.

William F. Vilas, postmaster-general in Grover Cleveland's first cabinet, beginning March 5, 1885; appointed secretary of interior upon the promotion of Lucius Q. C. Lamar to the bench.

Jeremiah M. Rusk, secretary of agriculture in Benjamin Harrison's cabinet, serving during the entire administration. He was the first secretary of the department after its conversion from a bureau to a cabinet position.

Some important posts in the diplomatic service have been held by Wisconsin men, among them these:

Carl Schurz, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Spain; appointed by President Lincoln in 1861.

Alexander W. Randall, minister at Rome; appointed by President Lincoln.

Rufus King, minister resident at Rome; appointed by President Lincoln.

Horace Rublee, minister resident at Berne, Switzerland; appointed by President Grant in 1870; resigned to resume editorial work in Wisconsin.

Lucius Fairchild, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Spain; appointed by President Hayes.

Rasmus B. Anderson, minister resident at Copenhagen, Denmark; appointed by President Cleveland.

John Hicks, minister extraordinary and envoy plenipotentiary to Peru; appointed by President Harrison.

Edward S. Bragg, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Mexico; appointed by President Cleveland.

Ernst Diehman, minister resident in Columbia; appointed by President Hayes.

Mortimer M. Jackson, consul-general to the British maritime provinces; appointed by President Hayes, after many years of service as consul at Halifax.

Julius Goldschmidt, consul-general at Vienna; appointed by President Harrison; consul-general at Berlin, appointed by President McKinley.

Richard Guenther, consul-general at the City of Mexico; appointed by President Harrison.

Wendell A. Anderson, consul-general at Montreal; appointed by President Cleveland in 1885 and again in 1893.

Jeremiah Curtin, secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, while Cassius M. Clay was minister at the court of the czar.

William Rufus Finch, minister resident at Paraguay, appointed by President McKinley.

Jos. G. Donnelly, consul-general at Nueva Laredo, Mexico; appointed by President Cleveland.

Consuls—John F. Potter, at Montreal; Charles Seymour, Canton; Thos. B. Reid, Funchal, Portugal; Frank Leland, Hamilton, Can.; Evan R. Jones, Newcastle, Eng.; W. W. Robinson, Tamatave, Madagascar; Chester E. Jackson, Antigua; William B. West, Galway; Hiram Tuttle, Montevideo; R. P. McBride, Leith, Scotland; Carl Jonas, Prague and St. Petersburg; Roger Spooner, Prague; William A. Rublee, Prague; Walter E. Gardner, Rotterdam; A. J. Reid, Dublin; Peter V. Deuster, Crefeld; George Keenan, Bremen; George R. Ernst, Reichenberg; F. W. Kickbusch, Stettin; David C. Davis, Swansea, Wales; O. E. Dreutzer, Bergen, Norway; Edw. Cramer, Florence; Chas. W. Merriman, Brockville, Ont.; Daniel E. McGinley, Athens.

Charles Seymour is one of the oldest consuls in the diplomatic service. He went from La Crosse to Canton, China, in Grant's last administration and has served continuously since. During the anti-Christian riots, a number of years ago, it was due to his



WILLIAM DEMPSTER HOARD.

Governor, 1889-1891.

energy and forethought that many Caucasian residents of the Orient city were saved from the fury of the Chinese fanatics.

After many years of consular service at Cardiff, Wales, Evan R. Jones resigned his post a few years ago, stood for election to parliament and was successful. Carl Schurz was another diplomat who never returned to the state whence he was appointed. He took up his residence in Missouri after the war, served as United States senator and became secretary of interior in the cabinet of President Hayes. He was the last cabinet officer of foreign birth, the new law of presidential succession rendering citizens of foreign birth ineligible for cabinet positions.

The people of Wisconsin have voted in thirteen presidential elections, their preference on these several occasions as shown by the popular vote having been respectively for Lewis Cass, Dem., Franklin Pierce, Dem.; John C. Fremont, Rep.; Abraham Lincoln, Rep. (twice); Ulyssus S. Grant, Rep. (twice); Rutherford B. Hayes, Rep.; James A. Garfield, Rep.; James G. Blaine, Rep.; Benjamin Harrison, Rep.; Grover Cleveland, Dem.; William McKinley, Rep.

The electoral vote of the state was cast three times for an unsuccessful presidential candidate; Lewis Cass, John C. Fremont, and James G. Blaine.

There have been eighteen governors of the state during its half-century of political existence, and eleven of them were natives of either New York or Connecticut. The first nine were young men, none of them more than 45 years of age, and four of these not older than 35—while all of the last nine governors had passed the half-century milestone. When Wisconsin became a state, its population was made up largely of young men—a vigorous, energetic and intellectual group of pioneers, and naturally they were at the fore in public affairs. During the last quarter century the conservatism that maturity brings has shown its influence in politics as in other channels of life. The list of Wisconsin's governors is as follows:

	Term of service.	Residence.	Place of birth.	Age at time of elect'n.
Nelson Dewey, Dem.....	4 years	Lancaster	Connecticut	35
Leonard James Farwell, Whig.....	2 years	Madison	New York	33
Wm. Augustus Barstow, Dem.....	2 years	Waukesha	Connecticut	41
Coles Bashford, Rep.....	2 years	Oshkosh	New York	40
Alexander Williams Randall, Rep....	4 years	Waukesha	New York	39
Louis Powell Harvey, Rep.....	3 mos.	Shopiere	Connecticut	42
Edward Salomon, Rep.....	1 yr. 9 m.	Milwaukee	Prussia	34
James Taylor Lewis, Rep.....	2 years	Columbus	New York	45
Lucius Fairchild, Rep.....	6 years	Madison	Ohio	35
Cadwallader Coldoon Washburn, Rep	2 years	La Crosse	Maine	54
William Robert Taylor, Dem.....	2 years	Cottage Grove	Connecticut	54
Harrison Ludington, Rep.....	2 years	Milwaukee	New York	64
William E. Smith, Rep.....	4 years	Milwaukee	Scotland	54
Jeremiah McLain Rusk, Rep.....	7 years	Viroqua	Ohio	52
William Dempster Hoard, Rep.....	2 years	Ft. Atkinson	New York	53
George Wilbur Peck, Dem.....	4 years	Milwaukee	New York	51
William Henry Upham, Rep.....	2 years	Marshfield	Massachusetts	53
Edward Scofield, Rep.....	2 years	Oconto	Pennsylvania	54

Several gubernatorial candidates were elected by narrow margins when their party associates "fell outside the breastworks." These were: Farwell, Whig, in 1851, 507 majority; Bashford, Rep., in 1855, 1,009 majority; Randall, Rep., 1857, 454 majority; Ludington, Rep., in 1875, 841 majority. The unsuccessful candidates for governor comprise the following list:

Whigs—John H. Tweedy, 1848; A. L. Collins, 1849; Henry S. Baird, 1853; E. D. Holton (Abolitionist), 1853.

Republicans—C. C. Washburn, 1873; William D. Hoard, 1890; John C. Spooner, 1892.

Democrats—Don A. J. Upham, 1851; William A. Barstow, 1855; J. B. Cross, 1857; Harrison C. Hobart, 1859 and 1865; Benjamin Ferguson, 1861; Henry L. Palmer, 1863; J. J. Tallmadge, 1867; C. D. Robinson, 1869; James R. Doolittle,

1871; William R. Tayler, 1875; James A. Mallory, 1877; James G. Jenkins, 1879; Nicholas D. Fratt, 1882 and 1884; Gilbert M. Woodward, 1888; James Morgan, 1888; George W. Peck, 1894; W. C. Silverthorn, 1896.

Greenbackers—Edw. P. Allis, 1877 and 1882; Reuben May, 1879; William L. Utley, 1884.

Populists—John Cochrane, 1886; D. Frank Powell, 1888; Reuben May, 1890; C. M. Butt, 1892; D. F. Powell, 1894.

Prohibitionists—Theo. D. Kanouse, 1880; Samuel D. Hastings, 1884; John M. Olin, 1886; E. G. Durant, 1888; Charles Alexander, 1890; T. C. Richmond, 1892; John F. Cleghorn, 1894; Joshua H. Berkey, 1896.

Socialist—Colin Campbell, 1877; Christ. Tuttrop, 1896.

Nationalist—Robert Henderson, 1896.

The Supreme court was not separately organized until 1853; previous to that year the judges of the Circuit courts were ex-officio justices of the Supreme court. Following jurists have served as members of this tribunal:

Chief Justices—Alexander W. Stow, Levi Hubbell, Edward V. Whiton, Luther S. Dixon, Edward G. Ryan, Orsamus Cole, William Penn Lyon, Harlow S. Orton, John B. Casseday.

Associate Justices—Charles H. Larrabee, Mortimer M. Jackson, Timothy O. Howe, Hiram Knowlton, Samuel Crawford, Abram D. Smith, Byron Paine, Jason Downer, David Taylor, John B. Winslow, Silas U. Pinney, Alfred W. Newman, Roujet D. Marshall.

Senatorial honors have been conferred by the legislatures of the state upon eleven men—four of them Democrats and seven Republicans. James R. Doolittle was twice elected as a Republican, and during his second term became a Democrat. He had been a Democrat up to six years previous to his first election. Matthew H. Carpenter was also a recent convert from Democracy when he became United States senator. Timothy O. Howe was the only United States senator from Wisconsin who served three terms, seven served two terms each, and four were retired upon the expiration of their first term.

But one of the senators from Wisconsin was born in this state; none of them were of foreign birth. This is also true of the eighteen governors of the state with two exceptions: William E. Smith, who was born in Scotland, and Edward Salomon, who was born in Germany. The list of United States senators who have represented Wisconsin, with place of nativity and residence at time of election, is as follows:

Isaac P. Walker, Dem., of Milwaukee, elected June 8, 1848, and reelected Jan. 17, 1849; born in Virginia in 1813.

Henry Dodge, Dem., of Dodgeville, elected June 8, 1848, and reelected Jan. 20, 1851; born in Indiana in 1782.

Charles Durkee, Rep., of Kenosha, elected Feb. 1, 1855; born in Vermont in 1805.

James R. Doolittle, Rep., of Racine, elected Jan. 23, 1857, and reelected Jan. 22, 1863; born in New York in 1815.

Timothy O. Howe, Rep., of Green Bay, elected Jan. 23, 1861, and reelected Jan. 24, 1867, and again Jan. 21, 1873; born in Maine, in 1816, where he served in the legislature previous to coming to Wisconsin.

Matthew Hale Carpenter, Rep., of Milwaukee, elected Jan. 23, 1869, and again Jan. 22, 1879; born in Vermont in 1824.

Angus Cameron, Rep., of La Crosse, elected Feb. 3, 1875, and again March 10, 1881; born in New York in 1826.

Philetus Sawyer, Rep., of Oshkosh, elected Jan. 26, 1881, and again Jan. 26, 1887; born in Vermont in 1816.

John Coit Spooner, Rep., of Hudson, elected Jan. 28, 1885, and again Jan. 27, 1897; born in Indiana in 1843.

William Freeman Vilas, Dem., of Madison, elected Jan. 28, 1891; born in Vermont in 1840.

John Lendrum Mitchell, Dem., of Milwaukee, elected Jan. 26, 1893; born in Wisconsin in 1842.

Some of the contests for senator attracted attention all over the country. In 1861 Timothy O. Howe, C. C. Washburn and Alexander Randall were contestants. It was a battle of giants. Randall's withdrawal elected Howe. Four years before Timothy Howe had shown himself a statesman and not a truckling politician. He could have been elected then had he yielded to the popular clamor and subscribed to the Calhoun doctrine of states' rights. Like Henry Clay, he would rather be right than be president, and without qualification he declared that the doctrine was wrong and full of danger to the Union—and he was defeated. His election in 1861 was a grand vindication. For eighteen years the people of Wisconsin kept him in the United States senate—the longest term in congress served by any Wisconsin representative except Philetus Sawyer, who spent ten years in the lower branch and twelve in the upper house of congress. The election of Judge Howe created immense enthusiasm all over the state. In Milwaukee, Green Bay and elsewhere, guns were fired in honor of the event.

The novelty of a competitive oratorical contest was introduced in the election of 1869. The candidates were Edward Salomon, Matt H. Carpenter, Horace Rublee, C. C. Washburn and O. H. Waldo. The suggestion came from the friends of Carpenter, who had faith in the persuasive fascination of his oratory. A great meeting was held in the assembly chamber and four candidates made speeches. Whether the speeches influenced the legislators or not is problematical. Matt H. Carpenter was elected by a narrow margin.

When Carpenter sought reelection, in 1875, there ensued the most bitter senatorial contest in the history of the state. He had voted for the notorious congressional salary grab, and had defended his vote in a public speech. The Republican caucus chose him as its nominee, but enough Republicans bolted to prevent his election. The Carpenter phalanx stood firm to the bitter end, and a deadlock ensued. A coalition of the Democrats and Republican bolters was attempted in the interest of Judge Orsamus Cole, but a minority of the Democrats would not enter it on the ground that Judge Cole had shown hostility to the liquor interests. Finally a combination was effected in favor of Angus Cameron, of La Crosse, who was elected. Four years later Carpenter again secured the election after a bitter campaign. It was a notable triangular contest, and more than a hundred ballots were taken, during many sessions of the Republicans in caucus, before Carpenter triumphed.

In 1881 two senatorial elections occurred, Senator Carpenter's death while the legislature was in session creating a vacancy, and

the expiration of Cameron's term another. Philetus Sawyer easily defeated E. W. Keyes for the long term, to succeed Cameron. When Carpenter died, a contest of unparalleled rivalry was developed. For many days the Republican caucus balloted fruitlessly. It was the winter of deep snows, and part of the time the legislators were snowbound at the capital, and delegations of lobbyists were unable to reach them. Among the candidates voted for were E. W. Keyes, Angus Cameron, Luther S. Dixon, J. M. Bingham, George C. Hazelton, C. G. Williams, William T. Price, D. M. Kelly, J. V. Quarles, Charles L. Colby, Jonathan Bowman. Finally the battle became a joint attack of all the elements opposing Angus Cameron. The opposition united on Jonathan Bowman of Kilbourn City. The final vote resulted: Angus Cameron, 51; Jonathan Bowman, 49. For the second time Angus Cameron became United States senator after a candidacy of less than a week.

The first two senators were Democrats. Not until 1891 did the Democrats elect another. Mr. Vilas was chosen without opposition, but two years later there was a bitter contest between John L. Mitchell, J. H. Knight and E. S. Bragg. It attracted national attention, chiefly owing to the reputation of Gen Bragg.

When Wisconsin became a state its representatives in congress numbered only four—two in each house. Its delegation in the house of representatives is now ten. Following is a list of the men who have occupied seats in the lower branch of congress as representatives from this state, the districts represented being given in numerical order:

Thirtieth Congress (1847-49)—William Pitt Lynde, Dem.; Mason C. Darling, Dem.

Thirty-first Congress (1849-51)—Charles Durkee, Free-soiler; Orsamus Cole, Whig; James Duane Doty, Dem.

Thirty-second Congress (1851-53)—Charles Durkee, Ind.; Benjamin C. Eastman, Dem.; John B. Macy, Dem.

Thirty-third Congress (1853-55)—Daniel Wells, Jr., Dem.; Benjamin C. Eastman, Dem.; John B. Macy, Dem.

Thirty-fourth Congress (1855-57)—Daniel Wells, Jr., Dem.; Cadwellader C. Washburn, Rep.; Charles Billingshurst, Dem.

Thirty-fifth Congress (1857-59)—John F. Potter, Rep.; C. C. Washburn, Rep.; Charles Billingshurst, Dem.

Thirty-sixth Congress (1859-61)—John F. Potter, Rep.; C. C. Washburn, Rep.; Charles H. Larrabee, Dem.

Thirty-seventh Congress (1861-63)—John F. Potter, Rep.; Luther Hanchett, Rep. (died Nov. 24, 1862, and Walter D. McIndoe, Rep., elected to fill vacancy); A. Scott Sloan, Rep.

Thirty-eighth Congress (1863-65)—James S. Brown, Dem.; Ithamar C. Sloan, Rep.; Amasa Cobb, Rep.; Charles A. Eldredge, Dem.; Ezra Wheeler, Dem.; Walter D. McIndoe, Rep.

Thirty-ninth Congress (1865-67)—Halbert E. Paine, Rep.; I. C. Sloan, Rep.; Amasa Cobb, Rep.; Charles A. Eldredge, Dem.; Philetus Sawyer, Rep.; Walter D. McIndoe, Rep.

Fortieth Congress (1867-69)—Halbert E. Paine, Rep.; Benjamin F. Hopkins, Rep.; Amasa Cobb, Rep.; Charles A. Eldredge, Dem.; Philetus Sawyer, Rep.; C. C. Washburn, Rep.

Forty-first Congress (1869-71)—Halbert C. Paine, Rep.; Benjamin F. Hopkins, Rep. (died Jan. 1, 1870, and David Atwood, Rep., elected to fill vacancy); Amasa Cobb, Rep.; Charles A. Eldredge, Dem.; Philetus Sawyer, Rep.; C. C. Washburn, Rep.

Forty-second Congress (1871-73)—Alexander Mitchell, Dem.; Gerry W. Hazelton, Rep.; J. Allen Barber, Rep.; Charles A. Eldredge, Dem.; Philetus Sawyer, Rep.; Jeremiah M. Rusk, Rep.

Forty-third Congress (1873-75)—Charles G. Williams, Rep.; Gerry W. Hazelton, Rep.; J. Allen Barber, Rep.; Alexander Mitchell, Dem.; Charles A. Eldredge, Dem.; Philletus Sawyer, Rep.; Jeremiah M. Rusk, Rep.; Alexander S. McGill, Rep.

Forty-fourth Congress (1875-77)—Charles G. Williams, Rep.; Lucien B. Caswell, Rep.; Henry S. Magoon, Rep.; William Pitt Lynde, Dem.; Samuel D. Burchard, Dem.; Alanson M. Kimball, Rep.; Jeremiah M. Rusk, Rep.; George W. Cate, Dem.

Forty-fifth Congress (1877-79)—Charles G. Williams, Rep.; Lucien B. Caswell, Rep.; George C. Hazelton, Rep.; William Pitt Lynde, Dem.; Edward S. Bragg, Dem.; Gabriel Bouck, Dem.; Herman L. Humphrey, Rep.; Thaddeus C. Pound, Rep.

Forty-sixth Congress (1879-81)—Charles G. Williams, Rep.; Lucien B. Caswell, Rep.; George C. Hazelton, Rep.; Peter V. Deuster, Dem.; Edward S. Bragg, Dem.; Gabriel Bouck, Dem.; Herman L. Humphrey, Rep.; Thaddeus C. Pound, Rep.

Forty-seventh Congress (1881-83)—Charles G. Williams, Rep.; Lucien B. Caswell, Rep.; Geo. C. Hazelton, Rep.; Peter V. Deuster, Dem.; Edward S. Bragg, Dem.; Richard Guenther, Rep.; Herman L. Humphrey, Rep.; Thaddeus C. Pound, Rep.

Forty-eighth Congress (1883-85)—John Winans, Dem.; Daniel H. Sumner, Dem.; Burr W. Jones, Dem.; Peter V. Deuster, Dem.; Joseph Rankin, Dem.; Gilbert M. Woodward, Dem.; William T. Price, Rep.; Isaac Stephenson, Rep.

Forty-ninth Congress (1885-87)—Lucien B. Caswell, Rep.; Edward S. Bragg, Dem.; Robert M. La Follette, Rep.; Isaac W. Van Schaick, Rep.; Joseph Rankin, Dem. (died Jan. 24, 1886, and Thomas R. Hudd, Dem., elected in his place); Richard Guenther, Rep.; Ormsby B. Thomas, Rep.; William T. Price, Rep. (died Dec. 7, 1886, and Hugh H. Price elected in his place); Isaac Stephenson, Rep.

Fiftieth Congress (1887-89)—Lucien B. Caswell, Rep.; Richard Guenther, Rep.; Robert La Follette, Rep.; Henry Smith, Populist; Thomas R. Hudd, Dem.; Charles B. Clark, Rep.; Ormsby B. Thomas, Rep.; Nils P. Haugen, Rep.; Isaac Stephenson, Rep.

Fifty-first Congress (1889-91)—Lucien B. Caswell, Rep.; Charles Barwig, Dem.; Robert M. La Follette, Rep.; Isaac W. Van Schaick, Rep.; George H. Brickner, Dem.; Charles B. Clark, Rep.; Ormsby B. Thomas, Rep.; Nils P. Haugen, Rep.; Myron H. McCord, Rep.

Fifty-second Congress (1891-93)—Clinton Babbitt, Dem.; Charles Barwig, Dem.; Allen M. Bushnell, Dem.; John L. Mitchell, Dem.; George H. Brickner, Dem.; Lycurgus Miltiades Miller, Dem.; Frank P. Coburn, Dem.; Nils P. Haugen, Rep.; Thomas Lynch, Dem.

Fifty-third Congress, (1893-95)—H. A. Cooper, Rep.; Charles Barwig, Dem.; Joseph W. Babcock, Rep.; John L. Mitchell, Dem. (resigned Feb. 10, 1893, and Peter J. Somers, Dem., elected in his place); George H. Brickner, Dem.; Owen A. Wells, Dem.; George B. Shaw, Rep. (died Aug. 27, 1894, and Michael Griffin elected in his place); Lyman E. Barnes, Dem.; Thomas Lynch, Dem.; Nils P. Haugen, Rep.

Fifty-fourth Congress (1895-97)—Henry A. Cooper, Rep.; Edward Sauerhering, Rep.; Joseph W. Babcock, Rep.; Theobald Otjen, Rep.; Samuel S. Barney, Rep.; Samuel A. Cook, Rep.; Michael Griffin, Rep.; Edward S. Minor, Rep.; Alexander Stewart, Rep.; John J. Jenkins, Rep.

Fifty-fifth Congress (1897-99)—Henry A. Cooper, Rep.; Edward Sauerhering, Rep.; Joseph W. Babcock, Rep.; Theobald Otjen, Rep.; S. S. Barney, Rep.; James H. Davidson, Rep.; Michael Griffin, Rep.; Edward S. Minor, Rep.; Alexander Stewart, Rep.; John J. Jenkins, Rep.

Charles A. Eldredge became a national character on the floor of congress. He was known as the "Great Objector."

Gen. Eragg added in congress to the reputation that had preceded him there as commander of the Iron brigade. His speech which attracted most attention was a scathing denunciation of "coffee coolers" who were seeking pensions.

Richard Guenther was one of less than half a dozen men who have represented districts wherein they did not reside. Gen. Bragg, after a bitter campaign in the old Second district, had been defeated for the Democratic nomination by Arthur K. Delaney. The district was overwhelmingly Democratic. Richard Guenther of Oshkosh, residing in another district, announced himself as a candidate in opposition, and local considerations created such a political revolt that he was elected by an immense majority.

Doubtless the event that brought a Wisconsin congressman to the attention of the country more conspicuously than any other was the exciting episode that gave John F. Potter the sobriquet of "Bowie-Knife Potter." During the exciting days when the country was on the verge of civil war, bitter words in congress sometimes led to dueling. On one occasion there was a personal encounter on the floor of the house. Potter went to the rescue of one of his colleagues, and his sturdy blows created havoc among the Southern fire-eaters. London Punch published a clever parody concerning this event, and Ralph Waldo Emerson has included it in the collection of poems edited by him. It was some time after this, and for an altogether different cause, that Congressman Pryor challenged Congressman Potter to mortal combat. The latter accepted the challenge, and as the challenged party, chose bowie knives as the weapons. This was more than Pryor had bargained for, and the duel never took place. Mr. Potter became known all over the country as "Bowie-Knife Potter." He is still living on the farm in Walworth county where he first made his home sixty years ago.

The following have served as speakers of the assembly since the first session of the state legislature:

Speakers—Ninian E. Whitesides, Belmont, 1848; Harrison C. Hobart, Sheboygan, 1849; Moses M. Strong, Mineral Point, 1850; Frederick M. Horn, Cedarburg, 1851, 1854, 1875; James M. Shafter, Sheboygan, 1852; Henry L. Palmer, Milwaukee, 1853; Charles C. Sholes, Kenosha, 1855; William Hull, Potosi, 1856; Wyman Spooner, Elkhorn, 1857; Frederick S. Lovell, Kenosha, 1858; William Penn Lyon, Racine, 1859, 1860; Amasa Cobb, Mineral Point, 1861; James W. Beardsley, Prescott, 1862; J. Allen Barber, Lancaster, 1863; William W. Field, Fennimore, 1864, 1865; Henry D. Barron, St. Croix Falls, 1866, 1873; Angus Cameron, La Crosse, 1867; Alexander M. Thomson, Janesville, 1868, 1869; James M. Bingham, Palmyra, 1870; William E. Smith, Fox Lake, 1871; Daniel Hall, Watertown, 1872; Gabe Bouck, Oshkosh, 1874; Samuel S. Fifield, Ashland, 1875; John B. Cassoday, Janesville, 1877; Augustus R. Barrows, Chippewa Falls, 1878; David M. Kelly, Green Bay, 1879; Alexander A. Arnold, Galesville, 1880; Ira B. Bradford, Augusta, 1881; Franklin L. Gilson, Ellsworth, 1882; Earl P. Finch, Oshkosh, 1883; Hiram O. Fairchild, Marinette, 1885; Thomas B. Mills, Black River Falls, 1887, 1889; James J. Hogan, La Crosse, 1891; Edward Keogh, Milwaukee, 1893; George B. Burrows, Madison, 1895; George Buckstaff, Oshkosh, 1897.

Three political events have occurred during the last decade whose results have attracted attention all over the country. In 1889 a member of the assembly from Iowa county introduced a compulsory school attendance bill, which subsequently took his name and became known as the Bennett law. Months after its passage it was discovered that one of its provisions required every child to be taught a certain amount of English. There are in the state many parochial schools conducted under the auspices of Lutheran and Catholic church organizations. The parents of children attending these schools became alarmed, believing that the state control of private schools was aimed at, and that parental rights were to be trampled upon. This was the section of the law that aroused their opposition:

"No school shall be regarded as a school under this act, unless there shall be taught therein, as part of the elementary education of

children, reading, writing, arithmetic and United States history in the English language."

A tremendous upheaval followed. The Republican party was swept to overwhelming defeat at the next election. The Democrats promptly repealed the law.

For many years the treasurers of the state had been in the habit of loaning the funds entrusted to them, retaining the interest. The attorney-general, in 1891, instituted suit to recover these interest moneys. The treasurers made legal resistance, but were beaten in the courts. During the year 1893 judgments for nearly half a million dollars were entered against the three preceding state treasurers. The amount represented the sums received by the former state treasurers, and interest thereon at 7 per cent. Two state treasurers whose terms antedated thirteen years were released by the legislature from their obligations. In their cases the interest on the interest far exceeded the original amount.

When the Bennett law ferment placed the Democrats in control of the state after having looked over the fence for nearly a quarter of a century, they redistricted the legislative districts so as to insure control of the legislature even in case of a minority vote. The gerrymander had been a political expedient for many years, but now for the first time a Supreme court set aside a legislative apportionment as void on constitutional grounds. A test case was instituted for the purpose of obtaining a judicial decision. The language of the justices was exceedingly severe in characterizing the unfairness of the gerrymander. A special session of the legislature was called by the governor to reapportion the state. Another gerrymander was the result. Again was the Supreme court appealed to, and again was the apportionment set aside.

The result of the treasury and the gerrymander cases influenced similar action in many states in all sections of the United States.

CHAPTER XV.

MAY RIOTS OF '86.

IN THE early May days of 1886 a reign of terror existed in the city of Milwaukee. Idle workmen paraded the streets; men willing to work were urged to join the demonstration and in many cases compelled to do so; crowds armed with paving blocks, billets and other improvised weapons of the street overturned hucksters' stands, invaded manufacturing establishments and even attacked them. As the riotous proceedings grew to large proportions and the city seemed about to be stretched at the mercy of a mob, a deadly fire from the rifles of state militiamen was poured into a crowd of Polish workmen and ended the lawlessness which had threatened to grow beyond control. The incidents were contemporaneous with the tragic massacre of the Haymarket in Chicago.

Off in the East there appeared about Christmastide the year before a cloud seemingly no larger than a man's hand; by spring-time the entire sky was overcast and the storm center was over Chicago and Milwaukee. Several years before, the Federation of Trades, in national convention, had adopted resolutions advising all labor organizations "to so direct their laws that eight hours should constitute a legal day's work on and after May 1, 1886." The Knights of Labor, hitherto a weak and struggling organization, took up the eight-hour cry, and soon developed an enormous membership. In Wisconsin the working classes were exceedingly responsive. Robert Schilling became state organizer, and his energetic work resulted in an enormous accession of members. In their declaration of principles, the Knights advocated shortening the hours of labor "by a general refusal to work for more than eight hours." The slogan, "eight hours' work and ten hours' pay" appealed with irresistible force to the great mass of unskilled laborers especially. The Knights of Labor took into their fold all who called themselves workmen; even women were importuned to join and assemblies were organized for them.

The Central Labor union, a Socialistic organization, joined in the agitation and also secured many members. At its head was Paul Grottkau, editor of *The Arbeiter-Zeitung*. He had but recently come from Germany, and threw himself into the movement with an energy that gave him a large and devoted personal following. Possessing a remarkable gift of oratory, he was able to sway his followers as he wished. Thus, while the union had a membership materially smaller than the Knights of Labor, the workmen affiliated with the organization were as conspicuous in the movement. When threatened anarchy was succeeded by order, the arm of the law fell heaviest on its members.

Between the leaders of the two organizations there was much bitter rivalry that found expression in the columns of their respective newspapers. Personal antagonism did not, however, prevent common action in prosecuting the eight-hour movement.

More than 3,000 persons attended a great preliminary mass meeting on the west side, and the aldermen were urged to manifest their sympathy by passing an ordinance fixing a day's work at eight hours for all day-laborers in the city's employ. Impressed by the demonstration, the aldermen complied with such haste as to suggest that political fear prompted their action. But one



PAUL GROTTKAU.

Leader of the Socialists in 1886.

negative vote was recorded. It is worthy of note that but a few weeks later when the eight-hour day commotion had subsided, the same aldermen voted to repeal the ordinance.

Shortly after, three large tobacco manufacturing firms acceded to the demands of their men and introduced the eight-hour schedule. It now seemed as if nothing could withstand the movement, and that on May 1 all employers would be compelled to inaugurate the new system. The organization of Knights of Labor assemblies went on at a remarkable rate. More than 10,000 members were counted in Milwaukee. At Marinette, Oconto and Peshtigo the men engaged in lumber industries joined the Knights in large numbers.

Believing that the concession of an eight-hour day from Edward P. Allis, in whose immense works more than a thousand men were employed, would operate powerfully in inducing smaller concerns to follow, it was planned to ask Mr. Allis for such a work-day before the fateful first day of May. Coupled with this proposition was a demand for a 25 per cent. increase in wages. The request was presented in April. Mr. Allis agreed to eight hours for a day's work, but gave his reasons why he could not increase wages, except in the case of common laborers. Although a committee of employees, after a conference, decided that Mr. Allis was justified in his course, the radicals repudiated the agreement entered into by their representatives. The conservative workmen stood by their committee and the firm. The result was that many timid employers were emboldened to follow the same course in dealing with their employees.

On all sides there was a feeling of suppressed excitement when May 1 dawned. In Milwaukee the idle workmen on this day included about 7,000 persons, mainly belonging to the following classes: Brewery employes, journeymen carpenters, shop tailors and their helpers, clothing cutters, cigarmakers, broommakers, and about 2,000 common laborers. The events of the subsequent few days increased the number to about 16,000.

May 1 occurred on a Saturday. There was no demonstration, but the following day a monster picnic had been planned by the Central Labor union. Several thousand men marched, and a few red flags were carried in the procession—an omen of what was to come. Some of the mottoes and sentiments on banners and standards tended to alarm people, who looked with forebodings to the events of the coming week:

"Right and law often differ materially from each other."

"The idolaters of the golden calf must be downed."

"Keep yourself, and God will then keep you. Realize this, man, and end your sufferings."

"They used to call it overproduction; now we shall consume some more."

"The Republic shall have no ruler; not even King Mammon."

"Capital must come down from its high horse."

"We have come to the cross-roads. Honest workmen will follow the way. Mark the rats. Eight hours."

"Capital is the product of labor; not its master."

Many other sentiments of like tenor were displayed.

Monday dawned; a general strike at the breweries was ordered. A thousand men marched to Falk's establishment and insisted that the unwilling workmen must join them. In many establishments the workmen marched out in a body; in most of them the demand was for higher pay and shorter hours. By evening 14,000 bread-winners were out of work.

It was during the afternoon of this day that the first lawlessness occurred. The unskilled Polish laborers had thrown them-

selves into the eight-hour movement with immense enthusiasm. They were deluded into believing that all wage workers would simultaneously quit work on the day agreed upon, and that none of them would resume work until the entire brotherhood of workmen were enabled to return on the same conditions. They loyally carried out what they regarded as their part of the agreement. When they learned that hundreds of workmen had remained at their places they became enraged. They believed they had been basely betrayed. In this temper, the few anarchists who lived in Milwaukee and made up in activity what they lacked in numbers, found the Polish workmen ductile material. The impressionable Slavs readily agreed that all workmen who had not struck for eight hours at the appointed time had proven false and must either abandon their jobs or suffer the consequences.

On Monday afternoon, May 3, the trouble began. Some 1,400 men were working at the railway shops in the Menomonee valley. Several hundred Poles appeared here and called upon them to quit work. This the employees refused to do. A conflict seemed imminent; the handful of deputy sheriffs who came to the rescue deemed it suicidal to resist the riotous marchers, and induced the employees of the shops to leave the premises. The mob gave a shout of exultation and marched to the city, augmenting in numbers as they proceeded. They followed the track of the Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, and reached the freight yards. A dash was made for the freight warehouse, but the iron doors clanged in their faces, and their sticks and stones struck powerless against the unbroken wall of brick and metal.

Some one shouted, "On to the Allis works," and thither the mob pursued its march, the men yelling, "Eight hours," "Eight hours," as they went. While a self-constituted committee entered the main doorway to demand that all the men join the idlers, the crowd waited outside. In a few minutes the committee came out of the entrance in much haste and in miscellaneous disorder. The brawny muscle of the iron workers was the motive power that hastened their exit. A shout of anger went up and a hail of stones rattled against the sides of the Reliance Iron works. Sticks were brandished, and a simultaneous, but disorganized, move was made to enter the main doorway. Bloodshed was imminent; at this juncture the doors of the main entrance were thrown wide open and in the shadow was seen a crowd of iron workers dragging a wriggling section of hose. An instant later a stream of hissing water encountered the leaders of the assault, and men toppled helplessly all over the street. The catapult power of the stream shot some of the men clear across the street. Wet, bruised and discouraged, they picked themselves up; a few angrily advanced a second time to assault the defenders of the works, only to come in contact with

the vigorous stream of water and to fly helplessly back into the arms of their companions. At this juncture two patrol wagons hove in sight, and a score of policemen jumped into the midst of the crowd and completed the rout by hammering right and left with their clubs of stout hickory.

There was now the utmost consternation in the city. The authority of law trembled in the balance. Mayor Emil Wallber advised Mr. Allis to close his works and this was done. Gov. Jeremiah Rusk was notified by wire of the situation and, accompanied by his military advisers, hastened from Madison to Milwaukee on a special train. Several regiments of the National guard were ordered to be ready to respond at a moment's notice. That night the authorities slumbered on the thin crust of a volcano.

Long before the bells in the double towers of St. Stanislaus church struck the hour of 6 o'clock, Tuesday morning, men with sullen faces gathered in its vicinity. All carried clubs. At about 7 o'clock six or seven hundred men moved as if by preconcerted action in the direction of the rolling mills in Bay View. On the way they came to a trench dug by sewer diggers. These men were compelled to join the strikers, and their shovels were labeled with chalk, in letters as large as their size would permit:

"8 HOURS."

At the railroad tracks one of the leaders mounted a sidetracked freight car and made an impassioned harangue. In the valley the smoke from chimneys denoted that men were busy in a number of establishments. These were unceremoniously entered and the workmen were forced to yield to the order, "Close down," and to march along.

At the rolling mills the coming of the men had been espied from a distance, and an urgent message by telephone had been sent to the authorities at the Squadron armory. On receipt of the message, the firebells rang the signal agreed upon to call the militiamen to their duty. Before the National guardsmen had all responded and could be transported to Bay View, some hours elapsed. The rolling mill officials in the meantime received a deputation of the mob, and to gain time kept them in consultation—ostensibly to decide upon conditions for shutting down the works. While this conference was in progress a man on the roof anxiously scanned the road leading cityward to give early notice of the coming of the militia. The crowd that surrounded the little office outside the fence-encircled iron works for some time patiently awaited the outcome of the conference, but finally grew demonstrative. At this juncture Robert Schilling, the recognized leader of the Knights in Wisconsin, appeared and made a speech counseling them to make no lawless demonstration and bitterly attacking the anarchists who were spurring the deluded men on to

their destruction. He had hardly ceased speaking when a train came speeding along, stopped, and emptied into the midst of the astonished workmen four companies of National guardsmen. There was a moment's hesitation, and the short sharp commands of the officers were almost drowned by the jeers of the crowd, now numbering at least a thousand men.

What angered the crowd more than anything was the fact that one of the companies—the Kosciusko guard—was composed of their countrymen. As the soldiers were formed in line and marched through the midst of the increasing crowd, taunts and insults and raised sticks and clubs gave undeniable evidence of the warlike temper of the mob. Soon a stone whistled through the air and a



ROBERT SCHILLING.
Knights of Labor Organizer in 1886.

member of the Kosciusko guard picked up his smashed helmet. As the crowd grew more demonstrative, it was deemed prudent to withdraw the militia to the area within the high board fence. The huge gates were opened, and they marched in. The Kosciusko guard brought up the rear. As the last men were about to pass within the gates, a shower of stones and other missiles followed them. Many of them were struck in the back and on the head. As if by common impulse, the men turned, leveled their rifles at the crowd and a volley of bullets sped along. Many of the mob, as they saw the rifles aimed, threw themselves flat upon the ground, others sought shelter behind woodpiles and telegraph posts and fences. Notwithstanding, it seemed providential that the ground was not strewn with dead and dying. Many buildings in range of

the rifles were perforated by the bullets, but not one person was wounded by the volley. The gates were hastily shut, and the disorderly attack on the militia was converted into a siege. A few belated soldiers who came out to join their comrades were chased a long distance by some of the strikers, but escaped capture. Towards night the mob gradually grew thinner and dispersed.

In the meantime, the Central Labor union had called its members to assemble at Milwaukee garden, which was regarded as the Socialistic headquarters. After listening to a speech by Paul Grottkau, the men formed in line, a thousand strong, and marched to Brand's Stove works. The firm had granted all the demands of the men; notwithstanding, the employees were compelled to throw down their tools and walk out. An attack on the bakeries was deferred until the day following. The police dispersed the second gathering.

The city was now convulsed with terror. To add to the alarm, it was noticed that on doorways, on sidewalks and on the sides of houses adjacent to the streets mysterious figures and devices were scribbled in chalk. They were all of uniform character, except the numbers, like this:

$\begin{array}{r} 3 \overline{) 5} \\ \underline{8x} \\ 5354 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 3198 \\ \underline{5} \\ 8:30 \end{array} \begin{array}{l} 4 \\ x \end{array}$
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The marks were inoffensive enough, had they been understood; it was the method pursued by the Knights to notify their members of the date and hour of meeting of the respective assemblies; but this was not known outside the ranks of the knights, and it was assumed that the town was about to be put to the torch and all its inhabitants slaughtered.

Following unsigned notice was scattered broadcast on the afternoon of May 5, and the leaders of the Knights of Labor conspicuously wore blue ribbons on the lapels of their coats:

"Every Knight of Labor is hereby asked by the Executive board to keep away from all public meetings that are held at this time. Every member is ordered to wear a blue badge or ribbon as a token of peace and order. At the same time we request all Knights of Labor to remain at their work or at their homes, and in all cases assist the authorities in protecting life and property."

It was too late. The feverish excitement of the last three days had carried many of the workingmen beyond control.

The tragic end came on Wednesday. Early in the morning another crowd had gathered at the St. Stanislaus church corner, their purpose being to again march to Bay View. There the militia-men were still encamped, reinforced by some of the companies from the interior of the state. Gov. Rusk had sent word that in case of a repetition of mob tactics, the soldiers should shoot

to kill. When the commanding officer, Maj. George P. Traeumer, saw the mob advancing up the road he massed his troops so as to block the roadway. He waved his hand to the mob in warning not to approach nearer. The mob was then a thousand yards away. Either they did not understand the officer's warning, or were emboldened not to heed it as a result of the previous day's harmless volley. If they believed the soldiers would fire blank cartridges, they were quickly undeceived. Maj. Traeumer gave the word and two companies discharged their rifles in the direction of the mob. Panic seized the crowd as they saw their comrades fall, some dead and some terribly wounded. How many bullets took effect will never be known. As the crowd dispersed they carried their wounded with them.

It is known that eight fatalities resulted. Among the distressing casualties were the shooting of an old man of 70 while feeding the chickens in his yard, and of a young schoolboy, who was in the ranks of the marchers when the soldiers fired.

The terrible events at Bay View ended the riotous demonstrations. Some of the anarchists and Socialists were arrested, and a few of them were sentenced to hard labor in the House of Correction on the charge of "riot and conspiracy"; among them was Paul Grottkau. Many leading Knights of Labor, including Robert Schilling, were also arrested for boycotting under the law of conspiracy, but the cases were not tried.

The disturbances had lasted less than a week. The volley that struck down the mob at Bay View likewise killed the agitation for eight hours. Men returned to work without renewing their demands; factories and workshops resumed operations; but for many months thereafter a boycott was maintained, despite the arrest of a score of Knights for conspiracy. Members of the Kosciusko guard found themselves ostracized by their compatriots, and those in business were almost ruined. It took years to efface the enmity evolved by their response to duty when the call to arms was a summons to face neighbors and friends with leveled rifles.

On numerous occasions have the chief executives of the state been asked to intervene in labor troubles by calling out the National guard. But twice, besides the May riots of '86, have they done so. In 1881, striking mill men at Eau Claire threatened to destroy the property of their employers. Gov. Wm. E. Smith dispatched several companies of militia to the scene, and the "saw-dust war," as it was called, ended without bloodshed. It was in this same year that all the cigarmakers in Milwaukee went out on strike.

In 1889 there was a serious strike of laborers at West Superior. Their attitude was so menacing that the governor deemed it prudent to send National guardsmen to the North Wisconsin metropolis. Their presence restored quiet.

Early in Gov. Rusk's administration, railroad workmen employed in the construction of the Superior Air line grew violent because they had not received their pay and were on the point of starvation. Gov. Rusk was asked to call out the militia. He investigated the trouble, declared that the men were entitled to bread and not bullets, and compelled the contractors to live up to their agreement with the men.

The great street railway strike of 1896, in Milwaukee, attracted attention all over the country by reason of the remarkable boycott that was waged for several weeks. To enforce a demand for more wages, the motor men and conductors left their cars, and declared a boycott. The public sympathetically walked or rode in 'buses and ancient vehicles imported in great number from the towns and cities within a hundred miles of Milwaukee. There was no serious disturbance, and the strikers had the sympathy of the community in an unusual degree. When a car made a trip at irregular intervals the only passengers were policemen on guard duty. On some days (Sundays) not a car moved. Then came a boycott that bade fair to paralyze every industry in the city, and seemed to permeate and affect every business and channel of life. The result was a great reaction, and the strike, while seemingly won, collapsed.

"This boycott is a marvel," wrote a newspaper correspondent. "Its like has never been seen before in this or any other country. The condition into which it has thrown a big busy city stands unique in the history of the world to-day. King Boycott is absolute master in Milwaukee. The 200,000 and more human beings who live and toil in this city are subject to his scepter. The first blow was aimed at the Street Railway company, and nobody cared. The sympathetic people walked or rode in nondescript vehicles called omnibuses, and suffered inconveniences uncomplainingly. The next blow hit officers of the street railway company through their private enterprises, and only those directly interested suffered. Then the ban was placed on all who might offer aid and comfort to the enemy by riding on cars, doing business with its officers privately or doing business with people who had ridden on the street cars. This final blow reached all walks of life, all enterprises, all avocations, and was extended even into the third and fourth generations and to relatives by marriage. In Milwaukee every man in the service of King Boycott is a spy upon his neighbor. The result is virtually a reign of terror. Business is throttled almost to the point of complete strangulation."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GREAT BOOM ON THE GOGEBIC.

OLD maps of Wisconsin, dated years after territorial times and even long after assumption of statehood, mark the south shore of the Wisconsin river as the border of civilization. Until the last two decades Northern Wisconsin was considered a trackless wilderness, broken only by an occasional clearing made by a venturesome pioneer, some lumber camps here and there, and a straggling hamlet or two at long intervals. The remarkable development of the region within this comparatively short time is one of the notable epochs in the history of the state. The discovery of mineral wealth gave the first impetus of considerable magnitude to this rapid growth. It led to the extension of railroads where for miles there was not a sign of human habitation; cities were built in a night, and brought enterprises that added to population and material wealth; tillers of the soil followed in fewer but ever increasing numbers; to-day Northern Wisconsin is a region of prosperous towns and thrifty farms.

The story of the great Gogebic boom, one of the conspicuous episodes in the development of Northern Wisconsin, is well worth telling.

The discovery of high-grade Bessemer ore on the Gogebic range and the consequent unfolding of vast possibilities led to a speculative craze the like of which has had no parallel in Wisconsin. While it lasted, fortunes were made and lost within a month—a week—it might almost be said overnight. All sorts and conditions of men and women were seized with the mania to dump their dollars into the holes dug by the prospectors, not a few of which proved bottomless pits. The country merchant and the farmer invested blindly in mining stocks, and not a few mortgaged all they had to add a lot of certificates to their holdings; in the cities, business and professional men, ministers of the Gospel, underpaid clerks and servant girls joined in the grand scramble for riches. Men who didn't possess enough money to pay a week's board in advance organized companies capitalized for a million or two, and sold stock to credulous investors. Mines were sold at fabulous prices. The enterprising sellers developed from poor men to mining kings, were rated as millionaires, and spent their money with a prodigality that seemed to warrant the title. While the boom lasted, especially in the year 1886, there seemed no limit to the extravagant hopes entertained by fortune-seekers.

"It is worth more to the people than to uncover the hidden gold of Capt. Kidd or to raise the sunken treasure of the Spanish Main,"

were the enthusiastic words of John E. Burton at a great banquet given in Hurley. "Like a lightning flash of twining gold, for thirty miles its veins were streaked through imperishable granite, while nature, almost surprised at its lavish act, tenderly covered her treasure with a hanging wall of the gentle slates. Between the quartzite and the trap of the old Huronian belt, the unfolding of a beautiful law hid this boundless wealth more than a million years ago, to be found by some bold but favored son, whose daring deeds should be crowned and sceptered as a king in the metallic realm."

The reign of the mining king was brief—but splendid. One fortunate prospector who jumped from a meager crust of bread to affluence that seemed limitless, spent money with reckless lavishness. The buttons of his coat, vest and trousers were diamond-studded, and the gems were of the rarest size and water. In each of a dozen towns on the range he owned a handsomely furnished residence. Another miner who esteemed himself worth millions evidenced his financial plethora on one occasion by paying \$35,000 for a Chicago book store, merely to acquire a dozen books which he wanted for his collection.

In the mining towns splendid brick blocks and palatial houses were constructed; newspapers were issued in sumptuous editions—one issue of *The Gogebic Iron Tribune* included twenty pages, was printed on tinted paper in handsome style and comprised 10,000 copies. Newspaper men were carried to the range in palace cars to view the properties; so were moneyed men from the East, who had been attracted by the stories sent abroad. Gogebic stocks began to be quoted in New York and were listed regularly. Bulletins were issued daily. A stock exchange was opened in Milwaukee. The advertisement that the Gogebic range received was phenomenal. In an incredibly short time 15,000 persons had been attracted to the range. The building of Hurley and Ironwood demonstrates the rapid growth. The path that was blazed through a virgin forest from the right of way of the Lake Shore road to the Norrie mine—a distance of half a mile—less than two years later approximated the main street of a town of 4,000 inhabitants (Ironwood). The miner who opened up this property had only a short time before, in going by trail from Ashland to Bessemer, encamped overnight in an old log shack on the very site of the Norrie.

For a distance of many miles and wholly beyond the limits of the vein of ore, prospectors dug pits and located mines. There was not a forty within half a mile of the range that was not honey-combed with pits ranging in depth from 10 to 150 feet. Beautifully-engraved certificates of stock in a hundred or more mining companies were issued on the basis of future finds and were eagerly purchased by people whose knowledge of mining was limited to a small

be counted not in hundreds or thousands, but in millions. Those who bought stock for a quick turn realized handsomely as a rule. Those who held on to stocks that seemed increasing, lost everything when the great crash came. An instance can be cited as illustrative of the opportunities for quick returns:

A young man who had recently gone to the range from Milwaukee was present when the blast was fired that uncovered a large deposit of ore. He rushed to a telephone and communicated with a companion:

"Get an option on every share in the Blank mine that you are able to secure at current price, and do it as quickly as you can."

Before the news of the discovery of the deposit had become known, a hundred dollars had purchased an option on a thousand shares of the stock at \$6.25 a share. In less than a week the two young men had sold the stock at \$10.25 a share, and divided a profit of \$4,000 on a week's investment of a hundred dollars in cash.

This was an actual transaction, and was but one of many.

For awhile prosperity came to everybody on the range. Leaving out the salaried officials, the average pay of the men at the Norrie mine was \$2.37 a day—and in this average, covering a period of six months, are reckoned the wages paid the surface men, who received \$1.65 a day. Some of the miners made \$180 a month.

On a forty-mile run of the Lake Shore road, from Ironwood to Ashland, ore trains were run at express speed. This bit of railroad became the best-paying mileage in the United States. Eighteen tons of ore made up each car, forty cents a ton was charged for this short run to the ore docks, and sometimes the same car made the run twice in a day. Every car of the many that made up the numerous ore trains thus brought a revenue of \$14.40 a day to the railroad company, or \$1,440 for a hundred cars. It was reckoned that there was a profit of a dollar a ton for every ton of ore dug and sold during this period of prosperity. In one year the Norrie mine alone shipped a trifle less than a million tons of ore. Under such circumstances it was not to be wondered at that those who were "on the ground floor" felt that they could afford such extravagances as wearing costly diamonds in place of ordinary buttons. The Colby mine yielded enormous profits. The Aurora tempted an Eastern syndicate to pay \$600,000 for a half interest, or 20,001 shares. This was \$30 for each share of \$25 face value. They increased the shares to 100,000 and these fell to but \$27 each after this enormous inflation. The \$600,000 purchase money was deposited in cash in one of the Milwaukee banks.

Such were the conditions that made everybody connected with the range consider himself a millionaire, or a prospective millionaire. In May, 1886, one year after the commencement of the boom, one of the range newspapers gave a summary of the values of the

Gogebic mines that was regarded as entirely reasonable and conservative in placing the total at \$24,000,000.

"The Gogebic range, which a year ago to-day was practically unknown and of uncertain and doubtful value," was the editor's comment, "is to-day estimated to contain more wealth than the entire assessed valuation of some of the oldest states in the Union."

The several mine leases were estimated to be worth, as commercial property, the amounts given below:

Mines.	Value.	Mines.	Value.
Aurora.....	\$600,000	Kakagon.....	150,000
Iron King.....	400,000	Bessemer.....	100,000
Ashland.....	650,000	Superior.....	125,000
Norrie.....	800,000	Odanah (Puggawaugan).....	200,000
Pabst.....	240,000	Ryan.....	160,000
Bonnie.....	320,000	Moore.....	100,000
First National and Geneva..	320,000	Wood.....	60,000
Blue Jacket.....	160,000	Amazon.....	200,000
Puritan.....	240,000	Pence.....	200,000
Ironton.....	180,000	Badger State.....	100,000
Tontine.....	90,000	Caledonia.....	100,000
Valley Mines (3).....	480,000	Laura.....	60,000
Colby.....	3,000,000	Lottie.....	20,000
Palms.....	150,000	West Ryan.....	50,000
Anvil.....	175,000	Kennon.....	40,000
Gogebic.....	120,000	Northern Chief fee simple....	1,500,000
Iron Prince.....	40,000	Penokee & Gogebic Develop-	
Iron Sides.....	55,000	ment Co. fee.....	2,000,000
Crown Point.....	50,000	Gogebic Iron Syndicate.....	1,000,000
Brotherton.....	150,000	Newport & Lake Superior	
Smith.....	125,000	Land Co. fee.....	1,000,000
Iron Chief.....	160,000	Lake Superior Ship Canal	
Minnewawa.....	200,000	Co. fee.....	5,000,000
Germania.....	400,000	Longyear & Co., and all	
Montreal.....	250,000	others.....	2,000,000
Nimikon.....	150,000		
South Nimikon.....	20,000	Total value.....	\$23,465,000

The sale of the Bonnie and Iron King properties for \$1,200,000 early in 1887 was noted as the third largest transaction up to that time. A colossal syndicate was planned to obtain possession of the richest mines on the range, and financiers of national reputation were interested in the enterprise. Before the plans were fully matured, the great crash came, and values dwindled from millions to thousands. This was in the summer and fall of 1887. The previous winter the prices of stock had reached the highest notch. With the opening of navigation in the spring, expected ore shipments could not be made from some mines because there was no ore there to ship; from others because there were no facilities for shipment. Lack of dividends created first suspicion and then alarm. There was a great crash; the speculator disappeared from the range and left the legitimate miner to develop the mineral wealth through slower and stabler processes.

Years ago the scientist, Increase A. Lapham, intimated that vast deposits of iron lay buried in the range that crosses the boundary line of Wisconsin and the northern peninsula of Michigan. It remained for Nat Moore, a roving adventurer, to make the discovery that sent scores of prospectors to the region between Penokee

Gap and Gogebic lake. His first trip to the Gogebic was in 1872, when he made a dangerous journey of a hundred and ten miles on snowshoes. It was some years later that he made another long and lonely journey through the woods, and following the path cut through the tangled forest by a hurricane, found clean hematite ore under the roots of a fallen tree. It was this circumstance that made Moore the pioneer of the Gogebic. Like John E. Burton, who became the promoter of the mining properties, he amassed in a couple of years a fortune estimated at several millions of dollars. Both men lost all they had made when the collapse came.



TIMOTHY O. HOWE.



ALEXANDER W. RANDALL.



JEREMIAH M. RUSK.



WILLIAM F. VILAS.

WISCONSIN'S CABINET REPRESENTATIVES.

(Alexander W. Randall served in President Johnson's cabinet as Postmaster-General; Timothy O. Howe in President Arthur's cabinet in the same capacity, and William F. Vilas in President Cleveland's cabinet. The latter was transferred to the head of the Interior Department. Jeremiah M. Rusk was Secretary of Agriculture in President Harrison's cabinet.)

CHAPTER XVII.

A. D. 1897.

THIS, in outline, is the history of Wisconsin up to the year of its golden jubilee. It is a narrative that is in many respects unique. From the early days of lawless forest commerce, through French dominion and British rule to the modern era of progressive American statehood, there is a series of events as interesting in character if not as important in scope, as those which tell the story of the cavaliers of Virginia, the pilgrims of Massachusetts, or the fortune-seekers of California.

There is no oracle to prophesy the future of Wisconsin. The commercial, as well as the political supremacy of the North American continent is rapidly moving westward. When the Mississippi valley shall be the seat whence the determining influences upon the nation shall emanate, who shall venture to predict the share allotted to Wisconsin in guiding the destinies of the people?

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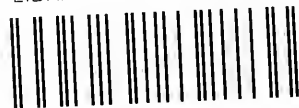
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